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MEMORIAL CEREMONIES

AT THE

GRAVES OF OUR SOLDIERS.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1868.

COLLECTED UNDER AUTHORITY OF CONGRESS.

BY FRANK MOORE.

WASHINGTON CITY.
1869.

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GRAVES OF OUR SOLDIERS.

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES,

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

June 22, 1868.

On motion of Mr. LOGAN,

Resolved, That the proceedings of the different cities, towns, etc., recently held in commemoration of the gallant heroes who have sacrificed their lives in defence of the Republic, and the record of the ceremonial of the decoration of the honored tombs of the departed, shall be collected and bound, under the direction of such person as the Speaker shall designate, for the use of Congress.

ATTEST: EDWARD MCPHERSON, *Clerk.*

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON,

June 22, 1868.

FRANK MOORE, Esq., Editor of the "Rebellion Record," is hereby appointed under this resolution.

SCHUYLER COLFAX,

Speaker House of Representatives.

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,

WASHINGTON, D. C., *June* 25, 1868.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 14.

The Commander-in-Chief calls attention to the Congressional action with regard to the Memorial Ceremonies of the 30th ultimo.

In order to make successful this effort to perpetuate the record of a just tribute to our patriotic dead, departments, posts, and comrades will forward to these headquarters every thing pertaining to the ceremonies alluded to which can aid to complete the work proposed,—newspaper paragraphs, editorials, and reporters' accounts, and also manuscript copies of addresses and observances, which may not have been printed. It is hoped that material may be collected out of which a book of value to the country may be edited.

By order of John A. Logan, Commander-in-Chief.

N. P. CHIPMAN, *Adjutant-General.*

W. T. COLLINS, *Ass't Adjutant-General.*

MEMORIAL CEREMONIES

AT THE

SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

MAY 30, 1868.

At Arlington, Va.

The Commemoration at the National Cemetery at Arlington, the place of the nation's dead, nearest to its capital, was satisfactory in every particular. The day was fine: the sky beautiful, with sun and clouds at play: the atmosphere quiet and soft, as if in unison with the solemn spirit of the occasion. The leaves and grass and flowers shone with a radiance imparted to them in their early vigor by the abundant rains of these latter days. There had been a cordial response to all the requests of the committee who had in charge the care and management of the preparations. Money was given liberally; so also were personal services; flowers almost rained down on those who took the oversight of the decorations.

So it happened, the weather being propitious, the preparations ample and the day made almost a holiday by the free leave granted in all the public offices, that at Arlington, at high noon, the great throng of quiet and orderly people, men, women and children, were entirely in spirit with the occasion and ready to join in heart in all the services and devotions of the solemn hour.*

At one o'clock p.m., N. P. Chipman, Chairman of Committee of Arrangements, called the audience to order, and said:

Comrades and Friends:

We are assembled to commemorate, in some fitting manner, the deeds of those who lie in this National Cemetery, and to offer a tribute to their deathless memory.

* Correspondent of the Portland, Me., Mirror.

We are here at the call of the Commander-in-chief of our Order, and to join in ceremonies which are transpiring at this hour all over the land, wherever the grave of a soldier is known or a loyal heart remembers with gratitude the noble sacrifices of our gallant dead.

The General Order to which I have alluded will be read by the Assistant Adjutant-General.

W. T. Collins then read the following :

Headquarters Grand Army of the Republic,
Adjutant-General's Office, 446 Fourteenth St.,
Washington, D. C., May 5, 1868.

General Orders }
No. 11. }

I. The 30th day of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defence of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, and hamlet church-yard in the land. In this observance no form of ceremony is prescribed, but posts and comrades will in their own way arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as circumstances may permit.

We are organized, comrades, as our regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, " of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings, which have bound together the soldiers, sailors, and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion." What can aid more to assure this result than by cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes. Their soldier lives were the reveille of freedom to a race in chains, and their deaths the tattoo of rebellious tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security, is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent vistors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time testify to the present or to the coming generations, that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided Republic.

If other eyes grow dull, and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us.

Let us, then, at the time appointed gather around their sa-

cred remains, and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of spring-time; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude—the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan.

II. It is the purpose of the Commander-in-Chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year, while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades. He earnestly desires the public press to call attention to this order, and lend its friendly aid in bringing it to the notice of comrades in all parts of the country in time for simultaneous compliance therewith.

III. Department Commanders will use every effort to make this order effective.

By order of— JOHN A. LOGAN,
Commander-in-Chief.

Official: N. P. CHIPMAN.
WM. T. COLLINS, A. A. G. *Adjutant-General.*

Prayer—By REV. BYRON SUNDERLAND, D. D.

Almighty and everlasting God—the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—the God of our fathers and our God—who hast the care of all the ends of the earth. Oh, thou Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor of the World, whose providence is over every living thing, and who dost cause the seasons to keep their annual rounds, and from the death and drowsiness of winter dost evoke the life and beauty of the spring, how great and manifold are the tokens of Thy presence, and of Thy resurrection power, as all nature wakes again glorious in the garniture of flowers, and filled with melodies of the time when the singing of birds is come.

We pray thee, oh Lord, mercifully to remember us for good, as we have come forth this day, among Thy people, to acknowledge Thee; and, as Thy servants of old time did for themselves and for Thy chosen nation, to call upon Thy name and to spread out our supplications before Thee. For we are come this day to the cities of the dead—we are come to the sepulchres of our heroes, slain and fallen in battle with all the host of them that counted not their lives dear unto them for the sacred cause of God, and of country, and of humanity, and by which price they have made of this land one greater than Thermopylæ, and have filled it in all its borders with freedom's shrines. Because we have come to mourn this day for those who sleep, and to pay to their memory the utmost tenderness of our regards. Because we have come to weep with those who survive, that the mission of

our country could be accomplished only at so great a sacrifice. Because we have come, oh Lord, likewise to mingle with our tears and sorrows a grateful sense of our deliverance and our triumph over appalling dangers, while we cover with garlands and fresh flowers the graves of our noble sons. Because we have come to take from the lap of earth these new children that have sprung in such abundance of loveliness and in such fragrance of incense, and cast them back upon the mother that brought them forth, in testimony that there is nothing too delicate, nothing too beautiful to be lavished upon the remembrance of those who have sealed with blood their devotion to the holy work of God and man.

Yet, oh Lord, we well do know that these blooms of earth will fade; these blossoms will wither and perish where they fall. Well do we know that they will return to mingle with the sacred mould of those who once stood up as a living rampart against the violence of treason—against the fury of rebellion; still do we pray that other hands, year after year, may strew them afresh, as we do this day. We pray that every spring-time may rise with its prophet voice to tell us that there is glory and immortality in the truth. That however assailed, however borne down for a time, the eternal years of God are her's. And we pray, too, that her's may be the hearts of men that never quail, though in the midst of living perfidies that make the soul turn sick. We pray, too, that her's may be the hands of men that have borne the fire of every martyr for the priceless cause of liberty and justice. We pray, too, that her's may be the vows of men who, though betrayed and outraged in the house of their own friends, will not yet forget their duty — will not yet forsake the charge that has been imposed upon them—whether through the sophistries of a perverted judgment, or through the temptations of a corrupt ambition, or through the baser briberies of mammon, which, while they deceive, both defile and degrade our manhood to the lowest depths of infamy.

And now, oh Lord our God, we appeal to Thee by the united voice of our prayer for the integrity and rectitude of our nation in all coming time, and for the benefits and blessings of amity, equality, and fraternity, for us and for all men throughout the world, we cry to Thee from among the graves of those whom Thou didst choose to win the victory in the last great struggle for the welfare of mankind. And we pray, Thee, now especially, to look down upon us in Thy mercy, and bless us. Bless the general and officers, and soldiers and sailors of the Army and Navy of the United States — those that may be to-day assembled here or elsewhere, in all the land, for the same

affecting purpose. Bless all the people of our country, and confirm to us the fruits of the late war in the emancipation of millions that had been growing in bondage, and in the exalted aims that have sustained this people in such great advancement. Give us a spiritual religion. May Christianity prevail among us in its original purity. May it not be to us an empty ritual, but a daily covenant between God and men, and between man and his fellow-men. And we pray that the machinations and efforts of demagogues—that the pestilence and poison of mere partisan politics—may be thoroughly purged from among us as the bane, forever, of all republics, and the certain precursors of their disaster and downfall.

And, oh Lord, so long as the sovereignty of this great people shall be committed to the work of constitutional freedom — to the work of liberty regulated by law — to the work of an equality for all men, without distinction — so long do we pray that Thou wilt uphold the honor of this Government, and give its name and its prowess respect among the peoples of the earth. For well we know that whensoever this nation shall depart from these great lights, and wander darkening in the gloom and sorcery of despotism and oppression, then wilt Thou make bare Thine arm and strike down the whole political fabric under which we live.

And now, oh Lord, we implore these blessings upon us—we deprecate these judgments from us—not in our own name, nor upon our own merits, but alone in the name and upon the merits of Him whose name is above every name, and will endure forever. And unto the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, will we ascribe unceasing and undivided praises. Amen.

Hymn—Entitled "Honor to the Soldier." Eight voices.*

The Hon. JAMES A. GARFIELD was then introduced, and spoke as follows:

I am oppressed with a sense of the impropriety of uttering words on this occasion. If silence is ever golden, it must be here beside the graves of fifteen thousand men, whose lives were more significant than speech, and whose death was a poem the music of which can never be sung. With words, we make promises, plight faith, praise virtue. Promises may not be kept; plighted faith may be broken; and vaunted virtue be only the cunning mask of vice. We do not know one promise these men made, one pledge they gave, one word they spoke; but we do

* These were amateur singers of the City of Washington, who kindly volunteered their services. Some of them were comrades.

know they summed up and perfected, by one supreme act, the highest virtues of men and citizens. For love of country they accepted death; and in that act they resolved all doubts, and made immortal their patriotism and their virtue.

For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict. He must still withstand the assaults of time and fortune; must still be assailed by temptations before which lofty natures have fallen. But with *these* the conflict was ended, the victory was won, when death stamped on them the great seal of heroic character, and closed a record which years can never blot.

I know of nothing more appropriate on this occasion, than to inquire what brought these men here. What high motive led them to condense life into an hour, and to crown that hour by joyfully welcoming death? Let us consider.

Eight years ago this was the most unwarlike nation of the earth. For nearly fifty years, no spot, in any of these States, had been the scene of battle. Thirty millions of people had an army of less than ten thousand men. The faith of our people in the stability and permanence of their institutions, was like their faith in the eternal course of nature. Peace, liberty, and personal security, were blessings as common and universal as sunshine, and showers, and fruitful seasons; and all sprang from a single source—the principle declared in the Pilgrim covenant of 1620—that all owed due submission and obedience to the lawfully expressed will of the majority. This is not one of the doctrines of our political system—it is the system itself. It is our political firmament, in which all other truths are set, as stars in heaven. It is the encasing air; the breath of the nation's life. Against this principle the whole weight of the rebellion was thrown. Its overthrow would have brought such ruin as might follow in the physical universe, if the power of gravitation were destroyed, and—

> "Nature's concord broke,
> Among the constellations war were sprung,
> And planets, rushing from aspect malign
> Of fiercest opposition, in mid-sky
> Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound."

The nation was summoned to arms, by every high motive which can inspire men. Two centuries of freedom had made its people unfit for despotism. They must save their Government, or miserably perish.

As a flash of lightning, in a midnight tempest, reveals the abysmal horrors of the sea, so did the flash of the first gun disclose the awful abyss into which rebellion was ready to plunge us. In a moment, the fire was lighted in twenty million hearts.

In a moment, we were the most warlike nation on the earth. In a moment, we were not merely a people with an army—we were a people in arms. The nation was in column—not all at the front, but all in the array.

I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost. That the characters of men are moulded and inspired by what their fathers have done—that treasured up in American souls, are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race, from Agincourt to Bunker Hill. It was such an influence which led a young Greek, two thousand years ago, when he heard the news of Marathon, to exclaim, "The trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep." Could these men be silent in 1861 — these, whose ancestors had felt the inspiration of battle on every field where civilization had fought in the last thousand years? Read their answer in this green turf. Each for himself gathered up all the cherished purposes of life—its aims and ambitions, its dearest affections—and flung all, with life itself, into the scale of battle.

We began the war for the Union alone, but we had not gone far into its darkness before a new element was added to the conflict, which filled the army and the nation with cheerful but intense religious enthusiasm. In lessons that could not be misunderstood, the nation was taught that God had linked to our own, the destiny of an enslaved race—that their liberty and our Union were indeed "one and inseparable." It was this that made the soul of John Brown the marching companion of our soldiers, and made them sing as they went down to battle—

> "In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
> With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
> As he died to make them holy, let us die to make them free—
> While God is marching on."

With such inspirations, failure was impossible. The struggle consecrated, in some degree, every man who bore a worthy part. I can never forget an incident, illustrative of this thought, which it was my fortune to witness near sun-set of the second day at Chickamauga, when the beleaguered but unbroken left wing of our army had again and again repelled the assaults of more than double their numbers, and when each soldier felt that to his individual hands were committed the life of the army and the honor of his country. It was just after a division had fired its last cartridge, and had repelled a charge at the point of the bayonet, that the great-hearted commander took the hand of an humble soldier and thanked him for his steadfast courage. The soldier stood silent for a moment, and then said, with deep emo-

tion, "George H. Thomas has taken this hand in his. I'll knock down any mean man that offers to take it hereafter." This rough sentence was full of meaning. He felt that something had happened to his hand which consecrated it. Could a hand bear our banner in battle and not be forever consecrated to honor and virtue? But doubly consecrated were these who received into their own hearts the fatal shafts, aimed at the life of their country. Fortunate men! your country lives because you died! Your fame is placed where the breath of calumny can never reach it; where the mistakes of a weary life can never dim its brightness! Coming generations will rise up to call you blessed!

And now consider this silent assembly of the dead. What does it represent? Nay, rather, what does it not represent? It is an epitome of the war. Here are sheaves reaped, in the harvest of death, from every battlefield of Virginia. If each grave had a voice to tell us what its silent tenant last saw and heard on earth, we might stand, with uncovered heads, and hear the whole story of the war. We should hear that one perished when the first great drops of the crimson shower began to fall, when the darkness of that first disaster at Manassas fell like an eclipse on the nation; that another died of disease while wearily waiting for winter to end; that this one fell on the field, in sight of the spires of Richmond, little dreaming that the flag must be carried through three more years of blood before it should be planted in that citadel of treason; and that one fell when the tide of war had swept us back till the roar of rebel guns shook the dome of yonder Capitol, and re-echoed in the chambers of the Executive Mansion. We should hear mingled voices from the Rappahannock, the Rapidan, the Chickahominy, and the James; solemn voices from the Wilderness, and triumphant shouts from the Shenandoah, from Petersburg, and the Five Forks, mingled with the wild acclaim of victory and the sweet chorus of returning peace. The voices of these dead will forever fill the land like holy benedictions.

What other spot so fitting for their last resting-place as this, under the shadow of the Capitol saved by their valor? Here, where the grim edge of battle joined; here, where all the hope and fear and agony of their country centred; here let them rest, asleep on the nation's heart, entombed in the nation's love!

The view from this spot bears some resemblance to that which greets the eye at Rome. In sight of the Capitoline Hill, up and across the Tiber, and overlooking the city, is a hill, not rugged nor lofty, but known as the Vatican Mount. At the beginning of the Christian Era, an Imperial circus stood on its

summit. There, gladiator slaves died for the sport of Rome; and wild beasts fought with wilder men. In that arena, a Galilean fisherman gave up his life a sacrifice for his faith. No human life was ever so nobly avenged. On that spot, was reared the proudest Christian temple ever built by human hands. For its adornment, the rich offerings of every clime and kingdom have been contributed. And now, after eighteen centuries, the hearts of two hundred million people turn toward it with reverence when they worship God. As the traveller descends the Apennines, he sees the dome of St. Peter rising above the desolate Campagna and the dead city, long before the seven hills and ruined palaces appear to his view. The fame of the dead fisherman has outlived the glory of the Eternal City. A noble life, crowned with heroic death, rises above and outlives the pride and pomp and glory of the mightiest empire of the earth.

Seen from the western slope of our Capitol, in direction, distance, and appearance, this spot is not unlike the Vatican Mount, though the river that flows at our feet is larger than a hundred Tibers. Seven years ago, this was the home of one who lifted his sword against the life of his country, and who became the great Imperator of the rebellion. The soil beneath our feet was watered by the tears of slaves, in whose hearts the sight of yonder proud Capitol awakened no pride, and inspired no hope. The face of the goddess that crowns it, was turned toward the sea and not toward them. But, thanks be to God, this arena of rebellion and slavery is a scene of violence and crime no longer! This will be forever the sacred mountain of our Capitol. Here is our temple; its pavement is the sepulchre of heroic hearts; its dome, the bending heaven; its altar candles, the watching stars.

Hither our children's children shall come to pay their tribute of grateful homage. For this we are met to-day. By the happy suggestion of a great society, assemblies like this are gathering, at this hour, in every State in the Union. Thousands of soldiers are to-day turning aside in the march of life to visit the silent encampments of dead comrades who once fought by their side.

From many thousand homes, whose light was put out when a soldier fell, there go forth to-day, to join these solemn processions, loving kindred and friends, from whose hearts the shadow of grief will never be lifted till the light of the Eternal world dawns upon them.

And here are children, little children, to whom the war left no father but the Father above. By the most sacred right,

theirs is the chief place to-day. They come with garlands to crown their victor fathers. I will delay the coronation no longer.

Patriotic Song—"Our Native Land." Eight voices.

The following Original Poem was then read by JULIUS C. SMITH, Esq.:

PEACE, peace on earth! No battle-flags are flown,
No war-clouds rise and frown along the sky;
No trumpet for the deadly charge is blown,
No lightning-glare of red artillery.

Light, from the high empyrean glancing down,
No longer falls on heaps of mangled dead:
Reveals no more the close-beleaguered town,
Or path of fire, whereon the foe hath fled.

We hear no more from battle-plain arise
The ringing shout of frantic, grappling hosts,
Or those wild, piercing, anguish-laden cries,
That haunt the memory like immortal ghosts.

How changed the scene, since those we mourn to-day
Heard Slavery's challenge, at their peaceful toil;
Met the defiant foe in battle-fray;
Moistened, from pulsing veins, the parching soil.

Then rose the nation's pibroch loud and shrill,
Then flashed the burning cross o'er northern plains;
On mountain-steeps, by hamlet, vale, and rill,
True manhood roused to break the bondman's chains

These forms, then animate with earnest life,
In shop and field the slogan message caught,
Pressed to their bosoms, mother, sister, wife,
And the dark field of strife and carnage sought.

And shall we sing how first the hands, unused
To martial weapons, at Manassas failed;
How Tyranny our name and fame abused,
Our manly courage and our cause assailed;

Recite the tale of Ball's ensanguined height,
Of Bethel's slaughter and Vienna's gore;
How dying, gifted Baker, Winthrop, fight;
How gallant Lander's wounds shall heal no more;

Repeat the tale of Chickahominy,
Of Fredericksburg, and Chancellor's barren sand,
Where rebel legions pressed to victory,
And drew a curtained gloom o'er all the land;

Tell how at Wilson's noble Lyon died,
And how at Lexington the wrong bore sway;
How once again Manassas' field was tried
And doubly lost upon that fatal day?

From infancy to youth, from youth to age,
By failures oft life's lessons are attained;
Preludes, are stammering words, to wisdom sage;
By stumbling steps pedestrian skill is gained.

Thus our brave comrades learned the art of war
At Chickamauga, Belmont, Perrysville;
'Twas wisdom bought with many a costly scar,
Lessons no early victory could instil.

At last by patient toil came strength of limb,
Came skill of eye and hand in martial art;
They felt the muscles of the Anakim,
The throbbing pulses of a Titan's heart.

These fleshless hands, now motionless and cold,
By due experience taught, were raised in might;
These eyes, now changed to pale terrestrial mould,
Along the carbine gained unerring sight.

Enough; 'tis done! Hark to the cannons' roar
Upon Antietam's blood-encircled field;
See! Gettysburg is drenched in rebel gore;
At Donelson the boastful traitors yield.

The Shenandoah's vale is darkly red—
'Tis rebel blood, transformed to ebon hue;
Vicksburg is ours; and see how proudly tread
Our marching legions, broad savannas through.

Yet from the hurricane our arms recoiled
At Shiloh's church and Murfreesboro's plain,
But battling still our steadfast heroes toiled,
Till on yon banner Victory smiled again.

Nay, weep not, mother, for thy gallant son
Who, fighting, fell in that umbrageous wood;
He gave his life for man—'twas nobly done—
And here he sleeps among the brave and good.

See Richmond, traitorous, fire-begirdled town;
See Mountain Lookout, Missionary Heights;
Above the clouds the brazen cannon frown;
Above the clouds each stalwart hero fights.

From Chattanooga to Atlantic's coast,
From the sea northward to Virginia's line,
I see the track of Freedom's conquering host,
To justice, friends—to wrong, a scourge divine.

At Appomattox, Lee surrenders all,
At Durham, Johnston bends the suppliant knee.
Send the glad shout o'er earth's revolving ball;
Slavery is crushed! Our noble land is free!

Yet pause; the triumph has been bought with blood;
Great was the purchase, great the price we paid;
A million forms are crumbling 'neath the sod,
A score of thousands are around us laid.

Pause, and remove the sandals from thy feet,
Press not, with rash intrusion, holy ground;
This forest is the hero's calm retreat,
The camp, angelic guards encircle round.

Yet tell me not the gallant youth are dead;
These are but forms that moulder and decay;
The man shall live, who e'er for manhood bled,
Through time's vast aions, heaven's eternal day.

He lives in memory of the good and wise,
He lives in grateful histrionic lore,
He lives in gorgeous realms beyond the skies,
He lives in fervid song forevermore.

All art at portraiture divine has failed,
In sculpture, pyramid, and fashioned clay;
Osiris, sun-crowned, Isis, darkly veiled,
Or Memnon musical at rising day.

Yet rest these comrades with the God that loves,
In all the race one intervital life,
By which creation ever onward moves
To brighter scenes through elemental strife.

There is no life ideal that can cast
Its phantom shade beyond the mystic tomb,
But one eternal landscape of the past,
One present Eden of immortal bloom.

And tell me not these unnamed are unknown,*
These thousands in the consecrated tomb—
No missing roll or monumental stone
Can shroud a hero in historic gloom.

In all these interblended heaps of bones
There's not a nerve to feel, a heart to love;
No passion's flame, no music's silvery tones;
Sense, life, and feeling, all have passed above.

They have passed onward through the rift of light
That parts the clouds above primordial strife;
They march with God in uniforms of white,
And drink the true nepenthe-draught of life.

Martyrs for Truth, for Liberty, and Right!
To you shall rise the nation's high acclaim;
You are not lost in dim historic night—
These graves are subterranean paths to fame.

* One tomb at Arlington contains the remains of 2,111 unknown soldiers.

This emerald verdure on earth's mother-breast,
These oaks umbrageous, and this moist'ning dew,
This orchestra of birds, this holy rest,
Are nature's smiles upon the brave and true.

Green be the hillocks o'er this hallowed clay;
Sweet be the garlands loving hands shall bring;
Just be the tribute eloquence shall pay;
Tender the song the minstrel harp shall sing.

Long may these lyric trees, with waving boughs,
Shadow the fragrant flower-encrusted sod;
Long may the rosy dawn these songsters rouse
In hymns harmonic to the heroes' God.

From death's broad stream I hear these comrades hail;
I see them beckon to the farther shore;
I hear the rustle of the snowy sail,
The soft baptismal of the phantom oar.

Let vernal year her azure violets bring,
To deck the sod that folds this sacred clay;
Let forest choirs their sweetest carols sing
At morning reveille and closing day.

Let Summer send her golden sunbeams down,
In graceful salutations for the dead,
And Autumn's moving host of leafllets brown
Break ranks above the fallen soldier's head.

In Winter's storms, let all the sentry stars
That on yon battlements their vigils keep,
Smile on these wasting forms, these holy scars,
And guard the field where worth and valor sleep.

And we, survivors of the fearful strife,
While gathered here around this hallowed clay,
Let us anew pledge fortune, honor, life,
That from our flag no star shall pass away.

We reverently swear by all we love,
By all we are, and all we hope to be,
Yon starry flag man's steadfast friend shall prove,
And wave forever o'er the brave and free.

Dirge—By the Forty-Fourth Infantry Band.

The foregoing exercises took place in front of Arlington Mansion, its large verandah and colonnade being draped in mourning and decorated with flags.

At the south side of the mansion is a large garden enclosure, around two sides of which and upon a grassy terrace are

buried 53 commissioned officers of the army, from almost every Northern State.

While the band played, a procession was formed as follows:

Children of Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Asylum, in charge of the Officers and Managers of the Association, and Committee on Decorations, followed by friends generally. The procession moved around the gardens south of the Mansion, the children strewing flowers upon the graves spoken of along the line of march as they passed, and halted at the tomb of the Unknown Soldiers,* who fell in Virginia during the early years of the war. This tomb is west of and near the gardens.

The orphan children formed a hollow square around this tomb, the committees and friends in attendance forming a second square around them. The orphans sang an appropriate song, which was followed by prayer, Rev. CHARLES V. KELLY, D. D.

FRIENDS, AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

Standing here in the place of the clergyman (Rev. B. Peyton Brown) who was expected on this occasion to offer up prayer in behalf of those who have been bereft of their friends, whose ashes now lie buried here, unknown to those who loved them, it matters little who is the speaker, if the prayer comes from the heart. I therefore ask you in all humility to join with me while I offer up a short prayer for those who know not where the bodies of their loved ones lie, and who never will know it until the morning of the resurrection. Let us pray:

Almighty and everlasting God, and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who art the resurrection and the life, in whom whosoever believeth shall live though he die, we, Thine humble servants, depending upon Thy grace, looking for Thy continuing mercy, stand before Thee in the attitude of prayer, to make known the wants, as far as we are able, and the deep necessities of those whose dead lie buried here. Oh, Heavenly Father, pour the oil and the wine of joy and gladness and consolation into the hearts of the widow and orphan; let them

* This Tomb bears the following inscription: "Beneath this Stone repose the bones of two thousand one hundred and eleven unknown soldiers, gathered after the war from the fields of Bull Run and the Route to the Rappahannock. Their remains could not be identified, but their names and death are recorded in the archives of their country, and its grateful citizens honor them as of their noble army of martyrs. May they rest in peace."

September, A. D. 1866.

have a consciousness through Thy good Spirit, that, though they shall no more see those to whom they were attached when living, yet, that they rest from their labor, and are in the enjoyment of Thy blessed presence, in the eternal kingdom of Thy glory.

And oh, Heavenly Father, we beseech Thee, spread before the widow and orphan, in Thy blessed Word, the bread of everlasting life, which can feed them to life eternal. Console them with the hopes of that Gospel which has brought life and immortality to light. Give them a hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ their Lord, that in looking to Thee in all things, they may have a full assurance of a reunion in Thy kingdom, and that with that full assurance, they may rest in that hope of glory which Thou hast promised to them in Thy gracious word.

We know that at the voice of the archangel and trump of God, the sea and earth shall give up their dead, and these shall stand before Thee at the great white Throne, in judgment for the deeds done in the body. Oh, may those who have departed this life, have then an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous. When in judgment in body and in soul they appear before Thee, may Thy sentence be to those who have died in the performance of their dangerous and solemn duty, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Hear us, our Father, hear us while we offer up this, our prayer and supplication, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, our only Saviour and Redeemer.

Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name: Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven: Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptaton, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

Chorus—"Gebet," (German prayer,) Arion Club.*

Dead March. Fifth Cavalry Band.

While the march was being played the Orphan Children and the Committee on Decorations appropriately decorated the Tomb with flags and flowers.

The procession then formed as before and marched to the flag-stand at the principal cemetery.

* This club is composed of Germans, most of them formerly soldiers. Their voluntary assistance is gratefully acknowledged.

Rev. Mr. Tremble offered the following prayer:

Almighty and Ever-living God, who by Thy holy Apostle hast taught us to make prayers, and supplications, and to give thanks for all men; we humbly beseech Thee most mercifully to receive these our prayers, which we offer unto Thy Divine Majesty; beseeching Thee to inspire continually the Universal Church with the spirit of truth, unity, and concord. And grant that all those who do confess Thy holy name may agree in the truth of Thy holy Word, and live in unity, and godly love. We beseech Thee also, so to direct and dispose the hearts of all Christian rulers, that they may truly and impartially administer justice, to the punishment of wickedness and vice, and to the maintenance of Thy true religion, and virtue. Give grace, oh, Heavenly Father, to all ministers, that they may, both by their life, and doctrine, set forth Thy true and lively Word, and rightly and duly administer Thy holy Sacraments. And to all Thy people give Thy heavenly grace; and especially to all those, Thy servants, who are sorrowing under the bereavements of war. In Thy wisdom Thou hast seen fit to visit them with trouble, and to bring distress upon them. Remember them, O Lord, in mercy; sanctify Thy fatherly correction to them; endue their souls with patience under their afflictions, and with resignation to Thy blessed will; comfort them with a sense of Thy goodness; lift up Thy countenance upon them, and give them peace. And we most humbly beseech Thee, of Thy goodness, O Lord, to comfort and succor all those who, in this transitory life, are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity.

And also, we bless Thy holy name, for the great deliverance that Thou didst work out for us by the courage and self-devotion of our armies and navy, and by the deaths of those that spared not themselves from the grave, that we, the living, might still be numbered among the nations. Remember them, O Lord, in Thine infinite mercy—grant them rest and peace in Thy eternal kingdom, and enable us, the surviving, so to use the blessings which have been secured to us by their blood, that we may be a people whose God is the Lord Jehovah, and evermore serve Thee in holiness and righteousness through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Hymn—"In Memoriam." Eight voices.

Hon. Halbert E. Paine was then introduced, who read the following dedicatory address of Mr. Lincoln, at Gettysburg:

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth

upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain—that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

The Committee on Decorations, with the children of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Asylum then deployed and took position at the different stands of flowers and flags, and proceeded at once to the decoration of the graves throughout the cemetery, strewing flowers and raising miniature flags over the graves.

The friends in attendance were at liberty to stroll through the grounds during these last services.

The bands relieved each other in playing appropriate music.

A National Salute was fired from the front of Arlington Mansion during these ceremonies.

Closing Exercises.

The band played the Star-Spangled Banner as a signal that the decoration ceremony was ended and as an invitation to the friends in attendance to return to the stand.

Prayer and Benediction was offered by Rev. C. B. Boynton, D. D.:

Almighty and Eternal One, God of our fathers, and ours also, as we humbly trust; through Jesus Christ, our High Priest, we approach Thy throne and thank Thee for this solemn yet joyful hour. We rejoice that Thou hast permitted us, in the smile of this spring morning, to gather here over the ashes of our dead heroes, and by these beautiful and impressive ceremonies hallow afresh their already consecrated graves.

We know that no tribute of ours can reach these sleepers now. We can add no lustre to the crowns they wear, but we pray and trust that through these offerings our own souls may be refined and ennobled. We come to mourn over a great national calamity, which partially and temporarily rent our Republic asunder, drenched the land with blood, dug it over for graves, and brought the death and shadow upon thousands of homes, and millions of hearts.

We confess that all we have suffered was but a just judgment for our national sins and individual transgressions, and yet in Thy great mercy Thou didst change our punishment into blessing, by ridding us of the terrible curse of slavery, so that in the agony of war a nobler nation was born, consecrated to universal Christian freedom.

We thank Thee that, as all races were permitted to unite on the battle-field for the defense of their common country, so their bodies moulder without separation here, the mingled blood and mingling ashes vindicating the common humanity, and the flowers we throw over them, and the tears we shed, and our praises and prayers, are intended alike for them all.

We thank Thee that while we stand amid these thousands dead, we can worship Thee as the God not of the dead, but of the living, and above our funeral dirge we hear the magnificent announcement, "I am the resurrection and the life."

While we place on these graves our flowers, wet with the heart's dew of tears, we remember those who were made mourners by our battles. We offer, in the name of Jesus, our prayers for the fathers and mothers whose sons are in the red grave of the soldier, for those widowed ones whose aching hearts have heard so often the question, "Why does not father come?" and, O God of the fatherless, we pray for those orphans whose fathers went and returned no more. To all these grant the abounding consolations of Thy spirit and the cherishings of Thy love, that they may enjoy all needed comforts for this present life, and after that the life eternal.

We beseech Thee, O God, to remember in great mercy that multitude of maimed and crippled soldiers who, having sacrificed to their country a portion of the body, are yet sound in

heart and whole in spirit, the mangled but honored and honorable relics of the fight.

Remember, we pray Thee, and bless with needed grace all those who came back unscathed from the battle, and who are peacefully performing among us the duties of the loyal citizen. Bless the General of our armies, in a double sense a chieftain now, and with him all the officers of the Army and Navy. We rejoice in all the honor they have received, add Thou, O Christ, thine own nobler record.

And now, O Holy Spirit, breathe from our soldiers' graves, that over the land have received to-day the baptism of tears and flowers, an inspiration that shall kindle a fresh enthusiasm of loyalty to our nation, to truth, to freedom, and to Christ, so that our land shall present unto all men a true example of Christian civilization.

Hasten the time when the triumphs of peace shall be more honorable than those of war, and the sound of battle shall die away forever over all the earth. "Thy Kingdom come: Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever." Amen.

NOTE.—In addition to the ceremonies at Arlington, the Committees decorated the graves at Alexandria and Soldiers' Home and Fort Stevens, and also the graves of Generals Reno, Griffin, and Plummer, and Lieutenant Meigs and other soldiers' graves at the Georgetown Cemetery.

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Q. M. GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *May* 22, 1868.

DEAR SIR: Your favor of 21st inst., covering copies of General Orders, No. 11, G. A. R., having reference to the decoration of the graves of Union Soldiers on the 30th inst., is at hand, and I beg you to accept my thanks for the same.

This department is quite anxious that all the graves of deceased Union Soldiers throughout the country shall receive the same care and attention which has been bestowed upon those in the neighborhood of this city; and if, on your approaching celebration, any places should be noticed, containing such graves in a neglected condition, it would be considered a favor at this office, if information of the same should be at once forwarded to the Quartermaster General, in order that all the

graves in the United States may receive such improvements as Congress has authorized.

There are no appropriations for the purchase of statues, monuments, or exotic shrubs; but good grass, well-gravelled walks, native trees, neat head-boards, and a substantial enclosure, have been provided for, and will be established wherever Government is made aware of the existence of the graves.

You will confer a favor by communicating this information to the Headquarters of the G. A. R., if convenient to you.

Your obedient servant,

C. W. FOLSOM,
Bvt. Col. A. Q. M. U. S. V.,
In charge of the Division of Cemeteries, Q. M. G. O.

JAMES T. SMITH,
Comd'g Dept. G. A. R.,
No. 446 14th Street, Washington, D. C.

Q. M. GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *May* 25, 1868.

SIR: You are respectfully informed that your application to the Secretary of War, with reference to the proposed ceremonies of the G. A. R., at the National Cemeteries on the 30th inst., has been referred to this office by the Hon. Secretary of War, and Bvt. Brig.-General J. C. McFerran, Chief Q. M. Department of Washington, has this day been directed to have the cemeteries under his charge open on that day, and to give all facilities at his disposal to the G. A. R., for their patriotic purpose.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. W. RUCKER,
Act'g Q. M. General, Bvt. Maj.-General U. S. A.

JAMES T. SMITH,
Comd'g Dept. of the Potomac, G. A. R.,
No. 446 14th Street, Washington, D. C.

OFFICE OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS, GROUNDS, AND WORKS,
WASHINGTON, *May* 29, 1868.

General N. P. CHIPMAN,
Ch'n Com. of Arrangements, Memorial Celebration:

GENERAL: In compliance with a resolution of the House of Representatives, of the 27th instant, instructing me to prepare and transmit, so far as practicable, to each of the National Union Soldiers' Cemeteries, selections of flowers from all the public gardens for the purpose of decorating the graves of the

brave and honored dead, I have the honor to inform you that all that can be gathered from those sources will be placed at the disposal of the Committee of Arrangements for the very laudable object for which they are intended. In addition to those supplied for the National Cemeteries in the neighborhood of this city, a small box has been sent to each of those at Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, Petersburg, Winchester, and Baltimore. The several gentlemen in charge of the different Public Grounds, other than those under my own immediate charge, have kindly aided me by their contributions in assisting so far as in their power towards the very interesting memorial ceremonies which you celebrate to-morrow. Regretting exceedingly that we have not more flowers to offer on this interesting occasion, with which to strew the graves of the brave soldiers in the beautiful cemeteries near us, and trusting that the day may prove beautiful and bright,

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

N. MICHLER,
Brevet Brigadier-General, U. S. A.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *May* 28, 1868.

The Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements having requested that an opportunity may be given to those employed in the several Executive Departments of the Government to unite with their fellow-citizens in paying a fitting tribute to the memory of the brave men whose remains repose in the National Cemeteries, the President directs that, as far as may be consistent with law and the public interests, persons who desire to participate in the ceremonies be permitted to absent themselves from their duties on Saturday, the 30th instant.

By order of the President:

WM. G. MOORE, *Secretary.*

COMMITTEES.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

N. P. CHIPMAN, A. A. HOSMER, RICHARD MIDDLETON, TIMOTHY LUBEY.
T. R. HAWKINS, JAMES T. SMITH, GEORGE SMOOT,
HENRY MOORE, A. GRANT, A. FLEETWOOD.

COMMITTEE ON RECEPTION.

W. H. BROWN, H. G. OTIS, CLINTON LEWIS, WILSON MILLAR, A. N. SEIP,
L. B. CUTLER, C. C. ROYCE, D. S. CURTIS, JAY E. LEE,
A. D. BROCK, C. H. MANNING.

COMMITTEE ON DECORATIONS.*

The Officers and Managers of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Asylum.

AS FOLLOWS :

Mrs. Lyman Trumbull, *President.* Mrs. Col. E. Wright, 1st. *Vice Prest.*
Mrs. Capt. C. V. Morris, *Secretary.* Mrs. Dr. Lindsly, 2d. *Vice Prest.*
Mrs. McNair, *Treasurer.*

MANAGERS.

Mrs. Gen. O. O. Howard, Mrs. N. B. Judd, Mrs. Geo. W. McLellan,
Mrs. Commodore Powell, Mrs. Dr. A. Hall, Mrs. Senator Ramsey.
Mrs. S. Beck, Miss Mary Foot,
Mrs. E. Gilbert, *Matron.* Miss E. Camp, *Governess.*

TO THESE ARE ADDED

Mrs. Gen'l Grant,
Mrs. Gen'l J. A. Logan,
Mrs. Gen'l J. A. Garfield,
Mrs. Gen'l J. C. Coburn,
Miss Blanche Butler,
Mrs. Senator Pomeroy,
Mrs. Senator Morgan,
Mrs. Geo. W. Julian,
Mrs. Judge Spaulding,
Mrs. A. T. Kimball,
Mrs. Dr. T. T. Hood,
Mrs. G. Wiley Wells,
Mrs. Capt. Moore,
Mrs. Judith Plummer,
Mrs. B. A. Swann,
Mrs. D. C. Forney,
Miss Charlotte Taylor,
Mrs. Senator Wade,
Mrs. Senator Harlan,
Miss Lizzie Pratt,
Miss M. A. S. Connell,
Miss Mary McLellan,

The Misses Doolittle,
Mrs. Gen'l N. P. Chipman,
Miss Minnie Chandler,
Mrs. Gen'l Hancock,
Mrs. Gen'l A. F. Stevens,
Mrs. J. Benton,
Miss Morrill,
Mrs. Admiral Radford,
Mrs. Gen'l Dent,
Mrs. Dr. Sunderland,
Mrs. Z. C. Robbins,
Mrs. A. A. Hosmer,
Mrs. T. E. Stewart,
Mrs. U. H. Painter,
Mrs. Frank Moore,
Miss Boutwell,
Mrs. Charles Sherrill,
Mrs. Gen'l Michler,
Mrs. Gen'l T. Ewing,
Miss Mary Harlan,
The Misses Marvin,
Mrs. Senator Grimes,
Mrs. Senator Corbett,

Miss Frelinghuysen,
Mrs. Col. E. Totten,
Mrs. Col. Robinson,
Mrs. Gen'l Zeilin,
Mrs. Bridge,
Mrs. J. V. L. Pruyn,
Mrs. F. A. Dick,
Mrs. Mayor Wallach,
Mrs. Admiral Lee,
Miss Chase,
Miss Matthews,
Mrs. Mary E. Hill,
Mrs. Crounse,
Miss Kinzie,
Mrs. Bigelow,
Timothy Lubey,
C. W. Taylor,
S. R. Harrington,
Newton Ferree,
T. F. Gatchel,
T. A. Stone,
J. O. P. Burnside.

COMMITTEE ON GROUNDS.*

Comrades
H. A. Myers,
—— Lemon,
J. H. Stine,
G. Wiley Wells,
J. W. Lithgow,
R. F. Ray,
Charles Wyman,
—— Sullivan,
Zabina Ellis,

Comrades
C. S. Hatch,
—— Hartell,
Charles R. Douglass,
M. D. Overacker,
Jas. Green,
Geo. Dixon,
—— Bassore,
A. H. F. Hain,
J. Smith,

Comrades
—— Brown,
—— Cooper,
B. A. Swann,
—— Junifer,
John Reeves,
—— Hudson,
L. Vanderpool,
J. Tines.

COMMITTEE TO RAISE FUNDS.*

J. P. Lothrop, C. V. Petteys, W. T. Collins,

* There were many ladies whose names are not here given who rendered valuable assistance, for which the Committee feel grateful.

There may be some names omitted by mistake from the several Committees. Some Committees are not given, as the names are mislaid, but it is proper to say that comrades and friends rendered all needed assistance, whether on Committees or not, and the success of the occasion is largely due to them.

J. W. Lithgow,
J. H. Stein,
A. P. Caton,
Newton Ferrer,
G. W. Smoot,
G. Willey Wells,
Allen Wright,
C. C. Parker,
Henry Moore,
G. W. Randall,
Richard F. Ray,
Z. Ellis,
Frank Wyman,
N. B. Fithian,
Wm. DeHolt,
Charles T. Wyman.

At Culpepper, Virginia.

The day was observed here by two ex-soldiers of the republic and the loyal colored people of the place. At 12 M. the colored school of Mrs. A. P. MacNulty (formerly of Scarboro, Maine) were formed in twos to the number of one hundred, and with bouquets and wreaths of beautiful flowers proceeded in good order, and with solemn pace, to the beautiful United States Cemetery, where repose the remains of about two thousand of the gallant defenders of the nation's honor, and there those sable loyalists with two white United States soldiers, one of whom was accompanied by his wife, son, and mother, gathered around the staff from which floated gracefully and proudly the emblem of our nationality.

It was a day well befitting the occasion, and all seemed to realize the tender yet sacred and cheerful duties they were about to perform. The ceremonies here commenced by a prayer from the Rev. H. Blair, the colored Baptist clergyman of this place, and was followed by Mrs. A. P. MacNulty, who read a beautiful poem selected from Mrs. Browning's book, entitled "Poems of the Intellect and Affection," the selection being "He giveth his beloved sleep," which was read with much feeling and effect. Captain W. A. MacNulty, late of the United States Volunteers, orator of the day, then delivered the following appropriate address:

Comrades and Friends: We have assembled here to-day to perform a sad, yet sacred, and, I trust, a cheerful duty. Sad because we mourn with those who mourn to-day the loss of those who sleep so well within this beautiful enclosure. We are here to take the places of absent friends and the loved ones of the dear departed, therefore it should be, and is, a sacred duty, and I trust it will be well and cheerfully performed. Let us decorate the humble mounds of these, the nation's benefactors, with beautiful spring flowers, which show at once our respect and tender affection.

These brave men left home and all that was dear to them, wife, children, father, mother, sisters, and brothers, breaking all the tender ties of affection that bound them to home, and went forth and did battle and died that this nation and its free institutions might live. Perform your duties here to-day, and by your acts endeavor to keep green the memories of the heroic dead, and the dear friends of these loved and cherished ones will weep tears of gratitude when they shall hear of your tender care and devotion for those whose heroic deeds have resulted in your liberation from bondage and cruel oppression.

On the left-hand side are to be found the names of those who sleep beneath; those who are known according to the inscription above their heads. Their names are not only recorded upon yonder humble board, but are also recorded in the hearts of those who love the cause for which they fought and died. The names and gallant deeds of those brave men will be brought down with enduring lustre, to future generations, when you and I shall sleep beneath the silent tomb. And while tenderly performing your sacred duties, remember also the unknown who lie here on your right. Ah! how sad the thoughts that well up from our hearts and almost choke our utterance as we think of thousands of patriots who fill unknown graves. More than one-half that are interred here are unknown! No friends are here to-day to call by name those noble patriots, and we fancy we hear the poor widow and fatherless children, when asked where are the remains of the loved one, say, "unknown, unknown." We think also of the sadness that to-day fills the hearts of many a household throughout the North as they think of the loved ones who fill unknown graves. But the names of those who with patriotic zeal went forth to battle for the right, are recorded not only in the archives of their several States, but in the hearts of all true patriots throughout this Republic; and their names are known, though the locality of their graves may not be pointed out; and the memories of those who never returned will ever be preserved by a grateful people. Decorate their graves with tender care and affection, and send up a prayer that their friends may all meet them in that bright world where all is peace.

Then followed the decoration of the graves. After singing "Brothers, will you meet us," and the "Star-Spangled Banner," the party re-formed and returned to their place of meeting, and were there dismissed.*

* This account was communicated to the *Maine Press*, by a ONE-ARMED YANKEE.

At Winchester, Virginia.

The following account of the ceremonies at Winchester was prepared by Charles H. Tiepel, Hospital Steward of the United States army:

Being the only member of our organization here, I had to seek aid in fulfilling G. O. No. 11 in a proper manner. Mr. Crane, a former (N. H.) soldier, and now editor of the *Winchester Journal*, and his patriotic lady, fully entered in the spirit of the object, and the latter, *especially*, *worked hard* to make the undertaking successful. Several meetings were held, and—flowers being very scarce—it was resolved to make wreaths of pine, cedar, and boxwood. Colonel Franklin, commanding this place, kindly gave us a team, and the soldiers helped, to their full ability, in hauling the material and making the wreaths. A room was taken at the courthouse, and for a week a number of ladies, helped by the soldiers, would daily sit and make wreaths. Another party was at my house, and by Saturday morning we had about 1,200 wreaths made, besides large streamers for the flag-pole of the cemetery and for the gate. The latter was especially decorated with large flags and a number of small ones (for which we had to send to Baltimore, there being none for sale here).

The weather, which for a week had been very bad, changed on Saturday night, and the day was beautiful, to the great disappointment of the rebels, who had predicted us a bad day.

On Saturday morning, Lieut. Cluley, 2d Inf., engaged, at his own expense, the Winchester Band (partly composed of rebel soldiers), and, at 2 P. M., the troops (Co. H, 21st Inf.), in full uniform and side arms, preceded by the band, and followed by all the Union people of the town, carrying wreaths, flowers, and some choice bouquets, marched to the cemetery.

Arrived here, the exercises were opened with a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Ward, of the M. E. Church North, followed by a hymn (with melodeon accompaniment) sung by the choir of said church. Mr. Crane then made a short address. After a few explanatory remarks about the G. A. R., he read G. O. No. 11, and at my request, thanked the loyal people of Winchester, in the name of the G. A., for their efforts to make this ceremony a success, and urged them not to forget our fallen heroes in future, but to renew this offering every year. He then requested the soldiers to hand the wreaths (which had previously been taken to the cemetery) to the ladies, who would hang them on the head-boards of the graves, while the band played several patriotic airs. When all the wreaths were distributed, the dox-

ology was sung, and we went home, much pleased with our undertaking.

The ceremony was a complete success, and far exceeded our most sanguine hopes. The rebels had predicted that perhaps a dozen people would go to the cemetery, but there seemed to be a general determination of the loyal people to show the rebels their strength and number. The crowd was so great that everybody was astonished, and expressed their surprise that there really are so many hundred of good and loyal people in this town.

Thus, not only was the letter and spirit of General Logan's order fulfilled, but it was most pleasing to all the Union people, because it was the first "social" (if I may so style it) gathering of the loyal people of this town; and besides showing us "who is who," it will greatly tend to remove many little previous jealousies, etc., and bring them closer together for the furtherance of the Union cause.

At Yorktown, Virginia.

General: I have the honor to report that proper respect was paid at the "U. S. National Cemetery" at this place, on Saturday, May 30th, 1868, in accordance with your orders.

Owing to the small number of inhabitants in this neighborhood, our gathering was not as large as I would have wished, but those that are here, vied with each other in paying honor to the departed heroes; most particularly the ladies, of whom I may specially mention Mrs. S. A. Bent, Mrs. Dr. E. R. Carey, Mrs. Capt. Rogers, Mrs. I. L. Waterman, and Mrs. Cohen, who, with Mrs. T. L. Alston, added their very bountiful offerings to the nearly sixteen hundred fallen, whose bones lie mouldering here.

I have the honor to be, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Thos. L. Alston.
1st Lt. Co. "A" 21st U. S. I., and Bvt. Capt. U. S. A.
Commanding Detachment.
Comrade G. A. B. B. 3 M.

Maj.-Gen'l John A. Logan,
Com'd'r-in-Chief G. A. R.,
Washington, D. C.

At Wheeling, West Virginia.

In compliance with General Orders issued from Headquarters at Washington City, Post No. 4, Department of West

Virginia, G. A. R., decorated the graves of soldiers who fell in defence of liberty and were buried in the several cemeteries in and near the city of Wheeling. The demonstration was a successful one in every respect. Almost the entire population of the city, friends as well as foes, turned out, and the old fires of patriotism that burned so brightly during the war, were relit and shone forth with added brilliancy.

At 3 o'clock P. M., a detachment of the Grand Army, formerly members of Capt. Carlin's Battery of Light Artillery, commenced firing minute guns from the hill near Mount Wood Cemetery, known as "King's Flat," which a few years since was given to the State by Capt. John McClure, Jr., in order that a monument to West Virginia soldiers might be erected thereon. At this place the stand for the speakers was erected. The firing continued until the arrival of the procession, when the gun was withdrawn to make room.

The procession was nearly half a mile in length, and was composed of Vass' Brass Band; battle and regimental flags of West Virginia regiments, tattered and torn with the shot and shell of many a hard conflict through which they had been bravely borne; Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic —West Virginia soldiers wearing the elegant medals presented to them by the State, and all displaying white satin badges bearing the conspicuous letters, "G. A. R.;" soldiers not members of the G. A. R.; officers of the State Government and the Legislature; the Mayor, and City Council [not many out]; Clayton's Drum Corps; Good Templars, and citizens generally, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages. After forming on Fourth street, the right resting on Monroe, the column moved by way of Monroe, Market, Union, Maine, and Washington streets, and the National Road, to the level spot of ground previously mentioned, where the stand had been erected. It was here halted by the Marshal, Gen. B. F. Kelley, and formed, the band playing a lively air in the meantime.

The stand, which was appropriately draped with regimental and other flags, was occupied by the orators of the occasion, Rev. W. M. Mullenix, of the M. E. Church; Hon. Benjamin Stanton, of the city; His Excellency, Gov. Boreman; and

Attorney-General Melvin (member of the G. A. R.); also, his Honor, the Mayor of the City; Hon's. Stevenson and McWhorter, President of the Senate and Speaker of the House, respectively; Rev. J. T. M'Clure, of the United Presbyterian Church; Rev. Mr. Clark, of the M. E. Church; Capt. Carlin, Commander of Post No. 4, Department of W. Va., G. A. R., and others of less note.

Everything being ready, a fervent prayer was offered up by Rev. Mr. M'Clure. Captain Carlin then, in a few sentences, unpretending but directly to the point, explained the object of the celebration, and concluded by introducing the Rev. W. M. Mullenix, of the M. E. Church, who came forward and said:

Pericles, whose name is inseparably associated with all that is illustrious in eloquence and legislation, in his celebrated oration over the Athenian soldiers who had fallen in the Peloponessian war, affirmed it to be "a debt of justice to pay superior honors to those who had devoted their lives in fighting for their country." Inspired by this sentiment, we are assembled to-day to honor the memory of the gallant men who fell in the defense of the Republic, and who now sleep in yonder sacred depository of the dead.

Their magnificent public services, and the splendid example of patriotism which they displayed, entitle them not merely to these ephemeral decorations, and to our poor tribute of praise, but to the gratitude of every friend of human freedom in all the world. Through the long and fearful tempest which threatened the subversion of our beautiful federation and the overthrow of our homes and our altars, these men who now repose in serene graves abandoned the endearments of domestic life, the rewards of devotion to business, and the cherished privileges of the sanctuary of religion to stand, like a wall of adamant, between us and the foe. They paused at no sacrifice, and hesitated at no peril, that the inestimable boon of republican liberty might be preserved and perpetuated in the earth. They were types of a noble and chivalrous manhood, almost without a parallel in human history. Through severe and unexpected reverses, sad and unlooked-for defections, unfortunate and ungenerous rivalries even in the face of the enemy, and long and almost hopeless campaigns, they manifested a courage, a self-forgetfulness, and a devotion to their country which was never equalled in Grecian or Roman annals.

The peerless leader of the American people in our colonial struggle for independence, he who towered above all the men

of his time in personal character, in elevation of mind, and the splendor of his public services, said, when he received sword of Lord Cornwallis, to his heroic and jubilant army, "Don't shout over a fallen foe. Let future generations do our shouting for us." Washington, and all whom he led to the fray, are in the dust, but a grateful Republic holds him and them in grateful remembrance. These heroic men, who have laid down their arms forever, and now sleep the sleep which shall only be broken by the reveille of the resurrection, will be honored while the nation endures or liberty has an advocate in all the world.

Yonder our braves are at rest. In that ground, hallowed as the abode of the cherished dead, their bodies repose, but their fame is not buried. The deeds which made them immortal; the fields over which they rang out the Anglo Saxon battle-cry, and which were consecrated by their blood; and the country's records, where their names and services are enshrined, cannot be destroyed forever.

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
While glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

In London, the commercial metropolis of the world, is a magnificent structure dedicated to Christians. In a remote corner of that colossal edifice, is a plain tablet, bearing this inscription: "Beneath lies Christopher Wren, the architect of this church and city, who lived more than ninety years, not for himself alone, but for the public; would you see his monument, look around." No sculptured marble or polished brass rises to perpetuate their fame and transmit the story of their valor to those who are to come after us. Would you see their monument, a monument magnificent and imperishable—look around. It is the great Republic which they preserved and baptised with heroic blood.

The Hon. Mr. Stanton was next introduced, and delivered a very appropriate and beautiful speech, saying the occasion for this assemblage was an eminently proper and sufficient one, and his whole heart was in it. He had had no leisure to prepare for it, but under such circumstances as the present it was perhaps better that no preparation should be made, as then the untutored feelings of the heart would be more likely to find their way to expression. He spoke feelingly and proudly of the soldiers who had fought in the war. They were not men of such stuff as armies are usually composed of, but patriots who took their lives in their hands and went forth to do utmost bat-

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tle for the right—that they and those who succeeded them might enjoy the inestimable blessing of liberty. Every man who knew anything, knew that the rank and file of the Union army did not enter it for the sake of position or profit, but because their country was threatened with overthrow. A gigantic rebellion seeking the destruction of the Government and the great principles upon which it is based, every man felt that he did but perform a most sacred duty in giving no rest to his feet until that rebellion was crushed out. The very large attendance which he saw before him, furnished indisputable evidence that patriotism still lived and the course of these men was understood and approved. But the full force of their deeds could not be appreciated now. The generations to come, enjoying the full results of what they have done, will look upon them with eyes different from ours. They have worked a mighty revolution, a complete change in the whole social condition of a great people, and the undying regard that posterity shall have for them will constitute their most fitting monument. Looking around, the speaker said it seemed as though this spot had been created for the express purpose of commemorating those who had fallen in the field. Here was West Virginia, the child of revolution, born at the beginning of war, rocked in the tempest of battle, and grown strong from the human blood which had drenched her soil. Here was the spot on which a State was to erect a monument to the fame of her dead heroes. These honors, then, were not only fitting, but a necessary, patriotic duty. They would make stronger the memory of after days which is one of the tributes humanity pays to those who have died in their country's defence; and thus, like Ireland's shamrock, which though underground, will flourish still, their names and fame would remain ever green.

Gov. Boreman spoke next, and said he would not detain the assembly with any extended remarks, but would endeavor to confine himself within the range of local affairs. He had been pleased to learn, a few days since, that it was proposed to decorate the graves of soldiers buried in the cemeteries of the city. This was no idle ceremony. This ceremony was not simply for the purpose of strewing flowers upon the graves of the few soldiers buried here, but to do honor to their memories and those of the three hundred thousand men whose bodies lie bleaching on a hundred battle-fields; who died in hospital of disease and under the slow torture of mortal wounds received from shot and shell; and who died that most cruel death, of starvation in the rebel prison-pens of the South. But these men died not in vain. When the first gun was fired from Fort

Sumter at the unarmed Star of the West, the people of America were aghast, but, thank God! only for a moment. Soon the nation rallied its hidden strength. These men, and others, their surviving companions, shouldered their muskets and with varying success swept back the strong tide of secession, until the monster was overthrown and the eternal principle of freedom firmly established. We are here to perform a duty to these men, and in strewing flowers over their graves we but show our appreciation of those who died in defence of their country; who died in the overthrow of that pestilent doctrine which originated in South Carolina, that a minority of slaveholders had a right to control the Government for their own selfish ends so long as it pleased them so to do. That heresy, that pestilent doctrine of State's rights, was sought to be imposed upon this people in the interests of the institution of human slavery which has cursed this country; in the interests of the doctrine, that though a minority, the slaveholders of the South had the right to rule the country. We are here to-day to rejoice in the fact that the institution in whose interests the rebellion was waged, has now gone down. The ceremonies of the present occasion were to keep green in mind the fame of the gallant men who helped to bring about this state of things, and it would be as little as could be done for a grateful people to come back to their graves year after year and pay annual honor to their memories.

The speaker then gave a history of the contemplated monument to West Virginia soldiers, and said that a few years since we had pledged ourselves to erect this monument, and the corner-stone had been laid, but nothing further had been done since. It should have been completed by this time, and he was here to ask every man who held a stake in the welfare of his country to use his individual efforts to have the tardy honor done. [Cries of "We'll do it." "We'll do it."]

The concluding address was made by Attorney-General Melvin, who, being a member of the Grand Army, entered into some details concerning the decoration of soldiers' graves during the present year, and the purpose of the organization with regard to them in the future. Addressing his "comrades" of the Grand Army and the rest who participated in the ceremonies of the occasion, he said:

By orders from the headquarters of our organization, the 30th of May of the present year was designated as a day for decorating the graves of those who, during the rebellion, fell

in defense of the nation's life. The appropriateness of the ceremony was recognized by patriots everywhere. Thousands of our comrades, and many thousands of our friends, took an active part in the proceedings that marked that day. Some of the posts, however, ours among the number, found it inconvenient to observe the recommendation at the designated time, and other days were in consequence named instead; and now, to-day, Post No. 4, Department of West Virginia, has been called together to emulate the example set us by those who have already acted in this behalf.

You join with me, comrades and friends, in believing that the ceremony in which we are engaged is eminently fitting and appropriate. In all the ages which possess a history we read of loving hearts, with tender hands, planting flowers upon the graves of dear ones gone from earth. Flowers have ever formed the wreath that encircled the brow of the living hero whose deeds shed lustre on his country's name; and flowers have ever garlanded the monument erected by a grateful people to mark his resting-place. And here we meet to honor and freshen the memories of those who in private life were our loved and respected associates; and who, in the storm of war, were the defenders of a nation in peril. We meet to deck the graves of Thoburn and of Bier, comrades of some of us in the office and in the tent, and whose lives went out through wounds received on that gray October morning when two powerful armies contended with varying success for the possession of the Valley of the Shenandoah; these noble souls, with others who served in the front ranks of the armies of the nation and found their last camping ground in this city of the dead, merit and shall receive the incense of flowers offered by surviving friends.

This year witnesses the inauguration of these honors to the dead, and it has been a successful inauguration. The interest has not been confined to posts, or even to the soldiers who have returned to peaceful pursuits and are again simple citizens of the Republic, but everywhere patriotic men and fair women have not only bestowed kindly thoughts and words, but have assisted with their own hands in the work of love. This hearty compliance on the part of the members of our order, and the earnest coöperation of those not members, have received a graceful recognition from Congress, and have determined the Commander-in-Chief of our order to recommend to the next Grand Encampment, that a certain day be set apart in each year, and for all time, as a grand national memorial day.

And this is proper. Let the 30th day of May, in each recurring year, be devoted throughout the land to the perpetua-

tion of the memories of the three hundred thousand men who died for their country, and let their surviving companions, cheered by the kindly looks, and aided by the willing hands of those fair friends who smile upon our labors, join in the ceremonies befitting the occasion; and in this way we will be reminded of the sacrifices made by the heroic dead, and of the dangers to the nation's life which their services assisted so greatly to avert.

The addresses having been concluded, a benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Clarke, of the M. E. Church, and the procession then marched to the cemetery. Upon entering the gate the band commenced playing a dirge. The march was conducted by the winding roads leading through the enclosure until the top of the hill was reached, where a halt was ordered and parties of the G. A. R. distributed themselves through the grounds to decorate the graves marked with small flags. The utmost care had been used by the committee appointed for the purpose, to mark all the graves of soldiers, and, we believe, there was but one missed, and that one because no person could be found to indicate it. In most cases friends and relatives had, in advance of the members of the Grand Army, placed wreaths and bouquets upon the graves; and we may mention here that the grave of Colonel Thoburn was, with a happy appropriateness, decorated with a wreath of flowers and a cross of moss, gathered from the farm in Belmont county, Ohio, where he was born and bred. And while the graves in Mount Wood were being thus attended to, detachments of the Grand Army, who had been sent to other cemeteries, were decorating the graves of the soldiers buried in them.

The ceremonies having been completed, the bugle sounded the recall, and the procession reforming, marched back to the city.

Thus ended a demonstration of regard for those who fell during the war, which will live long in the memories of those who witnessed it, and in the memories of those who are to come after them.— *Wheeling Intelligencer*, *July* 13, 1868.

In Cheshire County, New Hampshire.

In this county nearly every town had its gathering for the

purpose of strewing with flowers the graves of those patriotic men who gave their lives for their country. In the immediate vicinity of Keene this duty was performed by delegations from Post 4, G. A. R., aided by the citizens. At Marlboro' a procession was formed and marched to the cemetery, where a prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Dexter, who also made an appropriate address. Flowers were very liberally contributed by the citizens, and the graves appropriately decorated. The arrangements were under the control of Col. Nelson Converse. At Roxbury the arrangements were in charge of Geo. W. Nye. The services commenced with a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Colburn, who also delivered a short address. Remarks were also made by Seth Kingsbury, Col. Converse, and others, after which the graves were tastefully decorated.

At Surry, where the arrangements were in charge of Capt. John W. Sturtevant, a prayer was made by Rev. Wm. L. Karr, of Keene, and the graves decorated by the committee from the Post. A large number of the citizens were present at the cemetery, and aided in the decoration. The cemetery near Mr. Woodward's, in Surry, was also visited by the committee. Appropriate services were held, and the grave of John G. Darling decorated.

A committee from the Post, consisting of Horace Starkey, Mr. Foster, and L. W. Starkey, visited Swansea Centre. On their arrival they found many of the citizens assembled in the cemetery. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Roberts, who also made a short address, after which the graves were decorated. In this place the contribution of flowers was large. The same committee also visited the village of West Swansea, and decorated the graves of soldiers buried in the cemetery at that place.

At Keene, the ceremonies were under the control of the Post. A procession was formed at 3 P. M. near the headquarters of the Post, and, preceded by the Keene Brass Band, marched directly to the new cemetery. The order of the procession was as follows: 1st, Band; 2d, Post formed as a company of infantry; 3d, soldiers and sailors not members; 4th, a car decorated with festoons of flowers, wreaths, crosses, and

bouquets, drawn by a span of white horses; 5th, a carriage containing the chaplain and orator of the day; 6th, the Board of Engineers; 7th, the Deluge Engine Company; 8th, Neptune Engine Company; 9th, Niagara Company; 10th, Hook and Ladder Company; 11th, schools; 12th, citizens on foot; 13th, citizens in carriages. The procession reached the new cemetery at 3.30 P. M., when the following were the exercises: Prayer from Rev. Dr. Barstow; remarks from the acting commandant of the Post, Capt. S. A. Carter, who spoke as follows:

COMRADES OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, AND FELLOW-CITIZENS OF KEENE: The organization known as the Grand Army of the Republic has assembled here to-day, in pursuance to orders from our Commander-in-Chief, to give renewed expressions of our respect to the memory of our deceased associates and comrades, our former companions in arms, and to tender anew to their living representatives our sympathy for them in their bereavement. It is at once a sad and a pleasant duty which we are called upon to perform; sad, when we recall to our minds those scenes of suffering through which those of our companions, whose memory we have this day assembled to honor, have passed; and pleasant, as we reflect upon the many acts of kindness we have experienced at their hands while in camp, upon the march, and upon the field of battle; and now we gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity to pay this tribute of respect to their memories.

As we stand here in this silent city of the dead, it is not difficult to recall with vividness the dark days and hours of rebellion; the lonely picket post in the immediate presence of the enemy, when every sense seemed taxed to the utmost in the discharge of duty; the reconnoissance, when picking your way carefully over unknown ground, endeavoring to develop the position and strength of the enemy; the skirmish, when, taking advantage of every cover, you advanced bravely, not knowing but that every bush, ditch, and fence concealed an enemy—little caring whether it did or not, so fully determined were you to drive him before you; the general engagement, the shriek of shells, the whistling bullets, the stern voice of command, the groans of wounded and dying comrades, the missiles of death falling thick and fast around you; all these scenes you have participated in, in common with those whose mortal remains lie buried here; your thoughts meanwhile instinctively turning to your homes and the loved ones there. How vividly this occasion brings those scenes again before us,

and we seem to be living again in the midst of those familiar sights and sounds.

But our memories of those by-gone days and years are not all of this nature. There were times when we could be mirthful, and the excitement of the moment almost caused us to forget the terrible uncertainties that were hanging over us. I need not mention the eagerness with which we waited and watched for, nor the pleasure with which we received, letters from our friends at home, and those substantial tokens of remembrance—the delicacies and luxuries prepared and sent to us by the same kind hands that are to-day assisting us in the decoration of these graves. These recollections are the bright spots in our experience, to which we refer with the greatest satisfaction; and I assure you, kind friends of the soldier, that your kindness and liberality were duly appreciated, and will never be forgotten.

For the soldier there was no duty more sacred than that of giving a decent burial to a slain comrade. It was a solemn duty, which every soldier felt as a sacred obligation resting upon him to perform; and after an engagement, the first duty after caring for the wounded was the burial of the dead. Tenderly they were laid in their narrow chamber, or, if circumstances required it, placed side by side in the deep trenches, and, when possible, the hand of friendship raised a narrow board over the body, giving the name and regiment of the sleeper.

Thousands of graves there are on the battle-fields of the South to-day, with probably not even a mound of earth to mark the spot, but the memory of each one of the occupants still lives in some household. A green spot is kept for them in the heart of some wife, mother, sister, or daughter, and we would add our humble testimonial of our appreciation of the services of all such as are sleeping in their unknown graves.

And now, permit me, in behalf of my comrades, to thank one and all, both individuals and organizations, who have rendered us such valuable assistance in the observance of this day.

In concluding this introduction to the exercises of the hour, I cannot better inform you of our purposes than to quote from the order of our Commander-in-Chief, recommending this commemorative service:

"We should guard the graves of our comrades with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can contribute to their adornment and security, is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed ground. Let pleas-

ant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to this or the coming generations, that we have forgotten, as a people, the cost of a free and undivided Republic. If other eyes grow dull, other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us.

"Let us, then, gather around their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of spring-time. Let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor. Let us, in this solemn presence, renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us as a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude—the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan."

As Capt. Carter concluded, the band played a dirge, after which Rev. W. O. White * delivered the following address:

Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, and Fellow-Townsmen: We will not lament the threatening rain-drops which already begin to fall. It is fit that these darkening skies should but summon us forth the more zealously to honor the memory of those who, while perilling their lives for us, were held back from their great task, neither by piercing cold nor angry tempests.

Such an hour as this brings once more to our view the form and countenance of him who spoke seven years ago at Washington, of "The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone over this broad land." How deeply would his loving soul have been moved to-day by the knowledge that the mystic chords of gratitude were vibrating in harmony with those of memory, and that hands which yesterday, over a vast lengthening belt of territory, were dropping the seed-corn into the opening furrows, were to-day laden with flowers testifying of the first promise of a harvest brighter and better that what we gather into barns, that harvest of freedom already ripening from a blood-stained earth.

What brings us to this spot? No one can truly say that these fathers and mothers, these troops of children, and among them all persons who have sworn allegiance to the Prince of Peace, are all here, simply to magnify the glories of war, still less to countenance those atrocities which the scroll of history records as being so often inseparable from wars of conquest or

* Pastor of the "Keene" Congregational Unitarian Church.

battles fomented by mere personal ambition. We come in sympathy with the spirit which actuated those brave men whose dust lies here, or abides near the scene of their dauntless conflict. You cannot belie their memory more effectually than by whispering the thought that they left their peaceful homes because they were idolaters of military glory, carried away by the insane thirst for war. How gentle, how courteous, how patient, how self-possessed some among them were, we all know, full well. The last men you would have picked out as likely to plunge into battle, yet the first to go, because conscience impelled them and not passion, love of country, not the eagerness for adventure.

Once more the sound of prayer greets our ears, as memory brings back one regiment waiting devoutly upon the God of battles, while the cars stand ready to hurry them from our quiet streets to their scene of preparation for the arena of strife. We enter those cars with those young men fresh from the farm or the workshop. What open countenances! What cheerful courage and trustful hope seemed to animate them! How one wondered that our own little county could have held within its scattered homes such a band of heroes. Again, as the whitening groves on the outskirts of our village reveal the gathering, in the late autumn, of a different regiment, we enter the tents, we talk with the men; we find them utterly unlike all that imagination depicts to us as associated with the reckless brutality of the soldiery of other days and other lands.

The men who thus went from us at one time or another, whether to serve on land or on sea, counted the cost. They knew that they could not all come back. The living ones who are with us to-day, God be thanked, were equally willing, we cannot doubt, to make that last stern sacrifice of life. God did not require it at their hands. He saw fit to spare them to us. In their presence, and in the presence of the dead, you can have no patience with any attempt at high sounding speech. *Deeds, not words*, these survivors testify of. *Deeds, not words*, these quiet graves tell of. We come, then, not to bid this vernal air echo with the empty breath of mortal words; we come to listen; hark! the air seems full of the story of the self-forgetful achievements and the unrepining sufferings of our patriot dead; once more, the bugle stirs the air, lengthening hosts advance, the dread roar of cannon booms sullenly from hill to hill; now the strife ceases, and with what tender care the men just now foremost in fight lift up some fallen comrade or the wounded enemy. And now the hospital rises before your view, and you see the Christian patience with which He is met whom men name

"the last great enemy," and you behold the love of the old home which warms the heart of the dying to the last. Or, it may be, the grim walls of the prison rise before you, as you realize all the possibilities which were involved in the embarking in the enterprise of a country's redemption.

But the cloud is lifted from battle-field, hospital and prison, time gently does its work; the grass grows in the hoof prints left by the horses on those Southern plains; better still, sects of Christains once sundered by geographical lines, are confessing this very week, that it was slavery which rent them in twain, and that henceforth there need be no further animosity. Yes, time does its work; the sharp agony of bereavement is mellowed into a thankful but humble pride, a chastened longing for the time when this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and we shall once more see face to face. In sympathy, then, with what the hand of time, in God's Providence, is doing, we come hither to-day, not so much lamenting, as we come, exulting, exulting in what God gave our cherished ones to do, exulting in that deathless fame which the humblest one among them shares with him who in official rank may have been the highest, as having fallen a victim, whether in a sudden moment, or by lingering disease, in a conflict which will be forever associated with the progress, among the nations, of *universal liberty*.

Nor will we think of the "cold grave," or the "lonely sepulchre" in connection with the resting-place of the bodies of our beloved soldiers. Your acts to day, if they mean anything, mean this, at least, that you will strip such associations of dreariness away from their resting-place, bestowing "beauty for ashes," and "the oil of joy for mourning," as, with heartfelt benedictions, you throw around these hallowed spots, your sheltering flowers. Nor are yours the only hands that do this pious work from year to year. As you think of the mighty Unslumbering Power above us, can you not say of these sequestered graves:

> "There, scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
> By hands unseen, are showers of violets found,
> The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
> And little foot-steps lightly print the ground."

In ancient Greece, it appears that their warlike dead were, from year to year, commemorated on the spot of their last mortal resting-place. It was customary to appoint the fathers of those who had signally distinguished themselves on the field, to recite their praises. Our gentler and more deep-reaching faith, in harmony with our suffering Lord, dictates to such fathers, a silent wrestling with the sorrow which God permits, and the

pondering the dear sayings of some idolized boy, and hiding them in the heart. Yet, could the veil of Christian and parental reserve be torn aside, I know there is more than one among you here to say, as a proud father, similarly bereaved, said to me the other day in an adjoining State, as he pointed to the portrait of the gallant lad : " There is not a day when that boy doesn't seem to be present with me." Such sons, their images rising in benediction before their parents, day after day, year after year, are not to be accounted *dead*. Their life was so full of heroic, unselfish purpose that it defies the grave, and invests them with an ever freshening memory, as they live on in the hearts of their kindred.

And yet there are some to say : " But the dear face has vanished, the manly form is gone." To such (as they and we reflect upon the tribute of gratitude which is this hour bursting forth from so many hearts throughout our land), to such grieved ones, let us say, " How *near* the two worlds, the seen and the unseen, seem in such an hour as this ! We stretch forth our hands, we almost feel that they are grasped by the shadowy hands that the fleshly eye cannot see. In the holier rest or the needful discipline of that invisible existence, a merciful God will surely vouchsafe, our hearts say, some brief interlude on such a day as this, that he may make those brave defenders of the land amply cognizant of the love of their cherished kindred, the kind remembrance of their old neighbors, the devoted attachment of their fellow soldiers, the unfading gratitude of their country and the Hallelujahs of an emancipated race !

At the close of Mr. White's address, the graves were decorated. After the conclusion of the ceremonies in the new cemetery, the procession marched to the old cemetery and decorated the graves of those soldiers who lie buried there.—*New Hampshire Sentinel*, June 4, 1868.

H'd Qrs, Post No. 4, G. A. R., Dep't N. H.
Keene, N. H., *May* 30, 1868.

General Order No. 1.

I. This Post desires to express its deep sense of gratitude to each and every individual of this community who has assisted and encouraged us to-day in honoring the memory of our fallen comrades. Our acknowledgments are especially due to those whose liberality provided us the pecuniary assistance, contributions of flowers, and the materials necessary for the decorations; to the ladies and misses to whose untiring labors and exquisite taste we are indebted for their beautiful and effective arrangement; to the clergy for their words of counsel and instruction;

to the band for their gratuitous services, and for their appropriate and finely rendered selections, which added so much to the solemnity and impressiveness of the occasion; to the fire department, whose fine appearance made such an imposing pageant, and whose full ranks evinced the interest felt by the department in the exercises of the day; and finally, to all our citizens, whose sympathies prompted them to join in our commemorative services.

II. We would take this occasion to express our mortification and regret that the graves of Com. George A. Prentiss and Warren R. Ellis were not visited and decorated, and that the names of Clinton C. Cheney, Samuel Ruffie, and Henry Flint, were not placed upon the tablet. We would assure the relatives and friends that these omissions were on account of the incompleteness of the records upon which we were obliged to depend, rather than any intentional neglect on the part of the Post, and that they shall be rectified as far as it is in our power to do so.

III. An official copy of this order will be furnished each of the officiating clergymen, the band, the Board of Engineers, each of the several fire companies, and the *New Hampshire Sentinel* and *Cheshire Republican*, with the request that it be published.

By command of

SOLON A. CARTER,
Sen. Vice Com'dr, comd'g Post.

HOSEA TOWNE,
Act'g Post Adj't.

AT CLAREMONT, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

September 19, 1868.

At the appointed hour people began to assemble and to throng the streets, ready to join the procession and bear their part in the coming exercises, with remarkable punctuality. The Marshal, Dr. S. G. Jarvis, with his aids, formed the line on Broad street, and marched to the Town Hall. First were the Comrades of the Grand Army, then our fire companies, and last the children of our various Sunday Schools. Nearly all the young folks carried beautiful bouquets, and, with their pleasant faces, constituted a scene of real beauty. The Town Hall was densely packed with the members of the procession and citizens. Maj. Waite called the assembly to order, and announced the officers—President, Dr. N. Tolles; Vice-Presidents, Sherman

Cooper and H. W. Parker; Secretaries, J. W. Peirce and Arthur Chase.

The President being introduced, made a few pertinent remarks, followed by music by the band; services by the chaplain, Rev. E. W. Clark, and music by the choir, under the leadership of C. S. Parkhurst.

Captain Edwin Vaughan, of the New Hampshire Cavalry, then delivered the following address:

Mr. Chairman, Fellow Citizens:

It has been from time immemorial, a custom to commemorate great events in national history, the birth and death of important personages, the inception of important discoveries of science and art, or deeds of arms, by massive piles, solid columns, statues and memorials; by days of feast or thanksgiving: equally venerated by heathen and Christian, only differing in the character and intelligence of the offering they bring—the one guided by idle superstition, the other by enlightened religious reason. The one does homage to brute force and blind ambition; the other to enlightened civilization and the greatest good to all mankind. The one is grasping and seeks to enslave; the other breaks the galling chain and lets the oppressed go free.

This custom, ancient and honorable, is well! The history of nations and civilization may be read in their monuments and holidays; as their teachings and ceremonials give tone and expression to the finer feelings of the human heart, or bear evidence of progress, so in proportion are they worthy of our attention. And so of the landmarks of to-day, when they shall be studied by future generations.

Let then our actions bear evidence of an enlightened humanity, true patriotism, and a willingness to do to others as we would they should do unto us.

Our nation having passed through a convulsion unequalled in modern times, and made sacrifices seldom equalled and never excelled, for the preservation of our institutions, and liberty itself, we are called upon to make such record of our present, that the future, though they ever may run, may read and go clear of the Scylla and Charybdis of our misfortune; that they may take courage for freedom and progress.

We have met to-day to bear record that the blood spilt on a thousand fields was not in vain. The ceremonials which we propose are in accord with custom, and in the spirit of the order of May 5, 1868, of General John A. Logan, commander of the Grand Army of the Republic.

At the time of the issue of that order there was no organization of the Grand Army of the Republic in this vicinity, or other organized head, to go forward in the matter; it was, therefore, for that time passed almost unnoticed. You all know how generally the day set apart was noticed throughout the country, and how gladly you would have kept it had it been practicable.

Knowing that the people of Claremont only waited an opportunity to comply with the spirit of that order in its fullest sense, the Post now organized have chosen the anniversary of the battle of Opequan Creek, for the solemn ceremony—a day rendered sacred to the memory of every citizen of Claremont. The day on which fell my dearest friend and your fellow citizens, Gardiner, Chaffin, and Paul. Do you not remember when the lightning bore you record of that terrible day, the sudden chill, the weight of that sacrifice?

Go back with me to that time of war, those tented fields, that mechanical inaction and spasmodic carnage; view the oppressive monotony of days and weeks in camp, when men went to the daily routine like machines wound up for life, carelessly indifferent of the dangers of the morrow—finding pleasure only in change, and news from home. Believe me, those were weary, swift days—having only for their goal home and its enjoyments: the hand and heart greeting of father, mother, brothers and sisters, wife and children.

You at home suffered most. You had grief and anxiety, fear for the worst; we, only hope for home. Yet all was not inaction; for when the bugle sounded, or the drum beat "to arms," all was motion, and with almost no questioning every thing was put in order to move. Tents were struck, extra baggage, books, or mementoes, were consigned to the flames, and with steady steps and beating heart, the soldier gathered up his household, his all, and uncomplainingly went forth, always to toil, often to disaster or the grave, or worse than all, to the prison pen—worse than the grave. Could you look upon the blanched cheek, yet firm step of the veteran soldier, as he went forth to battle, with his life in his hand, to bravely battle for his country, your hearts would swell with pride, and though tears should course your cheeks, you could but smile and give thanks for the spirit of your sons.

Theirs were brave hearts.

> "The brave man is not he that knows no fear,
> For that were stupid and irrational;
> But he whose noble soul its fear subdues,
> And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from."

The battle over, the soldier, singly or in squads, seeks his

fallen comrade—his spirit but now so rigid, has become that of a child. The wounded he bears away tenderly, while with tearful eye he consigns his fallen comrade, wrapped in his only blanket, an unshapen mass, to welcome mother earth. In his quarters he gathers the little mementoes, perhaps a ring, a picture, and carefully preserves them for the loved ones at home, who, tho' hope is past, are as yet blessed in the ignorance of the sacrifice they have made.

What life is in camp, seems to me but an intensified life, typical of national and individual experience.

Our fathers builded the foundation worthy of a free government; they hewed its corner stone from the rock of eternal justice to all men; they were made, and needed help, and reverently looked to the great "I Am" for it; they sowed wisely, and their descendants reaped bountifully, but as they became strong and prospered they forgot the simple faith of their fathers, and admitted uncongenial material into the structure.

The danger tho' radical was not immediate, and as the mighty city rests to-day, in fancied security, which to-morrow shall be razed by slumbering volcanic fires, so lived we unmindful of the signs of the times, and the irrepressible conflict of radically opposing elements in our social fabric.

We had lived as though we expected to prove the grand truths of the Declaration of Independence gigantic lies, and had almost demonstrated them as such; but they were too divine, too grand to be ignored by puny man. Born of the very necessity and reason for the foundation of this government and baptized in the blood of its founders, it was not possible that it should be trampled upon by the avarice, cupidity, or domination of this age.

The blood spilt by the oppressor's hand became the germ of a mighty conviction in the minds of the nation, and borne across this northern land on the wings of reason, became the disinfectant to purify what we could not defend.

The bugle blew and drums beat for help to succor a struggling national life. How quickly the camp-fires burned in every State and on a thousand hill-sides. With what alacrity men without distinction of party left the common walks of life for the tented field. How freely those whom we to-day honor stood forth a shield between the nation and its dishonor.

> "How they went forth to die!
> Pale, earnest thousands from the dizzy mills,
> And sunburnt thousands from the harvest hills,
> Quick, eager thousands from the city's streets.
> And storm-tried thousands from the fisher's fleets.
> How they went forth to die!"

Bold armoured *treason* prepared by long preparation had gained a march in the field, and as disaster sat upon our banners traitors in arms hurrahed and sang songs of gladness — while sympathetic treason smiled a damned smile of approval upon your street corners.

The story of those long years—of trial and disaster—of hope and success from Bull Run to Appomattox Court House, is too fresh in our minds to call for repetition by me to-day. The dark night has passed away. Armed rebellion has been quelled, and the bright morning light of peace gives promise of renewed prosperity for the future.

A great and heroic sacrifice has been made; its influence can never be lost, but must grow brighter in future times in proportion as its lessons are heeded by the present, and conduce to an enlarged liberty and an enlightened manhood.

The present is the great educator of the future, the spirit and characters of men to a great extent are molded by the records of the past. They whom we are assembled to-day to honor are the descendants of a long line of ancestors who have "felt the inspiration of battle in every contest for liberty for a thousand years." "Their country lives because they died."

They came home on their shields; fallen for their country and universal liberty! No man ever gave his life for a nobler cause. We are met to give expression to our allegiance to the principles for which they fell.. By outward tokens to renew our pledges to the sacred remembrance of their patriotism. The debt of gratitude we owe them, and of honor we owe their widows and orphans, to give encouragement in prosperity, and succor in adversity.

We are met at the graves of our dead, and pass in review the long lines of companions and fellow citizens that went forth from among us, and as is the custom in camp, after the "Battle is over" to get the command together, to call the roll and number the absent, so we to-day individually cast our mind's eye along the broken ranks and note the vacant files; whether from battle or disease it matters not—the spirit and the sacrifice is the same, though for certain death the soldier would choose battle.

While we strew the graves of those that are near let us not forget the absent and unknown graves of the much larger number, but let the outward act to the one be emblematical of the remembrance we bear them all. Earth holds but their clay, and the ground where they lie is hallowed ground; they are past the turmoil and mistakes of life whether they sleep by friend or foe. Many among us whose hearts have been made sad by the ab-

sence of those who came not back from the war, send their tenderest emotions to distant fields, and place their offering upon their graves as truly in spirit as you who have them near.

While we stand by the grave of Col. Gardiner we should remember Capt. Chaffin and Lieut. Paul, who fell by his side and sleep on the distant battle-field of Opequan Creek.

While we decorate the graves of Davis, spared through a dozen battles to die of disease contracted in line of his duty; the two brothers Patrick, Clement, Straw, Lt. James A. Cook, Judkins, Chapman, Moore, Lieutenants Little, Auston, and Nettleton, Dutton and Milton, of Read, Jackson and Bascom, of Goddard, Leet and Grannis, of Carlton, Adams and Tyrrell, of Currier, Blanchard, Eagan and Angell, let us not the less stand by the distant grave of Andrew J. Straw, who fell at the first battle of Bull Run and sleeps in an unknown grave, believed to be the first man from Claremont to fall in battle for his country—of Charles E. Putnam, than whom no town sent forth a braver soldier, who, after his regiment was scattered, fell fighting manfully on his own account, and was buried on the field at Williamsburg. But I may not speak particularly of all—of Hunter, Wetherbee, Charles Scott, and Delmage, who rest in a common grave at Fair Oaks. Of Kendall at Petersburg—of Lt. Ballou, Chase, Hart, Grinnell, Brown, and Robbins at Fredericksburg—of Peno and Neal at James Island—of Bolio, Bunnell, Burns, Craig, Bascom, Edward F. Moore, and Vaughan my brother, at Gettysburg—of Nichols at Bermuda Hundred, Alexander at Drury's Bluff. Of Chase and Benton, at Ream's Station, Nevers at White Oak Swamp, Geo. H. Putnam, brother of Chas. E., and French, at Cold Harbor. Lt. Rice, at Poplar Grove Church, Ide, at Yorktown—Hurd, at Lee's Mills, Marvin and Russell, at Antietam, Whitmore and Nelson, wounded at Fort Wagner, going to their rest through those infamous dens of Jacksonville and Charleston, Woodbury, wounded at Olustee, Fa., dying of starvation and neglect at Andersonville, Wheeler and Kelly dying on their way home—L. F. and W. G. Parish, two of four brothers in the army who fell—Wm. E., wounded three or four times in the Wilderness, last heard from in Libby and Andersonville. Dane and Ard. Scott in Salisbury, Allen, Merrill, Grannis—Story, Lawrence, Garfield, O'Connell, Rowell, Grandy, and Colston, yielded their lives from wounds and disease in the various hospitals of the land. And last in the sad list, from which I trust none have been omitted, is Dr. Algernon Squier, who died on the plains of the Far West.

The simple story of many whose names I have read before

you, were enough for this hour, but I need single none for eulogy.

Fathers, mothers, bring forth flowers and evergreens to decorate the graves of those you loved; of those you bid God speed in sorrow and tears, yet in gladness that you had a son to give; bring bright and pale flowers emblematic of your early hope and its decay; bring evergreens in emblem of your paternal affections and the brighter hope beyond.

Brothers and sisters, bring flowers to lay upon that brother's tomb! his manly hand you may not grasp; his voice you may not hear, but you may give the offering of fraternal affection, listen to the teachings of his life and death, and from the hour draw salutary lessons for your future guidance.

Wife and children, I may not counsel you in your great bereavement. The silent resignation of widowhood bears mementoes of the loved and lost too solemn and sacred for speech of mine.

Fellow-citizens, bring flowers and tokens of a green remembrance to the graves of your neighbors and friends. Bring them in token of your faith pledged to their widows and orphans; bring them in token of your appreciation of service they did, and the sacrifice they made; bring them in remembrance of your own ease and success, while they took their life in their hands and went to the field; bring them for the love you bear the country they saved.

Soldiers, 'tis for you to bring memorials to their graves more than they all. To them these dead soldiers were but individual members of families, citizens, and neighbors, but to you they were brothers, and more—they were comrades of one great family; you went forth with them to the field; you have shared their blanket; you have sat with them around the campfires, and listened to their stories of their childhood, their hopes, fears, and prospects. Engaged in their sports, you have hungered with them, thirsted with them—toiled and suffered as only a soldier knows—suffering with them.

You have gone forth to the battle with them; seen them fall faint and weary by the way-side to yield up life, as dear as yours or mine, and be buried.

You have seen them bravely face death, and meet it manfully. You have shed tears over their inanimate bodies in the absence of their friends, and tenderly consigned them, uncoffined, save by their blanket, to the bosom of mother earth. You have fired the farewell shot over the grave when they were buried.

Bring them flowers and mementoes as tokens of the mem-

ories of those days; bring them as an acknowledgment of that mercy which spared you while others fell; bring them as a pledge, that to *you treason is and ever shall be odious;* that he who to-day "mourns the lost cause" is a traitor still.

Bring them as fraternal tokens of pity and balm for severed affections and broken hearts of loved ones left to mourn.

The ceremonies at the Hall closed with more music, and the singing of "America" by the congregation.

The procession was re-formed, and proceeded to the cemetery. The floral offerings, which were superb and most tastefully arranged, were borne upon a large wagon drawn by eight white horses, under the skilful management of Maj. O. J. Brown, and presented a magnificent appearance. Two young ladies rode on either end of the floral car, personating Justice, and the Goddess of Liberty.

The solemn procession marched slowly to the resting-place of the dead, accompanied by a fine cavalcade from Weathersfield. All passed into the cemetery in line, when, after appropriate remarks by the Chaplain, the garlands were reverently placed upon the graves of the patriotic dead. A handsome cross, erected near the entrance, inscribed, "To the memory of the soldiers who were buried upon the field," was fairly loaded with fragrant offerings. The ceremonies being completed at this point, the procession returned and halted to honor the graves of the dead in the old cemetery.

A brief recess was then taken for refreshment, after which the Comrades of the Grand Army, the band, and citizens, proceeded to the graveyards at West Claremont, where due regard was paid to the heroic dead there interred.

About 4 o'clock the procession crossed over the Connecticut to Weathersfield, to decorate the grave of Maj. Charles Jarvis.

Escorted by a small troop of horsemen, they marched up to the cemetery overlooking the winding river and valley, preceded by the Chief Marshal on the horse on which Major Jarvis was killed, the Claremont Band and officers bearing flowers.

After entering the cemetery between the lines of citizens of the town, the procession halted, and the Marshal, S. G. Jarvis, advancing near the evergreen arch at the family enclosure

and addressing Major Hunt, deputed with the escort to receive them, said:

Major Hunt: This delegation of the Grand Army of the Republic and citizens of Claremont, have come here to-day bringing flowers to decorate the grave of a much-loved friend and companion, Maj. Charles Jarvis.

We knew him well. An ardent patriot, a steadfast friend, a true Christian, and a loving son. Alive, he enjoyed universal affection and esteem, and bore to the grave the deepest mourning of us all.

Reply by Major Leavitt Hunt.

Friends, and Delegates of New Hampshire: We, of Vermont, welcome you, Comrades and Friends of another State, on a mission the most tender and solemn.

Your coming to strew flowers with us on the grave of a brave and good man is not alone an offering of duty and affection to him, but a tribute of sympathy to every patriot in the land, and to the cause in which he fell.

In this no limit divides us, but, like your own beautiful river, beneficent to us all, it bears our united gratitude to the great ocean of our accord.

Already every sister State, crowned with laurel and clothed in the brightness of loyalty, has strewn immortal flowers on the graves of her martyred sons. These flowers that we bring will soon fade away, still shall his memory forever breathe fragrance to our hearts.

We, who celebrate the deeds of the heroic dead, will soon cease to be. Still, generations shall commemorate the strongest of unions—this union unto death; still, these hills shall look down upon the patriot's grave, and these streams shall forever chant his praise. His life was a bright tablet of duty unto all, and his death the graven image of our lament.

Come, let us strew these flowers on his grave as sweet tokens to a cherished friend; let us hang up these wreaths, victorious symbols of a martyr to a cause we shall ever defend; let us plant this floral cross in eternal memory of a Christian, who fell that all might be free.

The procession then formed a hollow square and proceeded to decorate the grave. The Chaplain of the Post, Rev. E. W. Clark, on mingling his floral tribute with the marble-cut laurels of the tomb, delivered a brief eulogy of his commemorated comrade and friend, and a most touching prayer for the com-

fort and support of the aged mother present, the family, and friends.

After a solemn and appropriate dirge by the band, the procession marched to the old Jarvis homestead, where a collation for two hundred was spread on the lawn.

The orator of the day, Captain Vaughan, in his eloquent acknowledgment for the reception, revealed the devoted regrets of all for the absent one, of whom a comrade said: "We have seen many an officer fall in battle, but we have only wept for one—Maj. Charles Jarvis."—*Claremont Eagle, Sept.* 26, 1868.

At San Francisco, California.

June 7, 1868.

Under the control and management of that portion of the Grand Army of the Republic sojourning in California, the memories of their fellows, who died that their country might live, were duly honored yesterday. The weather could scarcely have proven more unpropitious. The sea gale set in unusually early, and the wind blew and the dust flew with increasing intensity until after meridian. Shortly thereafter the National Guard came down Montgomery street, and formed with their right resting on California street. Citizens in carriages, on horseback, and pedestrians, formed on Bush street, above Dupont street, with the right resting on Taylor street.

At 1.30 o'clock the procession was organized, the National Guard taking the van as escort to the Grand Army of the Republic. The "Guard" was indeed a fitting escort for the veterans of the war, who numbered *six hundred strong.* Among them were many men who bore painful evidence of having been in the thickest of the fight. Col. John C. Cremony, Grand Marshal, together with his Aids, wore elegant white, red, and blue rosettes. The former, also, as Officer of the Day, wore the army sash. Each member, also, had fastened to his coat a white ribbon and sprig of evergreen, and bore in his hand a bouquet.

The procession received its next accession on Bush street, as it turned up from Montgomery street. At Congress Hall a large body of Freedom's Defenders, who had been drawn

up in line, fell in, four abreast, under an Assistant Marshal, delegated by the Committee of Arrangements of the Grand Army of the Republic to take charge of that portion of the procession. The members were all provided with flowers, wreaths, immortelles, &c., and constituted an interesting portion of the procession.

Carriages containing maimed soldiers and sailors took their place in line between the "Army" and "Defenders," and then fell in the artillery. This was by far the largest portion of the military in the procession, numbering, as it did, two full batteries. The line of the formidable-looking cannon, with caissons, and artillerymen in the uniform of the Government, extended the length of over two blocks. After the artillery came citizens in vehicles and on foot, bringing up the rear of the procession, which stretched from Montgomery street to the summit of the hill on Bush street.

All along the route ladies came out of their residences, and, passing up to the soldiers, would present their floral offerings. Not only the army veterans, but almost every man, woman, and child in the procession carried a bouquet. Some bore wreaths on their arms, whilst others had them entwined about their necks. Bouquets were poised on flags and bayonets, on the harnesses of horses, and garlands decorated vehicles. Ladies and misses on the sidewalk handed flowers to Aids and Post officers appointed by the Grand Army of the Republic.

Throughout the line of march, as far as Leavenworth street, sidewalks and balconies and windows were filled with spectators of the imposing *cortége*, and at the intersection of the various thoroughfares might be seen crowded carriages and others on horseback who did not join the procession on account of the inclemency of the weather. And the wind was terrific enough to deter any but those engaged in a less laudable work from attempting a walk of two miles against such a tornado; but those in the procession never faltered, but pedestrianized it all the way to Lone Mountain.

Arriving at the burial-ground, the National Guard halted and permitted the Grand Army of the Republic to file by, saluting as they did so.

The procession then moved up to the Baker Monument, which stands on the summit of the highest eminence in the cemetery. Hundreds who had gone out earlier in the day were already grouped around this and other monuments, and all bearing floral tributes to the memory of the dear departed.

The solemn ceremonies commenced by Marshal Cremony reading, in a remarkably strong, clear, and impressive manner, the order of General Logan, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, directing the ceremony to be performed throughout the United States.

Gen. O. H. La Grange was next introduced, who thus addressed the solemn concourse:

Comrades: We come not here to honor these sacred graves. It is not in the power of mortals to do that. We come to gather inspiration in this presence—to make our actions worthy of men to whom it was given in the past—to hold companionship with the illustrious dead.

These flowers, that will fade to-morrow, are typical of our own brief lives; but as the flowers rise from their winter graves in beauty each succeeding year, so the memory of our departed brothers, like themselves immortal, shall quicken patriotism in the hearts of each succeeding generation through all coming time. Even the eloquence of Baker, by whose dust we stand, though it became the wonder and the glory of the nation, taught not the truth to which he gave his life as potently as now the speaking silence of his great example teaches it.

We reverently thank the Author of all blessings, that the peril to our country, which bound us together through so many years of toil and danger, has passed away.

We thank Him, too, that ties of brotherhood, formed in the bivouac and on the battle-field, cannot be loosed or broken until our hearts dissolve, at being called to join that nobler band of brothers who have gone before.

Our arms are returned to the Government that placed them in our hands; our swords rust in their scabbards, and our tattered battle banners hang in triumph in the halls of our capitols; our regiments have been disbanded, and we have mingled in the stream of civil life, to make its currents wider and deeper without diminishing its purity. Success crowns every well-directed effort, and plenty and prosperity smile on our land. We open wide our arms to our late enemies, and pray that the fair picture of peace may never be reversed again in all our

country's history. But, in prosperity, we will not break the associations nor abandon the principles by which we triumphed in adversity. Standing in the dawn of this new era, with its glad light gilding the future of a reunited nation, while our eyes bend forward, our hearts will turn to the dim night of sorrow, and mourn with the childless mothers, the fatherless children, and the true wives wedded to the nameless graves of loved ones who shall come no more on earth.

Comrades, we have new fights to win, and noble duties to perform in civil life. Let us form our lines in circles facing outward, and wide enough to take in all who battle for the truth. Let us uphold a falling brother as we would have upheld him on the field of battle. Let us so guard the fame of those who died, that no shadow shall ever fall upon it; and let us minister so tenderly to their bereaved ones, that the tears they shed shall be as dew upon the blessings that spring up around their pathways as they journey on. And here, upon this doubly hallowed ground, oh, comrades, let us pledge each other, and these silent ones once more, by the baptism of fire that has made us brothers, by the communion of blood that has cemented our eternal fellowship, to cherish and maintain *forever* the principles of those who fell forward into the "furrows of the fight," and lay with smiles upon their calm, dead faces, because they knew their feet were in the path of duty, and their eyes were fixed upon the right.

Rev. Dr. Cox, at the conclusion of the remarks of General La Grange, made a most eloquent, fervent, and patriotic prayer. The band then played a dirge, after which the Grand Army of the Republic proceeded to decorate the graves of the Union volunteers, the United States artillery, meanwhile, firing a salute.

The graves were seven in all. Hundreds upon hundreds of wreaths, garlands, and bouquets of the most exquisite and costly flowers were piled upon the tomb of the lamented Colonel Baker. The crowd lingered for a long time at the grave, and called to remembrance his patriotic and fearless course in the Senate, his brave acts during his military career, and his tragic death.

The last grave visited by his comrades in arms was that of Capt. J. B. Olmstead. He was a printer, and his remains lie interred in the lot of the Eureka Typographical Union. The

grave of the typo soldier was profusely decorated with flowers. Colonel Cremony (himself an old newspaper editor) made a few pathetic and appropriate remarks eulogistic of his brother soldier. The *cortège* then threaded its way through the cemetery, and, leaving their companions to sleep in the city of the dead, thoughtfully themselves returned to the city of the living. The ceremonies throughout were conducted unostentatiously, and with a solemnity befitting the occasion.

After their return to the Hall, Marshal Cremony announced that one year from this day the Grand Army of the Republic would again revisit the graves of their fellows, and again decorate them with *immortelles*. A unanimous vote of thanks of the Army was returned to General Ord for the services rendered by troops under his command; also to the National Guard, in promptly and cheerfully acting as escort; and, finally, to the patriotic ladies who presented to the Grand Army of the Republic such a beautiful and bountiful supply of flowers.

Amongst the many flags borne in the procession, that which excited universal interest was the one on which is emblazoned the names of the many battles in which the veteran California Hundred were engaged.—*Alta Californian*, *June* 8, 1868.

At Vallejo and Mare Island, Cal.

Headqrs. Post No. 12, Dept. of California,
Vallejo, *Aug.* 22, 1868.

Comrades: Your Committee appointed to prepare an account of the fulfilment of General Order No. 11, by this Post, to be forwarded when called for, to Washington, respectfully submit the following report:

At a special meeting of this Post, held on May 29th, 1868, a telegram was received from the A. A. G. of the Department of California, G. A. R., calling attention to General Order No. 11, published in the Sacramento *Union* of that date. The paper alluded to could not be received in Vallejo until Saturday morning; but, on inquiry, it was ascertained that a copy of the Order had appeared in the San Francisco *Times* of the 28th inst. After some delay, a copy was obtained, and after an

interesting discussion, in which various plans were proposed for giving the best possible effect to a compliance with the Order, the following Committees were appointed to carry out its provisions.

For Vallejo: Comrades, R. J. Falls, O. L. Henderson, H. C. Snow, I. R. Lee, J. Campbell and Edward Tizzard.

For Mare Island: Comrades, J. Anderson, C. B. Denio, Geo. Fehl, C. Fritz, Washington Van Wyke, and J. A. McGinniss.

From a verbal report made at the next regular meeting of the Post, and from some personal sources, the following has been arranged as conveying briefly but completely, all the information to be gained concerning the obedience of the Order.:

The Committee for Mare Island waited on Rear Admiral Craven of the Navy Yard, and obtained his permission to carry out the provision of the Order at the Cemetery on the Island; and he and the residents of the Yard were very energetic in providing facilities for the proper performance of our solemn duty to our fellow comrades. At about 11 o'clock, various parties laden with bouquets and wreaths, made their way towards the Cemetery, situated at the southern extremity of the Island, and overlooking the Napa Straits. Here, in the quiet and peace of a lovely morning, the graves of some thirty Soldiers and Sailors were decorated with the bloom of flowers, —perishable type of our perishable bodies. There was hung on the gate of the Cemetery, a floral wreath, encircling a copy of Order No. 11, to proclaim to visitors the meaning of this last tribute of affection paid to the honored dead. After tarrying some two hours, the parties retraced their steps. Time was too short for much preparation; but the Order was obeyed in its spirit and its letter, with a feeling of entire cheerfulness at the thought of honoring those whose living bosoms had been a bulwark against our Country's foes.

At Vallejo, the Committee was at work early. Several of the ladies of the city cheerfully left their household duties, plied busy fingers in culling flowers, and fashioning them into bouquets—a sacrifice deserving of our eternal gratitude, and then were ready to accompany the detail to the grounds,

some three or four miles from Vallejo, on the road to Benecia. Conveyance was had in carriages kindly furnished by Messrs. Jno. Brownlie and J. Callender; and on arrival at the Cemetery, the graves of four or five departed Comrades were found and decorated. Speeches, there were none; but the feeling of each and every one present was deeply imbued with the hue of that high and generous sentiment natural when remembering the evidence of a sacrifice of youth's best treasure —the hope of life,—exemplified in those speaking mounds and eloquent insignia of death. After spending two or three hours, the party slowly returned, to mingle again in the active business and household cares of life:—to think forever after, with a thrill of solemn pleasure, of the events of that day; and of the opportunity—eagerly embraced—afforded them of participating in the solemn duty the living owed the dead.

The following publications in the Vallejo papers are appended, in conformity with the order of the Department:

Resolutions.

The following Resolutions were adopted by the Committee appointed by Post No. 12, G. A. R., to carry out Order No. 11, received from the Commander-in-Chief at Washington:

Headquarters Post No 12, Dep't of Cal.,
G. A. R., Vallejo, *June 3d*, 1868.

We, the undersigned, a committee chosen for the purpose, do hereby tender to Mrs. Susan Callender, Mrs. Frank Carlton, Mrs. R. Hildreth, Miss Ada Bailey, and Miss Ethel Mitchell, the sincere thanks of Post No. 12, G. A R., at Vallejo, for their personal attendance and assistance at the Cemetery at Vallejo, on the 30th of May last, to carry out the above order; and also to those ladies of Vallejo who so cheerfully donated flowers, &c., for the ocasion. We tender thanks also to Messrs. Callender and Brownlie, respectively, for the gratuitous use of carriages; and to the Vallejo Rifles for their flag. Rear-Admiral Craven, and the lady residents on Mare Island, will also accept the thanks of the Post, for permission and courtesies necessary to carry out the order at the Cemetery on the Island.

Respectfully, &c.,

R. J. Falls,
C. B. Denio,
Edw'd G. Haynes. } *Committee.*

Decorating Soldiers' Graves.

Monday, June 1st, was, in accordance with instructions from the Headquarters of the Grand Army of the Republic, dedicated throughout the United States to the performance of a task, than which, none could be more worthy, graceful, and just. Wherever, throughout the length and breadth of the land, the bodies of the soldiers of the Republic had been laid to rest, there warm hearts gathered around towering monument and turfy hillock, and strewed with floral offerings the graves of our country's fallen heroes. Above each consecrated spot the flag of the nation, draped with expressive emblems of mourning, floated all the day long. We have said the rite was a graceful one. And so long as the memory of the fierce struggle for her life, from which the nation emerged victoriously through the strength of those slain in battle, and the valor of those who have suggested this fitting commemoration of the heroism of their brethren, shall endure, we trust that each recurring season of flowers will be a witness to a tribute as well deserved as it is beautiful in itself. On the day referred to, the graves of the Union soldiers who lie asleep at the cemetery attached to this city, and those at Mare Island, were visited by many ladies and gentlemen, and beautifully decorated. The occasion recalls Collins' exquisite and never-to-be-sufficiently admired lines:

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
With all their country's wishes bless'd;
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

Vallejo Recorder, June 6, 1868.

Committee. { John Ashton, *Chairman*,
E. H. Forester,
A. H. Gunning.

Headquarters Post No. 12, Dep't of Cal., G. A. R.,
Vallejo, *Aug.* 22, 1868.

The above Committee were appointed, and made the above report, of the action of this Post relating to General Order No.

11, G. A. R., which was accepted as correct at a meeting of this Post this date; and in compliance with the order of Comrade J. L. Gamble, Post Commander of this Post, I hereby forward said report. Fraternally yours,

EDWARD G. HAYNES, *Post Adjutant.*

At Sacramento, Cal., the few who lie buried in the city cemeteries were not forgotten. Maj. W. L. Campbell, Post Commander in that city, visited the graves of the Union soldiers who are buried in the vicinity, and scattered the beautiful flowers of Spring over the last resting-places of those who loved and served their country.—*Sacramento Union.*

AT BALTIMORE, MD.

In common with the ceremonies that took place in every part of the country where the bodies of the soldiers and sailors of the Union armies and navies are buried, the Union people of Baltimore turned out *en masse* for the purpose of decorating, with floral tributes of affection for their memory and the cause for which they died, the graves of the soldiers and sailors who died in Baltimore during the war, and lie entombed at Loudon Park Cemetery.

The project originated with General Logan, the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and was by him communicated through the medium of General Orders No. 11, to all the posts of the army, and the members of the organization at once showed every disposition to carry out to the fullest extent the orders of their Chief. The spirit which prompted the paying of honors to the memory of the dead was speedily caught up by the people everywhere, who during the war had sustained the Government.

This is especially true of Baltimore; and in response to the appeals made for donations of flowers, the most liberal responses were received. Every preparation was made for a fitting observance of the occasion, and the result richly rewarded the efforts made.

AT THE WESTERN CEMETERY.

At the Western Cemetery there lie buried the bodies of fifteen soldiers, former inmates of the Home for Disabled Mary-

land Soldiers, and who had died in that institution. These graves were handsomely decorated by those of the present inmates of the Home who were able to leave the house. They were twenty in number, and were under the charge of Mr. Wm. Stahl, the Superintendent of the Home. The disabled veterans performed the duty by laying upon each grave a bouquet of choice flowers.

At Loudon Park.

From an early hour of the afternoon, the Frederick road leading toward Loudon Park Cemetery was thronged by eager pedestrians pushing their way toward the scene of the ceremonies. An extra number of cars were run on the railway, but they fell far short of accommodating the crowd, although each one presented a mass of humanity clinging to every inch where a foothold could be had. A large number of vehicles, many of them some of the most elegant turn-outs of Baltimore, were also upon the road, hurrying to the spot where this great mass of people were concentrating.

Posts Nos. 1, 4, and 5, of the Grand Army of the Republic, located in the city, formed at their various headquarters and marched to the Cemetery. As they went along the road, with several of the battle-scarred flags of the famous Maryland Brigade in the ranks, and marched with the free, swinging route-step of old and disciplined soldiers, their fine appearance was noticed and most favorably commented on. Post No. 1 was under Commander Harrison Adreon; Post No. 4 under Commander Thos. J. Garrison; and Post No. 5 under Commander E. T. Daneker. The men were in plain dress, except that each one bore upon his breast the badge of the army. The shield and symbolical motto was carried in the ranks of Post No. 4. Upon arriving at the Cemetery, the line was formed in parade and afterwards dismissed by the Department Commander, Gen. A. W. Dennison, to wait the beginning of the exercises.

Although it was now a full hour before the programme was to commence, yet there were fully three thousand people in the Cemetery, and the crowd was still pouring in—on foot and in carriages. Each new arrival brought fresh floral offerings, until

where they were heaped up and being arranged by the ladies, the spot looked as if all the gardens around had been rifled of the choicest beauties, that they might surround with a fresh odor of hallowed sanctity the graves of the departed.

The feature that attracted the most attention was the presence of seventy of the children of the Union Orphan Asylum, under the care of the kind matron, Mrs. Perry. The fact that the fathers of many of them were interred within a few feet of where they were standing, lent a mournful interest to the feeling with which they were regarded. The appearance of these girls and boys was sufficient to bring home the knowledge to every one that they had fallen into the hands of those who would care for them, and bring them up in the way that they should least know the great loss they had suffered. Everybody had a kind word for them, and many a wish was formed for the future happiness of those who had been left as a sacred trust to the nation.

There were also some twenty of the veterans from the Soldiers' Home, men who had suffered diseases and received wounds that had rendered them disabled for their future lives. They also showed the marks of excellent care. Like good soldiers, to whom habit had become second nature, they fell in with the ranks of the Grand Army at the tap of the drum.

The graves are located at the northern and eastern sides of the Cemetery. They number, in all, 1,752, of which 1,664 are known, and 84 unknown. One commissioned officer, a Lieutenant, and a hospital nurse are among the number. The latter, Mrs. Beale, died while in the prosecution of her duty at the Adams Hospital, in 1862.

Over each of the graves is a well-proportioned mound, handsomely sodded, and showing evidence of being well taken care of. At each grave is a neat wooden head-board, painted white, and having lettered on it in black the name, rank, regiment, and date of the death of the deceased soldier.

Prior to the opening of the exercises, most of the throng present occupied themselves with walking around among the graves. Many had friends and relatives among that silent army of the dead; and over many of the low mounds faces could be

observed bending, that, when rising, were wet with tears. A sad and mournful mood had seemed to fall with a solemn hush upon all present.

A convenient stand had been erected near the iron railing which separates the soldiers' graves from the other portion of the Cemetery, and around it the vast throng, now numbering some four thousand, congregated. The ranks of the members of the Grand Army were formed on three sides of the stand, and next to them the orphans from the asylum. Prominent in the column was the headquarters' flag, used by Gen. A. W. Dennison when commanding the Maryland Brigade of the Second Division of the Fifth Corps. It was carried by Post 1, and its tattered and stained folds seemed to possess a peculiar interest for the men who had so often seen it at the head of the column during the weary marches and hard-fought battle-fields.

Shortly after 4 o'clock, Dr. S. B. Wolfe ascended the stand, and announced that the programme would be commenced. He said that they had come together to do honor to those who had fallen in defence of their country. He thanked the audience for their presence.

A selected choir of twenty, led by Dr. William B. Hidden, then sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," the audience joining in the chorus. A handsome parlor organ was on the ground, and its powerfully resonant notes, mingling with the voices of the singers and the concord of sound resounding from among the foliage of the grand old trees, produced a most inspiriting and delightful effect.

Capt. E. T. Daneker, Commander of Post No. 5, read General Orders No. 11 from the headquarters of the G. A. R., directing the members of the order to observe the occasion.

The orphan children then sang the beautiful chant, "Come to Me." The composition is one that requires good musical training for its proper execution, and this these little vocalists had, and most beautifully did they sing.

Rev. Geo. P. Hayes then delivered an exceedingly touching and appropriate prayer. All heads were bowed, and in the vast throng no sound but the minister's voice could be heard during its delivery. Of the prayer, the following is an outline:

O God, Thou who in darkness and in light gone by hast been our dwelling-place, who dost adorn Nature with all her loveliness, and who dost rule wisely and well. In the years of darkness, whose memory to-day rushes in upon us, Thou wast our Friend, and out of the darkness and peril Thou hast delivered us. We come to commend to Thy fatherly care and benediction these orphan children now before us. Remember the orphans who have been left behind to our protection. Let the memory of their beloved dead be the guide of their future civil life, so that they may grow up good and useful men and women in Thy sight. Let those whose loved duty it is to watch over them be ever mindful of their great responsibility. Remember in their infirmity those suffering ones who have been left behind. The God of grace enrich them with his blessings. Remember the widows all over the land who mourn the untimely death of their loved and lost ones. As they have suffered much, may this people have them ever in remembrance. Bless these comrades of the dead who are still on the field of action. May they never swerve from the faithful fulfilment of their obligations to Thee, and to the nation of which they form so illustrious a part. We bless Thee for the memory of the dead. Remember this nation, we pray Thee. We hold it up to Thee for Thy care, as in the days gone by. Bind it together again, not in the force of constrained bonds, but in those of fraternal love, so that it may be stronger than ever in its renewed affection for its institutions. So may we hope to look to the glorious future of a united nation in the days to come. Watch over our rulers; keep them in their different departments; help them to do Thy will to this nation. Guard them so that they may not be such as forget God. Let whatever of trials or affliction may come to us draw us nearer to each other and to Thee; until at last, having done our duty, having broken every bond, and helped every man upward, we may come before Thee, and enter the kingdom and share eternal life.

Then followed the Lord's Prayer, many in the audience joining in its repetition.

The orphan children then sang "Hail Columbia."

General Richardson's Address.

Gen. Hollen Richardson was introduced to the audience by Dr. Wolfe, and delivered the following address:

As I was coming to this solemn scene, I was trying to realize that, within a brief century, from a mere handful of souls,

weary and oppressed of other lands, a great nation of more than thirty millions of freemen had sprung up on this continent; that cities and States had been the work of but a few short years. I was trying to view civilization as she steadily pushed her way from the Atlantic across the Alleghanies, beyond the Mississippi, over the snow-clad Rocky Mountains, down their western slopes to the sea, and in its march from our sparkling lakes that bind our North to the briny gulf at the South; that under her guidance our agriculture was feeding the starving millions of Europe; that here art and mechanism had wiped the brow of the once toiling masses; that letters, literature, and learning were the free gift of our people; that our vast and accumulating wealth had sent her commerce to every sea; that everywhere prosperity had kissed the hand of industry. In vain was I trying to realize that a nation not schooled to war, without an army except for her frontiers, with no defence but the brave hearts of her loyal people, should be honored and respected by the entire civilized world; that her flag was honored by every nation, and floated triumphantly on every breeze.

As I thus beheld the new Republic, I was trying to understand how such a people, so free, so prosperous, and so happy, could war with each other.

Before us, in hushed silence, is the sad proof that we had in our midst an element of revolution that only waited an opportunity to strike the dagger at the heart of the nation; that element, upon the false pretext of "Northern aggression upon Southern right," brought about the most terrible civil war of any age. I have thought this a fitting time briefly to discuss the cause of the war.

The enemies of the Government had but a single object, viz., the establishment of an aristocratic Southern Confederacy, based upon supposed superiority, with slavery as its chief corner-stone.

Upon the election of Mr. Lincoln to the high office of President, the long-looked-for hour had come. Southern Senators and Representatives withdrew from Congress, and one by one the Southern States, under the since abandoned and beaten heresy, "State's rights," assumed to withdraw from the Union of States. As an armed mob they fired upon and captured Fort Sumter, and the nation awoke from its long, sweet sleep of peace and prosperity to the realization of the sad fact that we were in the midst of war. The echo of the guns from Sumter had not died in the valley ere our people were in arms.

The plowman left his work but just begun; the merchant and the mechanic forsook his counting-room and work-shop;

the laborer his daily toil; men of every avocation and station in life rushed to the scene of death and carnage.

Ere the May flowers of 1861 had lost their fragrance, the two armies of the contending sections were confronting each other before the Capital of the nation.

July 21, 1861, we fought the memorable battle of Bull Run. Then for the first time did the friends of the Government realize the magnitude of the war.

Fall and the coming winter was spent in reinforcing, equipping, and drilling the army. With the Spring of 1862 we had McClellan's Peninsular campaign, with various battles in the West. Summer brought on our second defeat on the plains of Manassas (which failed for want of coöperation on the part of the subordinate officer). From the Spring of 1861 to the memorable battle of Antietam, when Lincoln promised God that, if He would give him victory, he would issue his proclamation of freedom to the slaves, we had nothing but disaster and inglorious defeat.

From that hour until the close of the war, at Vicksburg, at Chattanooga, in Sherman's grand march to the sea, in the Valley of Virginia, in the Wilderness of Spottsylvania, before Richmond, at Five Forks, and on to the Appomattox Court-House, success attended our almost every effort.

It only took the first year of the war to demonstrate the impracticability of the doctrine of "State's rights." They abandoned it when they dragged their unwilling troops of the extreme South to the defence of Virginia.

As for their pet institution, slavery, they tried to barter it away for foreign intervention when they sent Mason and Slidell to Europe.

With State's rights and slavery thus abandoned, their declared cause of war was at an end; from that hour, with them, it was murder most foul to continue the contest.

The blood of McPherson, Sedgwick, Reynolds, Kearney, with the three hundred thousand brave and true who fell in Freedom's holy cause, cry from the ground against them; the mangled bodies and wasted forms of those who still survive the shock of battle, beseech you, in the name of comrades starved and slain, to guard with jealous care the honor and the flag of that Union they fought and died to save, as in death's approach they breathed their last request to guard their little flock they left behind, and, dying, blessed their country. Be these little ones our charge; and as now we look upon their sweet and pleading faces, and on the graves of their fathers slain, let us remember and honor the dead, and care for their living. So

shall be the future strength of our Republic. Do this, and, in the language of the martyred Lincoln, "the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and the Government of the people by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

In imitation of the Athenian custom, we have come to honor our honored dead; and as we spread upon their graves narcissum, the flower of quiet sleep, we will not forget to plant the hyacinth, that they may bloom immortal.

As we stand by the graves of our fallen comrades, let us pledge anew to-day our devotion to the glorious Union bequeathed us by our Revolutionary fathers, to the wives and children of those who will return to us no more forever, and to the living representatives of the great army of the Union, the saviours of the nation, and vow to teach our children the cherished thought that

> "On fame's eternal camping-ground
> Their silent tents are spread,
> And glory guards with sacred round
> The bivouac of the dead."

During this time some of the ladies were busy among the immense piles of flowers of all species, colors and sizes, making them up into bouquets of an appropriate size and style. Besides these there were many floral designs of the most beautiful kinds, such as crosses, baskets, &c., that had been brought by those having friends or relatives buried here, and designed for some especial tribute of love.

At this point, and while General Richardson was speaking, a slight fall of rain took place, but did not last more than a few minutes, and no one left the grounds.

The arrangements being complete, the decoration was commenced. A long line was formed with the orphan children at the head, followed by the Grand Army column, after which the citizens passed in two by two. As the line slowly and with reverential steps passed the gate leading into the Government's section of the Cemetery, each person received a bouquet and, one by one, each took a position at a grave. At the tap of the drum the flowers were deposited on the mounds of earth, and the ceremony was concluded.

Just as this was being done a loud peal of thunder was heard that reverberated for several seconds, when the skies suddenly

cleared, the sun shone brightly out, transmuting the rain drops that hung heavily upon each blade of grass and bush into a sparkling jewel of light, and in the East a magnificent rainbow spanned the arch just above the horizon. Every one present was deeply inspired by the beauty and solemnity of the scene, to which it seemed Heaven was lending its glories. Nor was this feeling lessened when the children, standing amid the rows of graves that stretched on each side, sang, "They peacefully Sleep."

Next followed, "How Sleep the Brave," sang by a quartette of four very fine voices, and accompanied by the organ.

Rev. J. N. Maxwell then, from the stand, delivered an earnest prayer. He said that although we mourn the death of those who sleep here in their bloody graves, we bless Thee that the cause for which they fought has triumphed. Thou hast caused this nation to grow up and become great among the nations of the earth, and when attacked Thou hast caused us to triumph. We pray for the triumphs of the cross, and we pray that this nation may long be established in the principles of truth and justice. We pray Thee that those who have fought and survived may love their God and their nation. May these flowers in their purity be an emblem of the purity of our patriotism, our love of God and of humanity. We pray Thee to bless the orphan children, the widows and friends of those deceased Soldiers.

Comrade W. A. Noel, of Post No. 4, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, made a short speech from the stand. He thanked the large audience for their attendance, and congratulated them on the deep interest which they manifested in the occasion. To the orphan children and to the choir, which had given them such beautiful music, especial thanks were returned. The benediction was then pronounced by Rev. Geo. P. Hayes.

The ceremonies began about half-past four o'clock, and terminated at six o'clock.

Those who participated in the ceremonies, and especially its originators, have every cause to feel proud and gratified at its entire success. The throng was immense, and everything passed off most agreeably.

There was the greatest profusion of flowers, and it seemed as if no one was too poor to offer this testimonial. Thanks are returned to all the donors, and if possible we would like to name them all. Among the lot was a box full of magnificent hot-house flowers, sent from the public gardens at Washington, in obedience to a resolution offered by Senator Morgan, of New York, and adopted by the United States Senate.

Among the many interesting incidents connected with the decoration of the graves of our loyal Soldiers on Saturday, we allude to the fact that some of the many friends of that excellent and much lamented gentleman, the late Sebastian F. Streeter, visited his grave in Greenmount Cemetery and ornamented it with a large collection of rare and beautiful flowers. The affectionate regard entertained for his memory by those who, with him, so devotedly ministered to the necessities of our brave Soldiers, when suffering from the effects of battle and disease, and their appreciation of Mr. Streeter's efforts to secure the comfort of the sick and wounded, were manifested by this unostentatious tribute to his worth, and it is of itself a monument to one who was stricken down whilst engaged in his noble work. We may rest assured that while the graves of other noble, self-sacrificing heroes are being decorated, the grave of Streeter cannot be forgotten. His memory will ever be green in the hearts of those to whom he endeared himself throughout the Union during the war by his kind, ever-ministering heart and hand. He was always active in the promotion of the great and finally successful cause in which he was engaged, and for which, though not a Soldier, he sacrificed his valuable life.—*Baltimore American*, June 1, 1868.

At Frederick, Maryland.

On the 30th of May, pursuant to the order from General John A. Logan, Commander-in-Chief of "the Grand Army of the Republic," a detachment of the members of Post No. 2, and other returned Soldiers of Frederick and vicinity, assembled at Headquarters to conduct the ceremonies arranged for decorating the graves of their comrades. At 2 o'clock the column, composed of Soldiers alone, under the command of Captain

William Glessner, assisted by Captain Walter Saunders, formed and moved out South Market Street, to Mount Olivet Cemetery, in the following order: A monument, mounted upon a wagon drawn by two black horses; the monument bore the inscription: "To our Comrades," it was covered with wreaths and evergreen, the base covered with the stars and stripes, and surmounted by the national flag draped with crape; then came the drum corps, (composed of four drummers and a fifer, all of whom served in that capacity in the U. S. Army during the Rebellion;) and next the column of Veterans, bearing three large flags, at half mast, draped in mourning, each Soldier wearing crape on his left arm, and bearing a wreath on his right. The men marched with regular and firm step, the solid "tramp," and martial music of the fife and drums, calling forth the frequent remark, "these men are Soldiers yet." At the Cemetery gate the column was halted, and the printed programmes and copies of the National Hymn distributed. Just inside the Cemetery were the ladies who had been selected to decorate the graves, dressed in pure white, and formed in line on each side of the avenue leading from the entrance; next were the ladies of the committee of arrangements, arranged in the same order, and on both sides a large concourse of persons anxious to witness the ceremonies. Then followed an impressive and solemn scene, one not likely to be soon forgotten either by those who participated or those who witnessed it. The column was formed in two ranks, the drums muffled, and at the command "March," the line moved on to the solemn Roll of the funeral march. A deathlike silence reigned, not a word was spoken, as those maimed and war-scarred veterans, with uncovered heads, and slow and measured step, passed through that solid file of beautiful beings, the true and loyal women of Frederick, whose hearts had beaten in full harmony with the music of a nation struggling for its life, and whose deeds of charity to the sick and wounded heroes of the Republic have won for them a name that future historians will be proud to record. The appearance of those tried Warriors upon this sacred spot, there to do honor to the memories of those by whose side they had marched and fought, revived the recollection of scenes which caused the silent tear to trickle

down the cheeks of many, both in the column and of the assemblage. The line filed to the left and formed a crescent around a beautiful mound surrounded by trees and flowering shrubs, the ladies forming the inner line. Here the ceremonies were commenced; the Rev. Mr. Hinkle, by request, offered a beautiful and patriotic prayer. General John A. Steiner, who had been selected as Chaplain for the occasion, then read the opening services: "Reign, thou Spirit of Peace, over this consecrated spot. Rest here in hope, ye who fall asleep in Jesus. Rest till the welcome voice of invitation shall break your slumber, and sound aloud through your silent mansions. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust," concluding with a portion of the 90th Psalm, the Chaplain reading one verse and the audience responding the next. The Hymn of Liberty was then sung, all joining in it, after which the beautiful address delivered by Mr. Lincoln at the dedication of the Cemetery at Gettysburg was read by Lieut. Edward Y. Goldsborough.

The column, with the ladies in front, preceded by Mrs. Mary Cromwell, Chairman of the Ladies' Committee of Arrangements, and Lieut. Goldsborough, with a list of the graves which were located in various parts of the Cemetery, and kindly pointed out by Mr. Duvall, the gentleman in charge of the grounds, moved off and formed into a circle around each grave, as it was reached, the ladies forming the inner line. The Chaplain then read from the printed ceremonies as follows:

Comrades: We cherish the memory of our Brothers who fell in defense of, and fighting for the Government for which we all feel so grateful to Almighty God, and we therefore now bestrew their graves with flowers and evergreens, thereby pledging that their memories shall ever be fresh with us whilst life, or thought, or being last.

After which the name of the Comrade around whose grave they were formed, and of the lady selected to bestrew it, was then announced from the list, and the grave decorated by placing a flag encircled by a wreath of white flowers and laurel at the head, a bouquet on the centre, and a cross of white flowers and evergreens on the foot of the mound. A prayer was then read by the Chaplain, and the column moved to the next grave,

and so on until the list of those in the Cemetery was ended. The same services and the same decorations were used at each tomb.

The assemblage was then halted in front of the Cemetery house, and from the porch the Rev. Mr. Owens, formerly Chaplain of the Hospital at this place, addressed them in a very feeling and patriotic strain. The ceremonies at the Cemetery were then closed by a beautiful and impressive prayer by the Rev. Dr. Diehl. The column was again formed and moved from the Cemetery to the Lutheran burial-ground, thence to the Roman Catholic, and thence to the German Reformed graveyard, back to their Headquarters, where the line was dismissed.

The following is a list of the names of the soldiers whose graves were decorated, and the lady who strewed the flowers:

Mt. Olivet Cemetery—Sergt. Daniel J. Albaugh, by Miss Sallie Miller; J. Ross Beistle, Sallie Koehler; Gen. James Cooper, Gussie De Grange; Capt. Jas. Cooper, Jennie Wisong; John Coates, Mollie Perry; Lieut. Charles Eader, Ida Frazier; David Freshour, Florence Rohr; George Fout, Rachael Eader; Minor Frey, Mary Grey; J. W. Glidden, Kate Keefer; Geo. Heckathorn, Kate Fleming; Lieut. Robert Hergersheimer, Lannie Creager; Wm. Lewis, Ella Shaffner; Conrad Mehrling, Bettie Haller; Robert McCleery, Emma De Grange; John Pimm, Lizzie Mehrling; Henry Roelkey, Emma Kauffman; E. H. Rider, Lottie Haller; Job Rice, Olivia Straeffer; Capt. Edgar Ramsburg, Sarah Hood; J. E. Ryan, Mollie Perry; Samuel Staub, Mollie Tabler; W. L. Simmons, Ellen Marken; Sergt. Henry Smith, Mary Hood; Milton Shope, Emma Fox; Lieut. James Smith, Mollie Tabler; Lieut. Weaver, Fannie Haller. *Evan. Ref. Graveyard*—Lieut. Hammitt, Lannie Creager; Jos. Staley, Jennie Wisong; Ephraim Folsom, Lannie Creager. *Lutheran Graveyard*—Lieut. Isaac Crum, Emma De Grange. *Catholic Graveyard*—P. V. Renner, Emma Fox; David Karns, Gussie De Grange.

The afternoon was excessively hot, yet most of the assemblage remained to see the ceremonies closed at the Cemetery. There were no accidents, and nothing unpleasant occurred during the exercises. Those who had charge of the arrangements deserve the highest credit for the manner in which everything passed off, and it is hoped that this beautiful ceremony may become a

permanent custom as long as there shall be left any of the survivors of the late war, and a Post of the Grand Army of the Republic.

At Morrisville, Vermont.

Post No. 4, Dept. of Vt., met in accordance with Gen. Order No. 1, at the Town Hall, Morrisville, Vt., at 5 o'clock P. M., May 30, 1868, to carry into execution the provisions of Gen. Order No. 11, Hd. Qrs. G. A. R.

Comrades appeared in full uniform, each carrying a sprig of evergreen.

Comrade D. J. Safford, Officer of the Day, formed the procession. The Comrades of the Post, in front, followed by all soldiers present, the members of Choir and a long train of ladies and gentlemen from all parts of the town who had gathered in, bringing their wreaths and flowers, that they too might express their regard for the heroic dead.

After the procession was formed, the Adjutant read Post Order No. 2, including the Order of Exercises for the Decoration.

The Commander of the Post then took command, and marched the procession within the enclosure of the Cemetery, halted, and brought the line to front, and commanded "parade rest."

Rev. G. W. Bailey then offered prayer, praying that our beloved land of liberty should never again be disturbed by the desolating cry of war, that the memory of our fallen heroes might never grow dim, and that our hands might be ready to do honor to the noble fallen braves, and to assist their widows and orphans.

Appropriate music was then furnished by the choir.

The Adjutant then read Gen. Order No. 11, G. A. R., after which Comrade Commander C. J. Lewis addressed the assembly, as follows:

Comrades of the "Grand Army of the Republic,"—Ladies and Gentlemen: We have on this occasion assembled within this enclosure, where sleep the remains of our departed comrades, for a worthy and laudable purpose. The history of

their service for their country's preservation need not here be recounted by me. It would only add deeper sorrow to the grief that now afflicts us. It would speak of those hurried marches, those closely contested combats, those desperate charges. It would bring to life again those scenes of carnage and contested strife, on a score of battle-fields, where our cherished and beloved comrades laid themselves down, willing sacrifices, upon their country's altar. It would tell of the drooping, bleeding, dying hero, of the ghastly corse, of the slain warrior, of the thoughtful, pleading look of the maimed comrade, friend, and companion. No, we will not dwell upon these scenes, so fraught with unpleasant recollections. But let us rather turn to the proud spirits that inhabited these crumbling remains which now lie beneath yonder mounds, mingling their dust with the mother dust.

It must, comrades and fellow-citizens, have been an occasion of no small importance that necessitated the martialing of an armed host, and the sending it forth to battle in deadly strife with a people of kindred blood. It was no unmeaning request that called upon these peaceful inhabitants of our peaceful communities to surrender for a season their freedom of action and to become willing subjects to the demands of an outraged Government, and to make their lives, their political and religious interests, identical with the perpetuity of the Constitution and the laws. And the spontaneous rising up and moving forward to those scenes of carnage, scenes so much in contrast with home enterprise, associations, and peacefulness, by so many of our acquaintances and neighbors, indicate the highest manliness, the loftiest patriotism and the purest devotion to the land of our fathers. Long indeed had we slept undisturbed in the lap of peace. Its pure principles had been transmitted from father to son, and from son to grandson, until they had almost become a part of our natural elements. Those good old days of peace are within the memory of us all, when the plowshare and the pruning-hook, the loom and the office, the desk and the forum were the all-absorbing subjects of interest and attention; when the son toiled from youth to manhood, and from manhood to the grave, seeking such honors, and such alone, as the common pursuits and callings of a peaceful and civil life would afford; when the measured tones of the slow tolling bell seemed to linger long and dolefully, as if for fear that they might never again bear the death message of even another departed one; so slow, seemingly, did people live and die, when the busy clink of the axe and hammer gave the only cadence of our march along the highway of improvement; when we, satisfied with

our lot, kept within the bounds of honest industry, and left to the subtle intrigues of crafty politicians, the details for videttes and sentinels around the fortress of our liberties. Aye, when we had well nigh forgotten that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." And we can remember, too, when the tocsin of war first pealed its clarion notes along our country, from border to border. Those deep waters of placid peace were then suddenly ruffled into mountain waves of engulphing war. Fears, hopes, expectations, and resolves broke the long silent spell of quietude in the family circle of every hamlet, village, and city. How then did the acclamations of bitter contempt towards the foul aggressors reverberate along these green valleys, and bound from hill-top to hill-top, gaining new impetus continually by the outspoken approvals of every heart within our borders, from the youngest to the oldest? And we can remember how these departed comrades, when the first minute-gun was fired, gathered with us most manfully around the dear old flag, and there plighted their vows, relying on the God of battles for the rectitude of their cause, that this banner should wave over every foot of Southern soil, though it cost the sacrifice of their own lives. They were unaccustomed to the duties and hardships of camp life, undisciplined in military customs and requirements, unknown to the scenes of woe and desolation incident to the battle field, yet with a full realization of all these, how did they come forward and give themselves away to their country. Motives that before had laid dormant like a sleeping infant, now put on the strength of manhood, and moved them forward to enrol themselves in the ranks of the nation's defenders.

Home and its pleasures, childhood and its scenes, maternal care and its associations and their enjoyments, business and its duties, all must be left behind as considerations altogether secondary to the pressing needs of the endangered Government. The citzen's soul was moved, and it became a warrior's heart. The crown of the king was placed upon the head of the subject. Manhood rose above the pleasures and calamities of life, and planted itself upon the high eminence of duty.

The independence of the Government, whose supporting fibres entwine themselves around the hearts of the people, and from that source alone receives its life-giving nourishment, had been threatened by ruthless hands. The people's liberties were being surrendered to the dictatorial control of tyranny, and that people's dignity rose like an upheaving sea.

And, my friends, these slain heroes, whose memory we today celebrate in a peculiar manner, were among the foremost

of that innumerable band to bid a long, last farewell to the home of their childhood, to all its comforts and endearing associations, to companions and associates, to father, mother, brother, sister, wife, and children, to all that had been so dear to them in life before, and there, beneath the scorching rays of that Southern sun, amid the din of musketry and roar of artillery, the groans of the dying and the shouts of the victorious, with their eyes fixed on the star-bedecked banner, beneath which they fought and fell, they poured out their lives serenely there as

> "The morning flies away,
> And melts to deeper day."

And shall we ever forget to honor them? Will proud Columbia ever cease to drop her tears of gratitude in memory of the noblest of her noble sons? Will she not ever deign to pay a tribute of respect to these sainted dead whose proud spirits bore them so triumphantly above the fear of death-dealing war, and immortalized the name of *American citizens?*

Will we, while the American blood shall course in our veins and give pulsation to our hearts, we, the recipients of the blessings secured to our common country by the death-wounds of the fallen comrades, will *we ever* fail to keep in fond commemoration their honored characters? No, no. Our relation to them was too intimate, and what is more, their service was of too high an order for their names and deeds ever to be blotted from the tablets of our hearts.

Let it then not be said of us, as of others:

> "As from the wing, no scar the sky retains,
> The parted deep no furrow from the keel,
> So dies in human hearts thoughts of the dead."

But rather let it be a thank offering from the depths of our affections, that the Universal Commander has so disposed the order of things that it now becomes our humble lot and privilege, in this unostentatious way, to commemorate the death of those whose sacrifices can never be fully substituted even by the nation's gratitude.

Then let their names and heroic career be honored by us while we have hearts to feel and tongues to speak.

These, my friends, whom we would to-day honor, are not the Napoleons or Alexanders of history, but they are the *Spartans* of America.

Neither do the marble slabs that tell us of the spot where rest their sleeping ashes, bear the names of kings or philosophers, so called and considered by the world at large, but they

tell us of the all-honored heroes, the all-praiseworthy, liberty-loving patriots, who, when

"The storm of war arose, and when its thunder
Filled all the happy land with rudé alarms,
Filled some with doubts, with fears, and some with wonder,
Nobly and fearlessly sprang to their arms;
Who firmly marched with the advancing column,
Who bravely fought and cruelly bled,
But soon their names were written in the solemn
And deathless record of the dead."

And now, comrades and friends, let us go to the graves of our fallen associates, and there, silently above their ashes, plant this flag—emblem of the glorious prize for which they fought and fell—the nation's perpetuity and the people's liberties—and let us there deposit these flowers and twigs of evergreen, promising thereby to keep their memory as fresh and fragrant in our hearts as these garlands from the lap of blooming nature."

The procession then marched to the graves of their comrades, planting the flag above each, and depositing their wreaths and garlands, fit emblems of their respect for the fallen. Returning, the procession marched to the Town Hall. All joined in singing the "Star Spangled Banner." After benediction, the Commander of the Post closed the ceremony with the order "break ranks."

A. O. Gates, *Adj't.*

At New Haven, Connecticut.

July 3d & 4th, 1868.

The response of the citizens of New Haven, for flowers to decorate Music Hall, to place on the soldiers' graves, was most generous. A great quantity of roses and other beautiful flowers were taken to the hall, and the ladies, who responded in such numbers that there was not room for all to work, spent the forenoon in arranging the flowers into elegant bouquets. Many and grateful thanks are due them for their earnest and assiduous labors. The floral committee of gentlemen were also busy all day in putting up the decorations, and great credit is due them for the arduous work they performed. Especial credit is due Mr. P. Ferguson, who superintended the work. The decorations of the hall were not only very beautitul, but truly gorgeous. To one first entering the hall, the array of flowers, flags,

portraits and mottoes, beneath the glare of gas light, was most striking and effective in appearance. The stage, of course, was the great focus of beauty, and it was most profusely decorated. Over the oridinary side-scenes were arranged panels covered with evergreens, and thickly set with oblique rows of bouquets in glasses of water, the latter being so deftly hid in the leaves as not to be observed. There were eight of these, four on a side, commencing at the front and retreating to the rear of the stage, forming a splendid mass of flowers. At the rear of the stage, which was covered over with flags to shut out the illy-daubed theatrical scenes, arranged on a dark background in the shape of a segment of a circle, was a blank space for the words "Honor the Dead." Beneath this was a large bust of that great martyr, who name heads the list of the nation's heroic dead—Abraham Lincoln. The arching portion of the proscenium of the stage was covered with flags, as was also the curtain portion of the drop-scenes. Surmounting the entire proscenium, and reaching the ceiling, in large letters was this memorable verse, which is also to be found over the gate at the soldiers' cemetery at Andersonville, Ga. :

> "On fame's eternal camping ground
> Their silent tents are spread,
> While angels guard, with solemn round,
> The bivouac of the dead."

The words were surrounded with evergreens. At the sides of the stage were arranged the tattered battle-flags carried by the various regiments in the war, and stacks of muskets with drums. In the galleries, hung to each gas-light, was a wreath of evergreens and roses, and the gallery fronts were decorated with bouquets placed at intervals in glasses. Here, also, were hung portraits of some of those who lost their lives while in the service of their country. Commencing on the left, there were the portraits of Col. Merwin, Admiral Foote, Col. Peck, Gen. Lyon, Sergt. Barrett, Lieut. Dutton and Major Osborn. In front of the stage were a pile of drums, in pyramidal shape, decorated with bouquets, and on each side of the bust of Lincoln were two large and beautiful bouquets. Beneath were two crossed swords, wreathed with pink roses, and the head of the bust was encir-

cled with a wreath of oak leaves. From the ceiling, in front of the stage, was suspended a handsome hanging basket, filled with trailing green vines, and over the gaslights in the gallery were flags crossed, and over the chandelier above the stage was placed a basket of elegant flowers. These constituted the principal decorations. Description inadequately conveys an idea of how they appeared. Their splendor should have been seen to be fully appreciated.

In the evening of the 3d there was a monstrous gathering at the hall. Every seat, aisle, and all possible standing room was occupied by an audience eager to see and to hear. In the rear galleries were seated three hundred little girls, dressed in white, holding bouquets. On the stage were seated members of the Mendelssohn Society, and a number of spectators, filling all the available room. The whole scene was one rarely if ever beheld in our city.

Col. Blakeslee called the meeting to order at 8 o'clock, and the exercises were opened by the children, under the direction of Prof. Jepson, singing a Union hymn, beginning with the words, "Lord of Hosts, thou God of Nations," which was finely given. This was followed by a short address by President Woolsey, who presided over the meeting. On being presented by Col. Blakeslee, he said in substance, as follows:

We are gathered here, not as any partisans, nor anything of that character, but as those who have a deep and lasting conviction of the importance of the Union. A time came when we were not prepared for it, when it was necessary for us to calculate the value of the Union, when every man asked, what is the Union worth? and they were answered. The father answered, and gave up his sons, and there are persons around me to-night, who submitted to this sacrifice, and they sent out their sons, and never saw them again, and the women calculated and became nurses in hospitals, and the physician calculated, and gave himself up, to attend the wounded upon the battle-field, and the man of substance calculated, and gave part that he had, that he might save the rest, and they went forth. Hundreds of thousands went forth and died. Now, if they had failed, and the end had not been reached, we should still have the same feeling toward them. We stand here now enjoying all that they labored for, and thus the words of the Lord are fulfilled, "that other

men have labored, and we have entered into that labor." This is the great law of life—that toil and labor win for another. We spend a life to bring to an end an accomplishment that is to be a source of joy to millions. The martyr does not think he is doing anything great, but only something for Christ. So the law holds in regard to every patriot. Every one who fell for the country, has labored, and we have entered into that labor. There is no question that the country will be better and nobler for these expressions of gratitude. I rejoice to see these manifestations. Although I had no son to give, I rejoice to testify to the valor of others.

The Mendelssohn Society then sang with fine effect the chorus, "Happy and blessed," from the Oratorio of St. Paul.

After a prayer by Rev. Mr. Start, of the Universalist Church, twelve of the orphan children appeared in the rear of the stage, and handed up in turn letter after letter to be placed on a blank space for a motto. When all the letters were placed, they formed the words, "Honor the Dead" This ceremony was watched with great attention and in silence. The children in the galleries then sang very sweetly an original hymn. Rev. Dr. Phelps then read a beautiful and touching poem, referring to the nobleness of the memorial service, the sacrifices of the soldiers, and spoke of some of the leading heroes of the State who fell in the service, and closed foreshadowing the glorious future of the country. At the conclusion of the poem, the Mendelssohn Society sang the beautiful chorus from Elijah, "He is watching over Israel." The address by Rev. E. L. Clark, of the North Church, was then delivered. He commenced by saying that it was impossible to give expression to the feelings of the hour. Taking up two bouquets, he said they were brought by two poor children, who out of their poverty wished to remember the dead soldiers, because their father was one, and another by a mother of a son whose portrait hung beneath the gallery. It was not the fact that the soldiers went to war, but the manner in which they went, that marked the significance of the sacrifice. The martyrs of 1776 had entered into the freedom of the country, and, like that freedom, would never be forgotten. The great opening day then was the 4th

of July, now annually celebrated. It was the significance of that day that added to the day when Sumter fell. The cheers at Appomattox were but the echoes of the times of our forefathers. The declaration of the nation's martyr at Gettysburg, that "this is a nation of the people, by the people, and for the people," was one of the lessons that the soldiers of the war learned. The lesson of the war had taught us that the liberty of the people was the sacrifice of something by every one. The soldiers went not to the army for the love of fighting. It was for this simple principle of sacrifice. This was American, yea, even more than Roman or American—it was Christian. It was not upon Congress, nor upon those at home, nor the creaking loads of supplies that in that time the eyes of the world were upon, but it was the army. He spoke of their camp scenes. He saw them in the month of July, when men here at home cannot walk in a procession on an early morning to a soldier's grave; he saw them marching with heavy knapsacks, overburdened with heat. He saw them reading letters from home, telling them to stay till the war was over, and he saw them in the terrible roar and death of battle. They fell shouting there, bleeding there, without a murmur, while the tender young men here grumble about marching on a July morning. They fell without murmuring, and were glad to suffer and serve until an honorable peace was secured. To the soldiers he said the command to sheath the sword, at Gethsemane, was not a command to throw away the sword, but a command not to disgrace it. He asked them not to be affected by that spirit that would stir up jealousy among them, and use them for base party purposes. They were growing old, and would soon be unable to shout as they did to Sheridan in the valley; but they should teach their children how they won Gettysburg and Antietam, and how grand a thing it is to write upon a man's grave that he died for his country. The speaker closed with a most eloquent peroration. His remarks were extemporaneous, and of a most affecting and thrilling character.

The vast audience joined in singing a song to the tune of "America," after which the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Harwood, of Trinity Church, and then the great

throng departed slowly from the hall, while the members of the G. A. R. took down the decorations and made ready the flowers for the graves.

Early on the morning of the 4th, the Grand Army assembled at their headquarters, numbering about 120, and marched to Music Hall, to get the flowers there in readiness for them. The veterans, who had been invited, at the meeting on the previous evening, to volunteer to carry the war-worn flags of their respective regiments which were at the hall, responded in goodly numbers, and nearly every regiment that Connecticut sent to the war, with perhaps one or two exceptions, was represented by from one to a dozen men, so that the standard-bearing column numbered over a hundred. The two companies marched to the Green, and formed on Temple street. In a few moments the Wooster Guard arrived, and at a little after 8 o'clock, the column, in the presence of a large crowd of people, filed out of the south gate of the Green, and proceeded down Chapel street to Church, up Church to Congress Avenue, and then up Congress Avenue. At Vernon street the line was joined by the orphan children, the girls being in Barker & Ransom's barge Nightingale, drawn by four horses. They were dressed in pink dresses and white sacks, and carried flowers and wreaths in their hands. The boys were in Mr. John Lynch's wagon, which was drawn by four horses wearing plumes. The boys also carried bouquets of flowers. The line then proceeded in the following order:

Felsburg's Band.
Grand Army of the Republic, under Colonel Wright,
Veterans, with colors, under General Greeley,
Wooster Guard,
Carriage with flowers and a large cross,
The Orphan Children, in charge of Captain Harmon,
Citizens in carriages.

St. Bernard Cemetery was reached about 9 o'clock. The Grand Army, bearing their bouquets, and the veterans with flags, preceded by a drummer and the sexton, entered the grounds, the rest of the line remaining outside. Within the

Cemetery were large numbers of people, among whom were many of the friends of the fallen; and as the ceremony proceeded, here and there bowed and weeping forms could be seen, while all observed respectful silence. The graves of the solders, of which there twenty-four, were all marked with a little flag. The sexton led the procession to each grave, giving the name to the clergyman, Rev. Mr. Start, who announced it so that all could hear, the drummer gave three rolls upon his muffled drum, a few members of the line stepped forward and deposited flowers upon the grave, when the procession moved on to the next grave, and so on till all were visited, when a halt was made near the gate, to await the arrival of Father O'Brien, who was expected to be present and perform some appropriate service. He failed to come, and the procession re-formed and moved on to the Evergreen Cemetery. Here hundreds of people were in waiting, and as the line moved up to the entrance, and the old battle-flags came in view, the sight of them set the memories of many a man and woman running back to the war times, and caused many a lip to tremble with emotion and many eyes to weep. The procession filed into the grounds, and a short rest was taken, for the weather was terribly oppressive, and then the ceremony of decorating the graves was resumed, the line traversing each avenue and visiting each grave. There were 143 buried in this Cemetery, 106 being in one common lot. It took about an hour to visit the different graves, after which the veterans, with colors, assembled upon the two sides of the large lot containing the remains of 106 soldiers who died at the Knight Hospital, and the Grand Army were arranged on the other two sides of the iron fence surrounding the lot. The orphan children were then formed in a hollow square in the centre of the lot, facing outward. The band played a dirge, the colors being dipped over the graves, after which the children sang a song, and then sprinkled their flowers upon the graves. This ceremony was witnessed by a large assemblage, and was very solemn and touching. This concluded the ceremonies at this Cemetery. The procession marched then to the gate, and took a short rest. Rev. Mr. Start, who had become quite exhausted by the heat, had to take a carriage and go

home. A little after 11 o'clock, the procession filed out of the grounds, and took up its line of march for the Grove street Cemetery.

From early in the day, people began their pilgrimage of love to the burying-ground in Grove street, and by 9 o'clock there was an expectant assemblage gathered at the Egyptian portal, and looking eagerly for the first appearance of the bouquet-bearers. All the forenoon, large numbers of people, a great proportion women, came, bringing their offerings, and the time before the arrival of the Grand Army of the Republic was occupied in passing from grave to grave, decking each, and its monumental stone, with a profusion of flowers and green leaves. The ivy leaf was not wanting, with its symbolic meaning, and it was evident that some of the wreaths and crosses had been arranged with special reference to the beautiful custom of the Orient, which thus enabled the silent heart to speak the fulness of its emotion. On the stone in Admiral Foote's ground, a great heap of roses and flowers of exquisite beauty were placed, and on the graves of Winthrop, Thompson, Blake, Cornwell, Osborn, and Merwin, the hand of affection and taste had been busy with the beautiful offices of the hour. So, too, at many of the other graves, great taste was exhibited in their decoration, and on the graves of the strangers who died within our gates, there were not wanting evidences of the gratitude and respect of the people.

Just within the entrance to the Cemetery there stands a thick growth of evergreens, where, in the Spring, the blackbirds and robins congregate, and in the deep shade made by the boughs, which grow so closely together as to create a twilight underneath, even at mid-day, were groups of colored folks, and the bright eyes of two or three little ones attracted considerable notice. Though the assemblage had waited long for some sign of the procession, there was no apparent levity, but all seemed impressed with the touching character of the ceremonial. At the grave of Dutton, a constantly drifting group were seen, who talked in subdued tones of his courage, his patriotism, and of the loss the State had sustained by his cruel death. One picture is presented to our mind, which made an impression not

soon to be forgotten. Our readers will remember the Roman-shaped tomb which covers the remains of Ashmun, and its inscription stating that he was the first Colonial Agent to Liberia. That monument brings to mind the earlier histories of the slavery troubles, and the failures of all attempts which were made to secure peace by any thing less than exact justice. In the days of Ashmun, those who were good and professed the religion of Christ, both at the South and the North, conceived the idea of gradually sending to Africa all of the unfortunate race, and some ship-loads were thus sent. Southern owners often made apology for having robbed the poor slave of his liberty and labor during his life, by manumitting him at death; thus tardily acknowledging the wrong they had done, and oftentimes impoverishing an expectant heirhood, who, without the bequeathment of the slaves, would be left entirely penniless. These freedom-wills were made containing a provision that the Colonization Society should send the poor negro to his native clime. All the first statesmen of the South belonged to the Society. But the Colonization Society, after dragging its temporizing and insufficient life and policy through a few years, was extinguished in the breath of indignant abolitionism. And then came the war, and the question was settled at last, in the only way it ought to have been at the outset of the confederation; and the curse, that no man had been able to abate, fled away before the battle which took our bravest and best in its train. So, Saturday, on the tomb of the almost forgotten Ashmun, stood a child with his little hands outstretched and his eyes eager with anticipation, looking like an animate sculpture of purity and innocency, and waiting for the spectacle which, could he have known the past concerning the life of the man whose name was panelled on the stone upon which he stood, he would also have known that they labor in vain who labor not aright. The youth and beauty of the boy clearly emblematized the hopefulness of the new birth of our country; the day, the monument, the child, were all suggestive of much that was not without profit. Before noon, the drums were heard approaching, and the scattered groups came toward the entrance to meet the procession. The grand army, bearing the torn battle-flags,

and carrying what remained of their floral gifts, and the company of colored soldiers, marched in to solemn music wailed from the brass instruments, and the kindly ceremony of visiting each grave was gone through. The name of each soldier was called as the committee came to the place of his burial, or the place where stood the tablet which recorded his death, while a detail of men laid reverently upon the ground the fast-fading flowers. Though they are faded and withered under the glare of the summer sun, the memory of the ceremonial is not to pass from history; and if the boys of Thermopylæ are remembered to-day, how much more shall these be remembered, long after every participant in this pageant shall be gone, where the war-trumpets and the failures and successes of war give place to the rewards for duty done on earth. After the flowers were all deposited, amid silence and with a show of strong feeling, the cross was planted in memory of those who sleep on unknown fields. The color-bearers gathered in a circle, and Rev. Mr. Clark read from an eloquent address, delivered at the Gettysburgh dedication, suitable words, closing with a prayer. The band played a dirge after the setting up of the cross and at the conclusion of the prayer, when the line was again formed, and marched to the Green.

After arriving upon the Green, the columns formed in a hollow square, with the flags in the centre. The band then played "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the men afterwards sang, in a most stirring manner, "Rally Round the Flag, Boys." Cheers were given for the flags, for the army, for the veterans, the Wooster Guard, and others, after which the procession dispersed, at about 1.30 P. M. Thus the entire programme was most fully and successfully carried out.

Memorial Poem.

BY REV. S. DRYDEN PHELPS, D. D.

'Tis a beauiful scene—'tis a joy-hallowed meeting,
'Mid the emblems and symbols adorning the Hall;
The starry bright banners our glad vision greeting,
Awakening response in the bosoms of all.

Sweet evergreen vines and bouquets of fair flowers
Enliven the view and pour fragrance around,

While melodies flow as if fresh from the bowers
Where angels and harpers their music resound.

The orator's spell, through rich language of beauty,
Shall steal o'er our souls with mysterious power;
And from suffering and tears, the behests of high duty
Inspire with a grandeur that chimes with the hour.

How fitting the moment!—the eve ere the morning,
Immortal in memories through ages of time;
Linked firm to the past as its brightest adorning,
And forecasting the Future in promise sublime.

O birth-day of Freedom! New star that has guided
To the Bethlehem-gift for the land of the West;
Thy radiance afar through the nations has glided,
And millions have hailed thee and hoped to be blest.

We welcome and love thee, bright day of our glory!
We love the grand history linked with thy rise;
Forever thou tellest the struggle and story
Of the fathers who reared the Republic we prize.

Let the bells at clear sunrise ring clangorous pealing;
Let loud-booming cannon shake land and shake sea;
Let the heart overflow with its deluge of feeling,
As it throbs in the thought and the joy of the Free!

Not the common observance, or old celebration,
A long-hallowed custom and still well approved;
We give to this birth-day a new coronation—
A memorial of flowers for our heroes beloved.

The Grand Army moves in procession to-morrow,
Its drum-beating muffled, and solemn its tread;
With a pall on its banners, with heart-throbs of sorrow,
As it winds to the graves of our patriot dead.

Ah! think ye, survivors of war-waste and battle,
Though worn in the trenches or scarred in the strife,
Of your comrades unflinching in shot-storm and rattle,
As they sacrificed all for the National life!

Aye, ye see them again in a beautiful vision,
As farewells were spoken, as partings were o'er,
And together went forward, so grand in decision,
Your Country to save, and its Flag to restore.

At the close of the contest, your high task completing,
In Rebellion subdued, and its cause overthrown,
You were welcomed at home in a rapturous greeting,
With glad music of bells, and love's heartiest tone.

How ye missed your dear comrades, ne'er homeward returning;
How ye thought of their valor, their fall, and the spot
Where each brave form was sleeping; and tears of your mourning
Dropped over a scene that can ne'er be forgot!

Well may ye recall them, those heroes immortal,
That fell for the Flag, and were wrapped in its folds,
And in broken ranks march to the grave's hallowed portal,
And garland the urn which their precious dust holds.

Let us all gather there, and with beautiful roses,
With loveliest lilies of varying hue,
Spread them over each mound where a soldier reposes,
Our tears falling on them like heaven's sweet dew.

Hang wreaths on the marble, lay crowns on the granite,
Place crosses and anchors o'er the slumbering breast,
Find the humblest of graves, and then gratefully span it
With these beautiful symbols of glory and rest.

Nor pass that lone hillock where a rebel is lying—
For the prisoner and wounded had tenderest care;
We pitied his treason, we soothed him when dying;
In our fair floral gifts let his resting-place share.

And think of the tombs, though we never may know them,
Where some of our bravest in quietude sleep;
And pray that kind hands with sweet garlands may strew them,
While the ne'er-closing Eye shall the dust-treasures keep.

O beautiful task! this bestrewing with flowers
The graves of the heroes who died for their land!
Sweet angels might come from their heavenly bowers,
And smile as they aid with invisible hand.

From the banks of Potomac to the Father of Waters,
By hillside and vale in the South and the West,
Where army met army in battles and slaughters,
Our brave ones fought nobly, and sank to their rest.

The Peninsular raid, thy sharp strife, Cedar Mountain,
The fierce field of Antietam, where Fredericksburg lies,
The siege of Port Hudson, by Gettysburg's fountain,
Where through Shenandoah host after host flies:

In the Wilderness charnel, in prisons terrific,
The grand march to the sea, and the Petersburg strife,
They struggled and fell—and their rest how pacific,
While the country they saved has sprung forth to new life.

Some sleep on the fields that had witnessed their valor,
Some in sepulchre-gardens the nation reveres,
And others returned, but in silence and pallor,
To be borne to their graves 'mid our sorrows and tears.

To honor each hero by name were a pleasure—
The name that henceforth bears the star-sign of death—
His virtues unfold and his patriot-fame treasure,
As we give to his tomb the memorial wreath.

As memory recalls them, they rise up before us,
In manliest form, and with love-beaming eye,
And their brave, noble spirits seem hovering o'er us,
To revisit these scenes from their home in the sky.

There is Foote, grand in soul, who on History's pages,
Shall live in a glory untarnished by time;
A hero, so Christly, with the great of all ages,
His name is enrolled—his reward is sublime.

There is Winthrop, whose genius unfolded so brightly;
There are Merwin, and Farnam, and Peck,
Who led forth their regiments so bravely and knightly,
When called by their country at Liberty's beck.

There are Osborn, and Rockwood, true, noble, and loving—
What treasures for service, what prizes for death!
There are Linsley, and Taylor, and Dutton, forth moving,
The choicest young heroes, their swords to unsheath.

There are Chapman, and Cornwall, and Blake—gallant leaders—
And Bishop, and Fowler, and Barrett beside;
How they rushed to the front to repel the seceders!
How true to the Flag for which nobly they died!

There is Walker the Chaplain, who brought to his station
The rich acquisitions that Learning bestowed,
Whose teaching and prayers were a blest ministration,
As for wounded and sick his deep sympathies flowed.

They sleep in their graves that we brighten with flowers,
Their memories hallowed by affection and tears;
While in lone hearts and homes shall the sorrowing hours
Still linger and brood as a pall on the years.

Oh, well may ye mourn them, heroic and spendid,
Early joy of your hearts, and oft pressed to your lips;
For great was your grief when dear life-hopes were ended,
And the orb of your being went into eclipse!

Sad, sad was the burden of Death's dread achievement;
The mother, the widow, henceforth in their weeds:
Our tears have oft flowed o'er young groups in bereavement,
For heavier their loss as time slowly recedes.

In God's glorious purpose, it was not untimely,
The sacrifice precious, the boon of dear life;
The cause that they died for has triumphed sublimely;
A bright era of peace has risen out of dark strife.

What benefits rich, in the vast generations
That the years of the future shall grandly disclose,
Will flow to our land, and the long-struggling nations,
From these patriot deaths, from our sorrows and woes!

Now the Stars and the Stripes, in more radiant glory,
As the symbol of Freedom so proudly it waves,
The world's homage attracts, and repeats the grand story
Of a nation enfranchising millions of slaves!

God bless the old Flag! May it evermore flying
Its glorious heritage triumphantly claim,
And ne'er 'neath the foot of a traitor be lying,
Nor shelter a dastard to tarnish its fame!

While it floats in the breeze, o'er the land, o'er the billow,
The joy of the myriads that under it dwell,
The deeds of our warriors who made it their pillow,
It shall, through the ages, victoriously tell!

We strew the green mounds that rise over their bosoms
With the beautiful flowers of bright summer time;
But as long as plants thrive, till the latest rose blossoms,
Their memorial lives in a freshness sublime!

'Tis said that the flowers are the letters of angels,
The alphabet sweet of a language divine;
Then, to those who can read them, they're blessed evangels
From books of high deeds that immortally shine!

With an eloquence deep, each fair coronet floral
Sweeps the chords of our love to the depths of the heart;
Though the voices are hushed, without utterance oral,
They thrill the moved soul, and they bid the tear start.

While patriots shall live, and the Republic so ample,
Your work and your memory never shall die,
O glorious dead! In our Liberty's temple
Your fame is engraved on its arches so high!

There is sacredness here—and remembrance long lingers
Around the enchantment and rapture to-night—
This fair floral display—as if seraphs' soft fingers
Had touched it with beauty celestially bright.

Let the scene be repeated, an annual story;
Let pure lilies cluster o'er patriots' sod,
While the years pass away, and to loftier glory
Our country ascends with the favor of God!

At Hartford, Connecticut.

COLONEL DEMING'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Commander and Comrades: We are here to inaugurate no novel ceremony, but to revive an ancient one, which, transmitted from the earliest ages by Roman, Grecian, Teutonic, and English example, has descended, not entirely obsolete, even to

our own times and our own country. No one can be more conscious than myself of the powerlessness of mere words to awaken the sensibilities befitting this floral offering to the memories of our heroic dead; such sensibilities must be evoked by the spontaneous suggestions of your own hearts.

Flowers are natural tributes of sorrow, emblems of affection, testimonials of remembrance. We deck with them the altars of our religion; we garland with them the bride of our choice; we encircle with them the cradle of our latest born; we garnish with them the sanctuaries of home — why should we not scatter them on the graves of the loved and lost, and invest even the cold sepulchre with faithful symbols of hope and immortality?

To the living warriors who return to us, scathed or unscathed, from the perilous edge of battle, we have ten thousand ways of manifesting our affection and gratitude: we may grasp them by the hand; we may embrace them in our arms; we may enfold them to our bosoms; we may enrich and adorn their lives with our munificence; we may rear for them palaces and hospitals; we may decorate them with honors and office; we may elevate them to a position so exalted that they will command the respect and veneration of all mankind. All this and more, with fervid hearts, with generous hands, we may do for the living; but what for the dead! what for the dead! what for these youthful martyrs so recently filled to overflowing with vigorous and sanguine life, with affections, aspirations, hopes, yearnings, infinite capacities, heaven-soaring thoughts and fancies, instantly sent

> "To lie in cold obstruction and to rot,
> This sensible warm motion to become
> A kneaded clod—"

What for them! O what for them! In behalf of these departed comrades, how impotent, how insignificant are all the resources of affection and gratitude! Next to that immortality which conveys to us a conscious personal existence in the assembly of the just made perfect, no boon is more coveted by the thoughtful mind than that which insures us an everlasting existence in the memory of our fellow-men.

To those of our comrades who have been stationed around these holy acres—our advance guard, here to await the reveille which shall call them and us to the last review, we can offer nothing but this remembrance. If my voice could summon one of them visibly into your presence, and with tears in my eyes and heart upon my lips, I should ask him in your name, What, what, O faithful soldier, can we do for thee? How could he respond to my invocation but by murmuring, "Remember me."

What was the parting injunction of divine wisdom and forecast incarnated in Mary's Son, but "This do in remembrance of Me." And ever since He has ascended to the bosom of His Father, and been crowned with the unalloyed fruition of that blessed and glorious realm, He has constantly ratified by His benediction the memorial of Himself which he instituted upon earth, thus suggesting to us the comforting assurance that a permanent place in the memory of mortals may not be unacceptable to that expanded intelligence which our immortal martyrs may have attained in heaven.

Since, then, my comrades, we can tender to these departed benefactors, who have immolated themselves that we may live, and thrive, and exult and glorify, nothing but remembrance, let us give them that in magnificent setting. Let us raise to their names and memories monuments, statues, mausoleums; let us not entrust this sacred duty of remembrance to enduring marble, to imperishable bronze alone, but let us inaugurate a holiday, which, with every returning spring, when the earth itself is reawakening into life, when these flowers whose roots were buried in dishonor are rising again in glory, shall withdraw us from the haunts of busy men to meditation with these silent companions; to scatter with prodigal hand upon their graves these significant mementoes of sorrow, affection, remembrance; to reflect upon our speedy exit to

> "The undiscovered country from whose bourne
> No traveler returns;"

to anticipate our speedy reunion with these file-leaders who have but marched on before, when, with them, we shall again fall into the ranks around the great white throne, and await the final order of the Great Commander.

At Norwalk, Connecticut.

In this place the ceremonies under the local Post of the Grand Army of the Republic were conducted quietly and unostentatiously, but with evidently deep feeling and respect for their fallen comrades. The society there is small, and owing to adverse circumstances, they were unable to perfect their arrangements in time for any extended notices to be given. It was, however, announced in the various churches on Thursday evening, that they would decorate the graves, and an invitation extended to citizens to join them in this tribute to the noble dead.

Therefore, at 1½ o'clock on Saturday afternoon, notwith-

standing the rain still falling, a delegation of the society bearing a profusion of flowers, woven by fair hands into handsome wreaths, crosses, bouquets, &c., proceeded with the old Starry Flag at their head to St. Paul's churchyard, and left their floral offerings upon the graves of Lieut.-Col. Albert Wilcoxson, of the 17th Conn. Vols., and Oliver S. Bishop, Hospital Steward of the 27th Conn. Vols. From thence the delegation marched to the cemetery, where a number of our citizens had gathered to unite with them in their commemorating services. The exercises here were in reading the order of Maj.-Gen. Logan by the Post Adjutant, Lieut. R. L. Ellis; prayer by the Rev. Mr. Breckenridge; singing of the hymn America; a short but eloquent address by the Rev. O. W. Gates; a touching and feeling tribute to the soldiers by Dr. Asa Hill; benediction by the Rev. G. Haulenbeek. At the conclusion of the services they passed around in procession to the different soldiers' graves, and the Post Commandant, Lieut. Joseph P. Crossmon, announcing the name, company, and regiment of the deceased, each grave was in turn decorated. In this cemetery were the following:

Capt. Gould J. Jennings, Co. G, 59th N. Y. Vols.; Capt. Theodore L. Beckwith, 28th C. V.; Private George Marvin, 28th C. V.; Maj. Asbury Hill, of Maj.-Gen. Butler's Staff; W. L. Bodwell, Co. C, 27th C. V., killed at Gettysburg; Sergt. J. L. Allen, 7th C. V., mortally wounded before Petersburg; Sergt. Henry M. Prowitt, 12th C. V.; Owen Murphy, 5th Regt. C. V., mortally wounded at Cedar Mountain; John Hoyt, Co. B, 28th C. V.; Capt. Henry A. Wetmore; George Taylor, 2d Ct. Heavy Artillery; Joshua Lounsbury, Co. F, 17th C. V.; Ed. Holly, 5th C. V.; —— Holly, ——.

Leaving the cemetery the Society next proceeded to Pine Island cemetery, where another concourse of our people had assembled. Here the exercises opened with the reading by the Post Adjutant of Gen. Logan's Order, followed by prayer by the Rev. Mr. Simonson; singing of America; an address by Rev. Mr. Woodruff, Chaplain of the 6th C. V.; remarks by Rev. Messrs. Dunning and Breckenridge; and benediction by Dr. A. Hill. Captain Woodruff's address was very eloquent and finished. The following graves were decorated:

T. B. Benedict, Co. H, 8th C. V.; H. H. Benedict, U. S. Cavalry; Wilbur Nash, Co. C, 27th C. V.; William W. Westlake, Co. A, 17th C. V.; Charles Merrills, Co. H, 8th C. V.

A committee was also sent to deposit flowers on two graves in the old burial-ground down town, and on three in St. Mary's churchyard.

There being still another cemetery to visit, and the time and flowers both being short, it was decided to postpone until the next day their visit to the Union Cemetery at Five Mile River. Notice was accordingly given in the churches of the district on Sunday morning that the exercises would be held at the cemetery at 4 o'clock, at which hour a very large concourse of people were gathered, and the services opened by the Rev. Mr. Dunning, of South Norwalk, reading Gen. Logan's Order, followed with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Alvord of Darien, and remarks from Rev. Messrs. Raymond, Dunning, Platt, and Alvord, singing of America, and benediction by Rev. Mr. Raymond, the G. A. R. then proceeded to garland their comrades' last resting places, as follows:

George Dingee, Co. C, 28th C. V.; George A. Hoyt, Co. H, 8th C. V.; Stephen Ferris, Co. H, 8th C. V.; Wm. H. Ferris, Co. F, 6th C. V.; C. W. Ives, 16th N. Y. Vol.; Charles Clock, Co. G, 10th C. V.; Henry Johnson, Navy; Elias Johnson, Co. B, 17th C. V.

Give flowers! bring flowers! of every hue,
From garden-bed and field,
To deck the green above the breasts
That made the Northern Shield.
Pluck off the sweetest orange blooms
And roses white and rare—
But not for marriage altars now,
Nor for the young bride's hair.
Ask lilies for their palest buds,
And violets for their blue—
Ask wood and dell for greenest leaves
For those who died for you.
And lay above the bosoms cold
Where brave hearts now repose,
The lilies pale and violets blue
And orange bloom and rose.
And when the other Junes shall bloom
Through all the years to be,
Bring flowers as sweet and fair as these
For those who died for thee.

At Charleston, South Carolina.

MR. A. J. WILLARD'S ADDRESS.

Fellow-Soldiers: This day has been appointed for the paying of honors to the memory of our comrades who fell in the armed defence of our country, in the great Rebellion. The removal to the National Cemetery at Beaufort of the bodies of those of our comrades who fell in the vicinity of Charleston precludes us from compliance with the instructions we have received, to decorate their graves; but we fulfill the spirit of these instructions in gathering around our camp-fires to-night, and repeating the story of their martyrdom and glory, and of the ends for which they fought, and which have been achieved through them.

The tomb, with its solemn symbols and affecting influences, has a deeper import than sentiment ascribes to it. It is there, in the midst of silence and repose, that the voice of the mighty dead is heard, the dead that yet live, the undying dead, immortals, clothed with elements too real to be classed with the apparitions that are discerned by sense.

Costly decorations add nothing to the interest of the soldier's grave. The turf a little raised, a plain tablet, a few memorial inscriptions, are all that is needed to waken the melodies that flow dirge-like from the stricken heart, like music from hidden harps. The soldier's story is simple. Privations and fatigues, long marches, watches and waitings, fill out the intervals between struggles that compel the utmost concentration of effort and endurance, to wrest life and victory from the grasp of death and despair. This web of life, hard and actual, is bossed with many thrills of pain and pleasure; good news from home, startling and exciting rumors of battles lost and won, surprises, routs, rallies and recaptures, comrades recognized, well and hearty, after a fight, others borne to the rear on stretchers, and some to be spoken of hereafter only in connection with that dismal term of record "missing;" to these are added the endless humors engendered by toil and a stout heart. He dies as he lived, in the midst of offices hurried, though kind and considerate, but sadly devoid of personal tenderness.

In war, lives are valued at their worth to the State; peace brings back the estimation that partiality recognizes, and the heart weighs out.

Already the lesser memories, the train of mere personal interest connected with our fallen comrades, begin to fade from our minds. Faces, of which every expressive line was once vividly pictured in the memory, grow dim and vague, as if

viewed through some wide space of the inner world of spirit; dates and events become obscure and uncertain, and soon mortality and change will have erased much that is still left to be treasured of that which appertained to them.

To-night we are in council as to how these effacings may be arrested, and a monument erected that shall eternally perpetuate the memorial of their labors and sacrifice, their virtues and martyrdom. You have honored me by choosing me to lead your thought and effort in this labor of love, and I shall endeavor, not to fulfill your expectations, but to assist the accomplishment of the worthy end you propose.

Our comrades, whose memories we recall and whose spirits we invoke this night, live in their works, and those works are revealed in the strength, value, and beauty, and in the exhaustless power of endurance of those tried and cherished institutions that establish and elevate our country and nation, in the estimation of civilized men, beyond the praise accorded or due to the institutions of any former age, or other race of men.

They labored and suffered to erect the stately temple within which we to-day adore the God who has wrought their lives into so glorious and admirable an edifice. Their manly virtues, expressive of lofty strength, are moulded and traced with beauty for us in buttress, arch, and pillar; their goodness, grace, and excellence, shining with the lustre of gold and silver, decorate chancel, vault, and flaming window, and their truth lights our work and reveals the hidden wisdom of the mysteries we love to contemplate.

Let us, then, turn from the shrine that encases the mere dross of their outer lives, and look upward and around, to discover their work in its amplitude and immortality, perpetuating a glory that not only lives, but has power within itself to create and sustain life. If, in contemplating this grand result, we seem to lose sight of personal memories and lives, remember that the builder forgets the familiar stone that he has looked upon day after day, and wrought and shaped with earnest endeavor and often repeated effort, when finished and fitted, it is at last bound with its fellows in the groined and vaulted canopy which figures to the imagination the wisdom and protective love, that shields and fosters with congenial shadows the tender life of man.

The political institutions of our country have been developed mainly under the influence of two marked public events, having many points in common, and yet clearly distinguishable from each other by points of striking contrast. Both were periods of revolution, both culminated in war; both involved as a cardinal

feature the contending ideas of loyalty and rebellion, and both terminated favorably for the development of our national existence. The war that commenced with the Declaration of American Independence was a justifiable rebellion, for it involved the undoubted right of a people to independent national existence, whose geographical position, social tendencies, and industrial pursuits, necessarily rendered union with the parent country, from which they sprung, impossible, except with the loss of that which was essential to national life and growth, and the accomplishment of the true ends of national existence.

Grievances they had, indeed, sore and abundant to found a just complaint of being practically abandoned by the parent nation to unaided self-support; but grievances they did not need to establish their clear right to the necessary means of attaining that which it was incumbent upon them to do and to become in their national character. It was not the success of the revolution that justified it, but it was justice that secured success.

The war that was precipitated by the ordinance of secession was unjustifiable, because it sought to defeat the very end that justified the revolution of 1776, namely, the unity, growth, and destiny of the nation. The ground upon which secession has been defended, in argument condemns it, namely, that it was a necessity springing from the clashing of contending local interests. The very idea of secession thus presented, involves the full conception, historic and philosophical, of anarchy, and would justify, under circumstances that may be readily conceived, the work of the demon, who should split apart the two hemispheres of our earth, upon the plea of an irreconcilable peculiarity of institutions and tastes.

These two events were alike in the further respect, that one of the contending parties, in each case, fought in the interest of the right of man to good and free self-government, and under the inspiration of the right spirit of the age; and the other fought in the interest of self-love, couched in the dogmas of the twin spirits, monarchy and oligarchy, and stultified by precedents that derived their force from the weakness of the people in early times, and their inability to assert their rights as against their masters.

These great events differed widely in another respect; in the former, the first blow was struck for freedom, while in the latter it was struck for the enslaving of a portion of the human family.

To finish this general view of the subject, neither struggle terminated in compromise; but, in both, the tide of war rolled on until victory was complete and acknowledged by both combatants.

The immediate object of referring to this striking parallel, is that we may trace two steps of progress in our national life, corresponding to and growing out of these wars, and, like the causes from which they sprung, characteristic, decisive, and irreversable.

The revolution of 1776 gave existence, name and promise to the nation. It did not and could not do all that was required to be done, in order to put the nation in possession of the entire means of fulfilling its destiny; for, if it had, it would have been at variance with all the analogies of nature in kindred operations; for nature, in implanting the principles of life and cherishing its early developments, always reserves to a later effort the distinctive unfolding of the principle of fecundation, by means of which that life is destined to be indefinitely amplified and imparted.

We became, as a people, a political individual, by the successful act of severance from Great Britain, but had *yet* to look forward to a future crisis for that individualization, broad and positive, that should add rank and power to position, and which could only arrive when purpose and will, ripened and concentrated, should bring forth *ideas* commensurate with their ends and subservient to their forces.

What we got from England, and became *our own* in our contest with her, was a rugged Saxon Constitution and an instinct of independence and thrift. That is all that the mother country could do for us. Our political ideas were destined to come from the fatherland, in the most comprehensive sense of that term—*the continent of Europe.*

Our field of action was a continent, our mission to mankind unlimited by geographical lines, and our civilization could not be less than continental, nor derived except from the broadest paternity.

In our contest with Great Britain we received aid, though only partial, from the great underlying principle of popular sovereignty and popular right, for at that early day we recognized that principle in an imperfect degree, and stripped of much of its force, under the English idea of no taxation without representation, a mere dollar and cent version of the great truth, and put forth without vigor, rather as a ground for escaping taxation than as a cardinal doctrine of popular right.

No sooner, however, had our success begun to strengthen popular movements, than France, the crater of Europe, began to seethe with ideas of popular liberty, afterwards almost lost again through the ungoverned excesses of her great revolution.

These ideas were caught by leading minds in our own land,

and in spite of the dishonor that had been cast upon them through the failure of France to discern their proper limitations, silently worked their way into popular favor. While the nation was quietly and successfully unfolding the results of the revolutionary war in a closer union between the States, and in expanding commerce and industry, and ripening the constitutional functions of the Government, under the leadership of, in earlier times, Washington, Hamilton, Marshall and other kindred minds, and, at a later time, under the leadership of Webster and Clay, the ideas that had convulsed Europe were organizing themselves under the influence of such minds as that of Jefferson, and were gradually preparing the public mind to demand concessions of larger political powers to the masses of the people. The Democratic party of the country gained, for many years, political ascendency through their advocacy of these ideas, but, owing to its alliance with the South, where such doctrines had little hold, being regarded as hostile to the institution of slavery, no important results, in their practical application, were attained by it.

Public events foreshadowed a contest that should decide whether the general distribution of power among the people was to take place, while the growing manifestation of a military spirit among the people, shadowed forth at first dimly in the election of General Harrison, in 1840, and more distinctly in the zeal with which the nation abetted the prosecution of the Mexican war, and afterwards elevated one of its heroes, General Taylor, to the Presidency, indicated the means by which this ominous contest should be terminated.

In order to reach the point at which the nation could regard itself as clothed with the visible symbols of that power it was destined to exercise in the future, two steps of advance in the leadership of political ideas were to be attained by her; the first was the enfranchisement of the whole people with civil rights, and the next, the necessary consequence of the first, their admission to equal political privileges. Slavery at the South stood in the way of both, and becoming conscious of its relations to the political changes through which the country was advancing, its champions struck a blow intended to sever a Union fraught with the means of its overthrow.

Thus commenced the rebellion of 1860, on the ground on which we now stand. The first effect of the war was to arouse in the nation that strong instinct of nationality derived so forcibly through the war of Independence, and to concentrate it upon the armed assertion of the national integrity. This feeling absorbed all others, and even cherished ideas of civil and

political liberty were, for the time being, almost lost sight of. But this ground was not broad enough or firm enough for the nation to stand upon, in a crisis that demanded more than the repetition of the past, and could be satisfied with nothing short of a principle of action commensurate with the objects that were to be secured by the contest. Hence it was that the arms of the nation were paralyzed until we affirmed the broad doctrine of universal civil liberty, and entered the field under standards that identified our hosts with the armies of liberty in all lands and ages.

Under *this sign* we conquered, and drove human slavery from the Continent. Civil rights were decreed by the nation to all men and women within its borders, and thus was the first great step of advance secured, and a foundation laid for the next step, that of conferring political enfranchisement where civil right had already been recognized.

It may seem that, in its relation to the present occasion, this sketch of progress should here close, for we have reached, in the statement of events, the end of the active stage of that vast contest that demanded so many victims; but such is not the fact. Wars, fortunately for mankind, accomplish more than bloodshed, and than even the immediate political results flowing from them. The work of the Soldier is not yet fully described. A still greater sacrifice was demanded of the nation, for it had not yet comprehended fully the exactions and the eventualities of the crisis in which it stood. It was not yet prepared to set its feet upon the firm ground that offered security and rest. That sacrifice was no less than the head of the nation itself.

The appalling news thrilled the land, that Abraham Lincoln had fallen by the hand of an assassin, in the heart of the capital of the nation, in the public presence, surrounded by his friends. Love for the man, admiration for his firmness and disinterestedness, opened the hearts of all loyal men to receive the full measure of the shock. A depth was touched, a chord was thrilled that revealed a consciousness more profound than had ever before inspired public action in this country. The nation gathered around the ashes of its beloved President, not alone to weep, but to resolve, and carried from that mournful scene a purpose, inspired by justice, which only awaited a fitting moment for the accomplishment of an act that should place the nation firmly upon the broad ground of equal right, affirmed by its founders, not, as has been said, in order to grace a declaration of national faith with glittering generalities, as delusive as glittering, but as solemn axioms from which life and action were to spring.

A train of causes was set in motion which resulted in the memorable year 1867, in the conferring of full political rights upon 4,000,000 citizens of this Republic to whom they had been unjustly denied.

The work that was thus begun by the Democratic party, and during the late rebellion was transferred from its hands to the Republican party, leaving in the possession of those from whom it was taken but the name, without the reality, is not yet fully complete, for there are yet found in many of the Northern States enough of those who, under the name of Democrats, array themselves against impartial popular rights, to find the means of still depriving a handfull of colored people of equal political privileges with the latest importation of European immigrants. But so little is to be done, comparatively, to realize the ascendency of the great principle for which we have paid so dearly, that we may disregard the little that is lacking, and congratulate each other on the great work as accomplished.

We have thus hastily traced the recent history of our country down to what appears manifestly to be the beginning of a new and distinctive political era. We can readily see the relation that this new age bears to that which went before it, and thence predcit some of its leading characteristics. We observe that while our first historic period founded, unfolded and strengthened our nationality, and prepared us to enter upon a state in which more enlarged uses were to be assigned us, the latter period is inaugurated with the acquisition of those forces that are essential to the leadership of the ideas that are determining the course of European politics and events. We perceive that we are to assume hereafter a larger and more positive influence in public events on both continents, and that such influence will be exerted in the interest of the rights of mankind, as against all that depresses healthful development and stifles laudable ambition.

We are not unconscious that the point of equilibrium in our political institutions is somewhat changed, and that, to a certain extent, we are liable to irregularities in the working of the system; but we do not fear these things if we possess a healthy courage equal to the emergencies that must, necessarily, arise in the course of an active and progressive life. There is danger every time you mount a horse or step into a boat, but such danger as a man of courage treats lightly, and never deters him from the discharge of a duty.

We have the confidence that springs from the consciousness that our government rests upon the principle of justice, and such a foundation, by the grace of God, and a due exercise of

prudence, is sure and enduring. In addition to this, we have the confidence that springs from the recognition of the fact, that we are moving in harmony with that great current in human affairs that sets in all lands, in the direction of an enlarged diffusion of political powers, in conjunction with the representative principle of government, and that being in the current, we are *farthest* removed from the rocks that forbode shipwreck. And that if, as we believe, there is a law in the progress of political events like that which pervades all the forces of nature, tending to the highest good and the largest diffusion of that good, we are in harmony with the workings of that law and enjoy its protection, and will reap its benefits.

Taking our stand upon the summit of this lofty elevation, and casting our eyes over the valleys, where the smoke of battle lately enveloped the combatants in darkness and doubt, and where now the graves of our comrades appear mingled with ripening harvests, surrounded by life and hope, and, cheered with the reaper's song, we gather a new inspiration from these fruitful hillocks. It calls to us from the silent depths of our hearts, to move onward and upward, fearlessly as they moved amidst the uncertainties of battle, trusting the God into whose hands they fell, sweetly trusting and sleeping.

Comrades, our country has drawn a prize — a glorious prize in the lottery of war—300,000 graves! They stand in line of battle, the right resting on Donelson, the left stretched out to Gettysburg. Around that vast circle that sweeps down the Mississippi, across to the Atlantic, and thence beyond Richmond to the quiet vallies of Pennsylvania, stand these veteran sentinels of liberty. Their challenges are heard and answered from hillock to hillock. Should tyranny or anarchy enter the land, and set foot upon the sacred soil they guard, the voice that shall demand "Who comes there!" will speak from their graves with the authority of the embattled hosts of the heroic dead. Before that line the advance of evil will be stayed, and our country, delivered from her fear, will sit in peace and comfort.

While we honor the dead who fought the battles of liberty, let us not forget to treat with tenderness those other graves that were filled by the war. Magnanimity is the soldier's life blood. Many a man fought against us with as firm a conviction of right as that which animated the breasts of the comrades we honor. We hold them to have fallen in an unjust and unholy cause. The future will confirm this judgment; but let us remember that our conceptions of right and wrong are for the most part derived from the judgment of the community of

which we are members. Few men act and think independently of the state of opinion that surrounds them. Let this contemplation moderate the force of self-approbation, and the judgment of condemnation to be bestowed on men as individuals; for while the rectitude of our opinions and purposes are mainly due to the character of the institutions under which we have been nurtured, so the errors of judgment of those we would most loudly condemn are due to the same cause. Then, as good soldiers, while we vow eternal vengeance against evil as it is found incarnate in perverted institutions, let us tenderly consider the helplessness of men under the influence of such institutions before we visit too severe a judgment upon personal character and motive.

Our solemn ceremonies are finished. To-day the golden sun has painted with radiant, but evanescent colors, a firmament of garlands laid by loving hands upon the multitude of soldiers' graves that consecrate our land. In every part of this broad country, in every valley and shaded nook that holds a hero's resting place; in stately cemeteries and in modest church-yards; in the distant field, beneath its clump of elms, to the road-side cross, a train has come and gone, and left behind some tender memorial of the love they bore the dead. The gifts of sturdy comrades, of wives, with hearts in ashes; of stricken parents, and weeping and wondering children, lie strewn together, wet with the dew of night, and the tears of loving ones. What wealth of sorrow! what treasures of tears! what majesty of woe! That golden sun has sunk to rest, and the shadows that shake from their folds sad musings, have fallen upon the homes from which these missing ones followed the stirring drum and fife. Who can penetrate even in imagination these broken circles, that with emotions newly aroused by the offices performed this day, recount the sorrows of heart and stern privations that have followed each peculiar bereavement, without realizing that the living soldier owes to the dead soldier a duty, in shielding from want and suffering those he has left to bear his burdens with their own sorrows.

Sleep on ye fallen ones! beneath the watchful beams of the sentinel moon that paces her silent beat above you, no alarms nor rattling fire from startled picket lines can reach your ears, or call you from your rest. No wily foe can burst upon your camping ground where your flowery tents are pitched and lighted by the fire-fly, to drive you from your lonely bivouac. To-morrow's light will break—the bugle will call to duty—the drums will proclaim the advent of another sun, but you will not come forth, nor make report for duty again among men. Sun

after sun will warm the turf above you; year after year will bring our floral offerings, such as we make to-day. Age after age will ripen human things, but you will come no more to roll-call. But still a day will come when a bugle-call will reverberate through the morning air, and an assembly will be sounded that shall wake you, and call you forth to answer to your names upon the rolls of the grand army of the Great Commander of Heaven and Earth, to form upon the standards emblazoned with the golden martyr cross, and hold, eternally, the lines that sever justice, truth and fortitute from hatred, vice, and fear.

CHARLESTON, S. C., May 30, 1868.

CEREMONIES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

[OFFICIAL CIRCULAR.]

BOSTON, *May* 23, 1868.

The Grand Army of the Republic, a society of veterans, formed for the purpose of extending systematic charity to disabled soldiers and sailors, and of cherishing the patriotic spirit which animated our armies in the late war, have appointed Saturday, the 30th inst., for the floral decoration of the graves of their deceased comrades throughout the country. In this tribute of respect for the memory of the men whose martyrdom secured to us victory and peace, they earnestly invite the co-operation of the public. The large cemeteries will be visited by the Posts of the Order, and smaller graveyards by delegations, and it is suggested that the friends and relatives of soldiers buried near Boston, visit their graves on the day thus set aside, and adorn them with flowers, or designate them for decoration by the visiting societies. In towns where there are no Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, the town authorities and citizens are requested to provide for the decoration of soldiers' graves with suitable ceremonies.

Contributions of flowers, or money to be expended in the purchase of flowers, are solicited, to be sent to such places as may hereafter be announced through the daily papers.

The clergy are respectfully requested to read this notice

from their pulpits on Sunday, May 24, with such remarks as they may deem appropriate.

L. W. Osgood, Post 7, Boston,
Henry R. Sibley, Post 11, Charlestown,
C. H. Hovey, Post 15, Boston,
Wm. H. Lawrence, Post 23, East Boston,
C. C. Emery, Post 26, Boston Highlands,
A. C. Wellington, Post 30, Cambridge,
Geo. H. Johnston, Post 32, South Boston.
F. O. Barnes, Post 35, Chelsea,
Committee.

At Forest Hills Cemetery, Roxbury.

The occasion of strewing the graves of deceased soldiers with flowers at Forest Hills Cemetery was adopted as a favorable one for the inauguration of the beautiful bronze statue by the eminent sculptor, Milmore, recently erected in the Soldiers' Burial Lot. Post 26 of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the members of the late city government of Roxbury, managed this act of duty and respect, and very many were present to witness it, although the lowering aspect of the heavens undoubtedly hindered a large number of those from being present who would have greatly desired the privilege.

The monument represents a soldier leaning on his musket, and pensively gazing on the graves of his dead comrades. Many thousands of our citizens have had opportunity to see the statue, which stood for several days in front of the City Hall of Boston, and was universally acknowledged to be one of the very finest specimens of the sculptor's art to be found in Boston or its neighborhood. At Forest Hills it had been raised on a finely designed granite pedestal, bearing on the front the following inscription in raised letters:

Erected by the City of Roxbury in Honor of her Soldiers who died for the Country in the Rebellion, 1861–1865.

On the back of the pedestal is the following:

"From these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave their last full measure of devotion."—*Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg, Nov.* 1863.

On Saturday, the monument was beautifully decorated with living flowers, placed so as almost to hide the pedestal among their loveliness. The granite wall around the lot was also finely ornamented with bouquets and wreaths—mostly the marks of family and friendly affection on the part of the relatives and friends of the soldiers buried in the lot. Right and left of the entrance, platforms were erected—the former for the band and choir, and the latter for those who were to conduct and share more directly in the dedicatory services. The instrumental music was furnished by Chickering's Band, and the vocal portion by a double quartette of remarkably skilful singers.

Shortly previous to noon on Saturday, the Warren Rifles of Roxbury, under command of Capt. William H. Hutchinson, forty-five muskets, marched from their armory to the headquarters of Post 26, of the Grand Army of the Republic, Maj. C. C. Emory, Commander, to whom they acted as escort, and thence to the City Hall, where the old city government was received, and thence to the depot on the Providence road, where they took the cars for Forest Hills station at 12.30 o'clock. Several hundreds from Boston went out by the same, preceding, and following trains. From the depot, the escort and procession marched to the Cemetery, every member bearing flowers in his hands, where the late city government of Roxbury and the members of the G. A. R. proceeded, the band playing a slow and solemn march, to the Soldiers' Lot, in front of which the veterans of the Grand Army were drawn up in double column, and the inauguration services proceeded.

Order was called by Commander Emery, of Post 26, G. A. R., who afterward presided. He said, in introducing the ceremonies of inauguration and of the day:

Comrades: We have assembled here to-day, in accordance with the orders of our Grand Commander, and also in concurrence with the dictates of our own hearts, for the purpose of strewing the graves of our fallen companions with flowers, to keep bright and green their memories in our hearts. We have another duty to perform—which is, to dedicate this statue to the memory of those of our companions who fell by our sides in battle, and who now lie buried within these hallowed grounds:

and to the Hon. Mayor and gentlemen of the City Council of our late city of Roxbury, allow me, in behalf of this Post, to tender to you our most sincere and heartfelt thanks for the honor which you have conferred upon us, by placing in our hands the arrangements for the dedication of this noble work of art to the memory of our fallen companions. And let me assure you that, should our services be again required in the defence of our country's liberties, (which God grant may never be!) you will find us as prompt to answer the call as we were in days gone by.

The weather at the time was dull and damp, threatening rain; nevertheless, a great many more were on the ground than could get within earshot of the speakers during the exercises, which commenced with a dirge by the band.

Rev. A. J. Paterson read select and appropriate passages of Scripture with impressive emphasis, and Rev. J. O. Means followed in prayer. The choir then sang, in the most feeling manner, "Rest, Spirit, Rest," which has very rarely been better performed.

Rev. George Putnam, D.D., who had been selected to deliver the oration, was introduced.

Dr. Putnam's Oration.

Soldiers and Friends: I am warned by the very best medical authority that this assembly must not be long detained in the damp which now pervades the soil and the atmosphere; and I will respect the injunction, not from disregard for the memories of the dead, but from a proper regard for the welfare of the living. We have come together, my friends, to dedicate this monument to our fallen heroes. Let that figure be the only orator on this occasion. What human lips can speak to us with such eloquence as those dumb lips of brass? Look at the figure! It is the impression of the heroes of the great army that went forth to save the country—and saved it was! He looks weary; well he may, for he has run his race, and well and bravely done his work. He looks majestic, for he bears the majesty of the country upon him. He looks pensive and thoughtful, for he remembers the carnage, the hospital, and the prison. He has pathos in his expression, for he looks on the graves of his dead comrades. We come to inaugurate this monument, but it needs not many words to do it. Let it be done by grateful, tender memories and devout thanksgiving in

all our hearts. What I might say would be feeble, and soon forgotten; but the words of that beautiful statue shall never be hushed so long as there are American hearts to beat in gratitude for their noble and patriotic dead. Let me be silent; let him speak; and he *shall* speak, not only to us of the present day, but to our children's children throughout a far future, and breathe into them a deeper love for country, a purer and nobler inspiration. Thousands and thousands who pass this spot will gather or confirm such patriotic feeling here. A time may come when another arm may be raised against the country, and there be found brave hearts to meet its requirements, as there has been in the past. May the Almighty Ruler prevent it! But if such a time should come, let there be no vestige of this monument remaining, but let brass and stone both be crumbled in the dust; let not a particle of either be left to mark another degenerate period! But that time shall never come: that eloquent figure shall go on speaking, pleading, inspiring, till the last syllable of recorded time. And now, friends and soldiers, go forth to perform your most pleasing, beautiful, touching office. Strew flowers over the ashes of your comrades; lay garlands over their sacred dust. What you are doing here, your fellow-soldiers are doing everywhere to their dead heroes. And shall it not be that every year hereafter this sweet offering shall be laid on the graves of our patriotic soldiers; and shall not your children, and your children's children, do the same? Go; and in your love of their glorious memories lay flowers on their graves, and we all will follow you with our best wishes; everywhere we will go with you, accompanying you with our sympathies and our prayers.

This address, which could not have been more impressive and appropriate had it been clothed with the wordiness of a volume, evidently had a powerful effect. Its simplicity and aptitude to the subject touched the heart of every hearer, old and young; and men present, who had listened to the greatest orators, living and dead, declared they had never heard any thing more applicable to circumstances and occasion.

After music from the band, the following ode, written by Mrs. P. A. Hannaford, was sung by the choir and the audience, to the tune of "Pleyel's Hymn." It was previously read by Rev. Charles J. Bowen:

Strew the blossoms o'er our dead,
Lowly lies each conqueror's head;
Spread the flow'rets sweet around—
Where they sleep is hallowed ground.

Yet their dust alone is here—
They are in the spirit-sphere;
They are with the crowned and blest,
Evermore they are at rest.

There no sound of war shall come,
Never beat of battle-drum,
Nevermore the whistling ball,
Nevermore the bugle call.

Strew the blossoms! soft they rest
Low beneath the earth's green breast—
Forms we loved and faces dear,
Nevermore to greet us here.

Strew the flowers, and though they fade
Over each beloved head,
Yet their memory shall remain,
Like their banner, free from stain.

While the Stars and Stripes shall wave,
Honored be the soldier's grave;
For the noble, patriot band,
Saved our broad, beloved land.

While the ode was being sung, a number of ladies (the wives, daughters, and friends of the soldiers buried on the spot) literally covered their graves with flowers, while floral marks of affection, such as crosses and wreaths, were placed at the heads of each. On either side of the several graves were placed miniature American flags.

Thereafter a section of Post 26 was detailed by the Commander to the duty, and they placed many lovely bouquets upon the graves of their deceased comrades. There were fifteen men of this detachment—designed to represent the same number of Roxbury men belonging to Col. W. S. King's Company (K, Massachusetts 35th Volunteers) who fell at Antietam, ten of whom are buried at Forest Hills. The ceremony was a very interesting and affecting one.

A prayer of dedication and benediction by Rev. A. J. Paterson, and a solemn dirge by the band, closed the ceremonies at the Soldiers' Lot; and the people thereafter thronged into the area, and gazed on the scene where honor had just been so beautifully and appropriately conferred on the heroic dead.

Preceded by the band, the members of Post 26, accompa-

nied by several beautiful young ladies, bearing baskets of flowers, proceeded to the graves of the Union dead—scattered all over the Cemetery—which they liberally decorated, while the band played strains of solemn music. The duty of decoration, in all but one or two instances, had been left to the comrades of the heroic dead. One of the monuments in Vine Path, however, was peculiarly noticeable for its simple but expressive decorations. It was that of Capt. John K. Lloyd, who commanded Company H, of the 17th Massachusetts Volunteers, who fell a victim to rebel cruelty after being thirteen months in Southern prisons. On the top of the obelisk which is placed at his head was a wreath of evergreen, and on the wreath, just above the inscription, was another wreath of *immortelles*, with rosettes of red, white, and blue ribbons. In the centre of the latter, between certain Masonic insignia, were the lines:

> "Cold in the dust his perished heart may lie,
> But that which warmed it once shall never die."

A very elegant and liberal tribute of flowers was laid upon the grave of Captain Lloyd by the ladies and the G. A. R., some of the latter having been by his side in "times which tried men's souls."

Besides the graves in the Soldiers' Lot, some fifty-five others in the Cemetery were visited, and honors paid at them all, equal in character and spirit, irrespective of condition in life and rank in the army.

This duty occupied the time till about 6 o'clock, when the party was received at the Cemetery gate by the escort, marched to the depot, and from that at Roxbury to City Hall in that section, and disbanded.

In Dorchester, Mass.

The beautiful monument on Meeting-House Hill was decorated in an elegant and tasteful manner. Colonel Fox, of Post 15, had charge of the decoration, assisted by the ladies and gentlemen of the town. There being no organization present, the exercises were brief and simple. Mr. R. C. Humphreys delivered a short introductory address, in which he alluded to the peculiarly appropriate time that had been selected for the trib-

ute—the time when all nature was blooming into a new life and beauty. He exhorted those present to acknowledge their obligations to the departed heroes, by being more kind and charitable to their widows and orphans. The audience joined in singing "America," and after a fervent and impressive prayer by Rev. Mr. Humphreys, of Springfield, Rev. T. B. Fox, of Dorchester, made a few remarks, paying a fitting tribute to the young men who, in the prime of life and hope, had offered themselves sacrifices that the country might live. The living heroes—the Grand Army of the Republic—had inaugurated the beautiful but solemn festival which had called them together to-day, and he hoped it would be of annual occurrence. The services were then closed by the singing of the Doxology and by the benediction.

At Mount Hope Cemetery.

Mount Hope Cemetery was visited by Posts 7 and 32 of the Grand Army of the Republic, accompanied by a large representation of the city government of Boston, and escorted by Company E of the 7th Regiment, and Companies E and K of the 1st Regiment, with the Metropolitan Band. At 2 P.M. these bodies assembled in front of the City Hall on School street, and under the marshalship of Col. George H. Johnson, Commander of Post 32, a procession was formed in the following order:

Detachment of Police, under Lieutenant Porter of Station 4.
Metropolitan Band.
Company E, 7th Regiment, Captain Hallgreen, 45 men.
Post 7, G. A. R., L. W. Osgood, Commander, 75 men.
Members of the City Government.
Post 32, G. A. R., Frank Choate, Commander, 35 men.
Company E, 1st Regiment, Captain Foss, 25 men.
Company K, 1st Regiment, Captain King, 35 men.

The procession marched through School, Beacon, Arlington, Boylston, and Pleasant streets, to the Providence Railroad station, all the members of the Grand Army bearing flowers in their hands. A large number of cars were provided for the conveyance of the soldiers and their many friends who had

gathered at the station. Disembarking at Forest Hills, the ladies and citizens were taken to the Cemetery in coaches, while the Posts and the military marched.

The scene of the ceremony was the soldiers' and sailors' monument. At each corner of the lot was a flag at three-quarters mast. The inscriptions and designs on the die of the monument were enclosed in very handsome wreaths of evergreen and fresh flowers, which imparted a striking beauty to the memorial. The soldiers surrounded the lot, the Grand Army being at the front of the monument. Here they were joined by about forty inmates of the Soldiers' Home on Springfield street, some of whom, too weak or lame to stand, remained in one of the coaches provided for them. The opening of the ceremony was the reading, by Colonel Johnston, of General Order No. 11 from General Logan, directing the decoration. Prayer was offered by the Rev. G. S. Abbott, of South Boston, after which the members of the Grand Army, and the disabled soldiers, while the band performed a dirge, slowly ranged themselves at the graves. Then the music ceased, and another dirge was begun, during which the low, narrow mounds, received the tributes to the brave buried beneath them. This having been done, the members resumed their places in line, and an oration was delivered by the Rev. W. F. Mallalieu, of the Bromfield street church.

Address by Rev. W. F. Mallalieu.

The occasion which calls us together is one of peculiar and exceeding interest. We are here to do honor to the brave who have died in the defence of their country and the rights of man. We are not alone. From the rising of the sun even to the going down thereof, throughout the length and breadth of our land, processions are assembling in the tasteful cemeteries of our populous cities, and in the quiet graveyards of the rural towns. With sober, thoughtful mien, they bear the choicest floral decorations that the most skilful hands can produce and the most tender love can collect, for the embellishment of the graves of the honored dead. In many places, comrades, parents, sisters, brothers, widowed wives, orphaned children, and grateful countrymen, join in this sad but pleasing tribute to the memory of those who lived so well and died so nobly. Meanwhile, through-

out the South land may be seen to-day the dusky forms of stalwart men, with their wives and children, bearing yet, as many of them do, the scars of the lash, the chain, and all the unnamed tortures of slavery, gathering about the silent resting-places of the Northmen, whom they recognize as martyrs in their behalf, and the saviours of their race. With throbbing hearts, in whispers, they rehearse the story of the past, and hopefully look forward to the future; and, kneeling by the graves of those who died for them, their falling tears bedew the ground, and their grateful thanksgivings go up to God.

We doubt not that the brave men whose deeds we commemorate went forth at the summons of duty with a heart for any fate; so ardent was their patriotism, "and so great was their desire to defend the common safety of our country, that its inherent force constantly overcame all the allurements of pleasure and repose." But could they have known and felt that the time was near at hand, when, with liberty preserved, our institutions purified and consolidated, and peace and prosperity restored, ten thousand willing hands and hearts would join to do honor to their memory, they would have been ready, whether standing in battle array, or rushing to the deadly breach, or pressing forward in the tumultuous charge, to exclaim, with that most illustrious patriot of the Revolution, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* Indeed, it may be truly said of them, that, whether they fell in the hours of the nation's discouragement, or in the days when light began to dawn, their heroism and valor are alike unparalleled in the annals of time—the glory of their fame is rendered none the less resplendent by comparison with that of the most celebrated heroes of ancient or modern days.

It is not an improper question for us to ask, at the present time, Why are there, at this moment, more than three hundred thousand graves filled with the best and bravest of the nation? The answer to the question carries us back to the earliest settlement of the country. Even then were sown the seeds of two antagonistic forces. For two centuries the inevitable contest went on between truth and error, despotism and freedom, the Bible taught and Christ exampled, doctrines of equality and fraternity, and the wicked dogmas of the worst conceivable form of sin and barbarism.

The conflict culminated when the white-haired traitor of South Carolina reached forth that accursed right hand which now moulders in the grave of the suicide, to send, hurling forth from the belching batteries of Charleston, the messenger of destruction against the gallant Anderson and his devoted band of

patriot soldiers placed for the defence of the nation's flag in the beleaguered fortress of Sumter. As the sound of that cannon-shot went echoing round the earth, what different emotions were kindled in the minds of men! The aristocrats, the pope, the kings, and the emperors of the Old World, with ill-suppressed delight hailed it as the harbinger of hope to themselves, and from it gathered assurance of the long continuance of their power and prerogatives. The oppressed, and those aspiring, and those laboring for the rights of men, trembled as they feared that the last hope of an expecting world was about to pass away amid the storm of battle and the smoke of deadly conflict. But good and true men, all through this land of ours, were roused as by the shock of an earthquake; many a cheek was blanched to utter paleness, but not with fear; many a voice was tremulous, but only on account of indignant grief; many a heart was almost pulseless, but only for the love it bore for the dishonored flag of the Republic. Then came the overwhelming tide, the flood, the grandest outburst of enhusiastic loyalty and patriotic devotion which the world has ever known; and the great oath was sworn by an outraged people, that the nation's wrongs should be avenged, and liberty established throughout all our borders. To fulfil this vow, the loyal masses of the land offered all they had of strength, and wealth, and life. To fulfil this vow, from the battle-fields of Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker Hill, from Plymouth Rock, from the hills and valleys of the East, and from the broad prairies of the West, thousands of men at their country's call, "with silent tongue, and clenched teeth, and steady eye, and well-poised bayonet," went hurrying to the fields of conflict. To fulfil this vow, three hundred thousand and more of the bravest hearts that ever beat in sympathy with the down-trodden and enslaved now silent rest, "a fearless host in glory's brightest bed." To fulfil this vow, these men were ready to do, to endure, and to die, if need be, upon the battle-field, where it is comparatively easy for the soldier to meet his fate, or in the hospital by swift or lingering disease, or of starvation and torture inflicted at the instigation of the infamous wretches who managed the affairs of the Rebellion. Thus heroic in life and in death were these defenders of the Republic.

> "On fame's eternal camping-ground
> Their martial tents are spread,
> While glory guards with solemn round
> The bivouac of the dead."

It is becoming in the highest degree, that with affectionate

gratitude we should strew these graves with flowers, while we recall the matchless heroism of their lives and the spotless valor of their deaths.

The hour demands that we should remember that the war in which these men perished, was eminently just in itself, and carried on for the best good of the human race. History will be sought in vain to find instances where war has been more righteously waged than by us in the war of our revolution or this through which we have just passed. It was said by Cicero that no war can be undertaken by a just and wise State unless for faith or self-defence. This self-defence of the State is necessary to secure its perpetuity, and this perpetuity is what all patriots desire. Those afflictions which the hardiest spirits smart under, poverty, exile, prison, and torment, private individuals seek to escape from by an instantaneous death. But for States, the greatest calamity of all is death, which to individuals appears a refuge. A State should be so constituted as to live forever. The war of the rebellion was on our part unqualifiedly begun and carried on in self-defence. The simple, primary question was whether the State should live or die, whether our nation should remain one and inseparable, or be shattered into belligerent factions. In answer to this question the soldiers of our armies, whether officers or privates, as they entered upon the contest, were ready to adopt the language of President John Adams, of blessed revolutionary memory, and say, "We are with all our strength opposed to any division of the Union, by the North River, or by the Delaware River, or by the Potomac, or any other river, or any chain of mountains." And to the world they witnessed the sincerity of their faith and purpose by indissolubly cementing with their hearts' best blood the foundations upon which rests the superstructure of our revered institutions. But not only did the loyal soldiers of the land strive to preserve the life of the nation; they were animated by even higher and holier motives. It was not an unmeaning combination of words which they used, when in the camps, and on the march and on the field of battle, as well as in the hospitals, and in the horrible prison-pens of the South, they sung with cheerful, constant souls, the Battle Hymn of the Republic, ending as you well remember, with the words,

> "In the beauty of the nation, Christ was born beyond the sea,
> With a glory in his bosom which transfigures you and me;
> As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free—
> For God is marching on."

They understood the magnitude and the far-reaching significance of the work they were carrying forward. And if it could

be truthfully said by Patrick Henry, of the men of the Revolution, that they had just formed a system of government, wisely calculated to secure equal liberty to all, involving the lasting happiness of a large proportion of the human family ; it may with as great propriety, be said of these of whom I am speaking, that, they knew that they were not only contending for the security and continuance of their own rights, but that they were workers together with God for the enslaved of the South ; they knew that the blows they struck would eventually bring to the earth the thrones of despots, and lead to the joyful sunlight of liberty the waiting millions of the earth.

To honor such men as these, who gave their lives for the cause they had espoused, we have to-day assembled in this consecrated place. Pointing to their graves before us, we say, in the language of the epitaph inscribed to the fallen heroes of Chaeronea, to whom, unlike our own, defeat instead of victory was decreed :

> "These are the patriot brave, who side by side,
> Stood to their arms, and dashed the foeman's pride ;
> Firm in their valor, prodigal of life,
> They welcomed death, the arbiter of strife,
> That we might ne'er to haughty victors bow,
> Nor thraldom's yoke, nor dire oppression know.
> They fought, they bled, and on their country's breast,—
> (Such was the will of Heaven)—these warriors rest."

Surely we owe them a debt of gratitude which words are all too feeble to express, and yet whether they have been gathered to the silence of the grave or are now lying where they fell in their long and weary marches, in the thickets of the mountains, or the dense and tangled swamps, to-day, with heartfelt emotions and sincerest words of praise, we will record their virtues, and thank God that the land of our fondest love found such sons and defenders in the time of her greatest need. And more than this, their precious graves wherever known, we will moisten with the tears we shed ; above their sleeping dust, we will, as the years return, scatter these fragrant products of the spring time and the sunshine. These wreaths and garlands of beauty, fit for the adornment of a marriage festival, shall signify the coronation of which these friends and brothers are so eminently worthy. The names of the heroic dead, we will teach our children and our children's children,—yes, these blessed names shall be spoken by every purling brook of our many hills, —by the sounding waves of the near Atlantic, and the gentle murmurs of the far-off Pacific. They shall be written upon every

hill-side, on every mountain crag and summit, on our broad prairies,—yes, in our heart's heart, these names shall be inscribed, so that they shall never be obliterated or forgotten.

At Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Post 30, of Cambridge, had charge of the exercises at Mount Auburn and Cambridge Cemeteries, and by their invitation Post 15 of Boston, and Post 11 of Charlestown, and the Union Navy Association of Boston, participated. Contributions of flowers were sent to the City Hall, and the citizens of Cambridge displayed great liberality. Flags were displayed on public and private buildings at half-mast, and the exterior of the City Hall was neatly adorned with flags and streamers, as was also the interior. The procession was formed at half-past two o'clock. The children of the public schools assembled at the schoolhouses, and marched to Harvard above Lee Street, and awaited the passing of the procession, which marched in the following order:

Platoon of Eleven Policemen; Chief Marshal; Brig.-Gen. S. E. Chamberlain; Aids; Brig.-Gen. C. F. Walcott; Major S. K. Williams, Jr.; Bond's Cornet Band; Walcott Guard, Capt. R. L. B. Fox; Post 30, G. A. R., J. W. Cotton, Commander; Returned Soldiers and Sailors of Cambridge, not of Post 30; City Government in carriages; Seventh Regiment Drum Corps; Fire Department; Brown's Brigade Band; Charlestown Cadets; Charlestown City Guards; Post No. 11 of Charlestown; Gilmore's Band; Post 15, Boston; Union Navy Association; Orator and Department Chaplain; Wounded Soldiers and Sailors in carriages; Citizens generally.

The procession passed through Main to Clinton Streets, through the open ranks of the school children on Harvard Street, and from thence to Harvard Square, through Garden, Cragie, Battle and Mount Auburn Streets to the cemetery. Upon reaching the cemetery the fire department was drawn up in line in front of the gate, and allowed the procession to pass in, returning immediately to their respective fire stations. In the cemetery the posts and the military were formed near the tower. The number of spectators was very large, and it is

estimated that Mount Auburn never contained so many people since it was founded. The ceremonies opened with an impressive prayer by Rev. Noah M. Gaylord, the chaplain. Richard H. Dana, Jr., Esq., then delivered the following address:

RICHARD H. DANA, JR.'S ADDRESS.

Soldiers, Citizens,—all who have come up here to this solemn festival—companions in arms of the dead—youth, manhood, age, maidenhood, childhood,—let me say to each of you, that all is over. Whatever this day can do has been done: all that this hour can utter has been spoken! The solemn procession, the timely music, the slow step, the bared head bowed upon the breast, the flowers strewn from the tender hand of woman, and the strong hand of the comrade in arms, unclasped from the sabre-hilt or the firelock,—all this is done, and its mute eloquence has gone to every heart. It has banished grief and forbidden eulogy. I need to call earnestly for inspiration; not in hope of repeating in worthy terms, that which cannot be said twice, but, that I may not break in with discord upon the dying notes of this exquisite harmony, or lower the tone to which it has been exalted. These moments assigned to me might well have been devoted to poetry, to music, or, perhaps, better than all, to silence. When the duty of this hour was assigned to me by the brothers-in-arms of these heroes we honor, I feared it might be a superfluous, I knew it would be a hazardous duty. But they were determined to leave undone nothing that any one would think might be appropriate, and I could not refuse their call. For what have I to render, but the breath of my lips?

Brethren and friends, it is not to mere fancy that we owe this feeling, in our best hours, that there is something in common, something of sympathy, between man and mother earth, between inanimate matter and humanity. It is of the earth that we are, and unto her that we return. The common creator of all did not make them without correspondencies and sympathies. The earth bestows on man all those gifts necessary to his animal life, and these her choicest gifts, to renew in his nature and keep from death the sentiments of beauty, love, and tenderness. Nay, more than that, by these beautiful flowers, she gives him a language for every finer and nobler occasion of life.

We hear much of the language of flowers. With them we crown the head of childhood, and deck the brow of beauty. They bring to the sick chamber the cheering remembrance of

the grand expanse of strength and loveliness that is spread abroad without. They grace the festival. They soothe the grief of the funeral. They tell the deepest secrets of love, and pass into the cells of memory, never to be forgotten. But where have flowers ever been applied by man to a nobler, fitter purpose than by us to-day? Have we not done well to give the sweetest products of our native land, to the memory of those who died to defend it? May not these flowers best spend the brief hour of their unassuming lives in doing honor to heroes, and wither and meet death on the graves of the truest hearts that ever bled? Our heroes died that there should not be sunken in the soil of this land the corner stone of an empire of slavery. They gave their lives to secure the soil of this continent to the freedom and the utmost elevation of all human beings who are to live upon it. Well, then, may we devote to their memory this annual offering the earth pours into our hands, in the infinite prodigality of nature!

How soothingly has the hand of Time fallen upon all that this day recalls! Hero, soldier, wherever in these consecrated grounds you sleep, our earth has made its circuit but a few times round the sun since you poured out your life in the din and carnage of battle, or at the crack of the stealthy rifle on the detached march, on picket duty, or felt it ebbing, ebbing away in the hospital. It is not long ago—that day, that doleful day—when there came to your home the fear-striking rumor, the suspense, the deathly confirmation. It is not long ago that there were breaking hearts for you,—

> "* * * * The tear,
> The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
> And all we know or dream or fear
> Of agony were thine."

But, now, tears have given place to joy, to pride, to honor. Your memory is an heritage to your family. Memorials of you are gathered and kept by the hand of affection and pride. Your name is on the monument, or the mural tablet. Your picture is on the wall of the mansion, or in the humble home is your simple photograph, perhaps the more dear, as a youth in civic dress, and as you last crossed the threshold of your home—a soldier. Already, they who have sown in tears have reaped in joy; and they who, a few days, as it were, ago, came up hither weeping, bearing precious seed, have to-day returned hither again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them.

But let us not forget those who sleep in the remote and still unreconciled portions of our land, on whose graves no flowers are strewn to-day. To them, too, the hour of recognition will

come. As they died, not for conquest or power, but for peace, for humanity, we can rest our faith in assurances that their graves will yet be visited, as proudly and tenderly as these to-day, by a grateful generation. Some have strewn flowers to-day, to whom the early portion of our war is matter not of memory, but of tradition. Already it is passing into history. Let us hold the more strongly to its commemorations. When our children's children shall ask, "What mean ye, by this ceremony?" our answer will keep alive and warm in the hearts of another generation the gratitude we express to-day.

We will not separate without exchanging one more hope and wish. It is the faith of our people that our heroes gave their lives to a sacred cause. Let us then cherish the humble but confident hope that it has met the approval of Him in whose hands are all our beings, and that this, our pious work of to-day, may find acceptance in His sight, without whom no drop of man's blood falleth to the ground, and without whom no flower springeth from the earth.

At the conclusion of the address, Post 15 sang one verse from the hymn "America," accompanied by Gilmore's band, and also "Old Hundred," after which the members of the different Posts separated into squads, to seek the graves of their deceased comrades, and to bestrew them with flowers. Post 30, with engine companies Nos. 5 and 7, and the Walcott Guard, visited the Cambridge cemetery—the city government following in carriages—where the graves of all deceased soldiers known to be buried there were strewn with flowers. In the soldiers' lot nineteen heroes lie buried, without even a simple stone to mark their resting-place, and with no official knowledge of the exact grave of either—the cemetery records having been destroyed by fire in 1866. Within this enclosure the military and the Post passed around the graves, and prayer was offered by Rev. J. A. Smith, Post Chaplain.

Commander Cotton, at the conclusion of the prayer, introduced His Honor, Mayor Saunders, who, in brief language, reverted to the death of the brave men whose memory is this day being revered. He also spoke of the inauguration of the beautiful and solemn service of testifying with floral honors, the appreciation we feel for the services of all of those men whose lives were sacrificed at the altar of freedom. A monument, he thought, should be erected, upon which the name of each soldier or sailor hero should be deeply cut, that generations yet to come may honor the names and memory of the country's defenders.

The company then separated, visiting the graves of those outside the enclosure, and decorating them with flowers, after

first attending to that duty to the nineteen graves in the soldiers' lot. Engine companies 5 and 7 strewed the graves of John H. and George T. Tucker, soldier members of engine company No. 1, and of B. F. Garland of the same company, and Nathan W. Wilson of No. 5, with a profusion of flowers. Fifty-six graves were visited in the Cambridge Cemetery, and one hundred and fifty-five within Mt. Auburn Cemetery. Delegations from the several Posts also visited the Catholic burying-ground at Mt. Auburn, and that in the 5th Ward. At a late hour in the afternoon the ceremonies of the day were concluded; every grave, so far as was known, having received the floral tribute designated in Order 11.

The Somerville Light Infantry, Co. B, 5th Regiment M. V. M., Capt. G. W. Daniels, 40 guns, accompanied by Edmunds' Band, proceeded from Somerville, after the ceremonies in that town, to the Cambridge Cemetery, where the grave of Capt. Willard C. Kinsley was visited, and three vollies were fired by the company.

The ladies of Cambridge and vicinity were really generous in their floral gifts—large contributions of most choice flowers being sent in to the City Hall, where other ladies were in waiting to receive them, and fabricate them into beautiful bouquets, to be distributed to members of the posts, military, and fire department. Many gentlemen, friends of the movement, also sent in valuable selections of flowers.

At Brookline, Massachusetts.

The citizens of Brookline assembled at the Town Hall, agreeably to previous notice, at two o'clock in the afternoon, and formed in procession under the marshalship of Col. William L. Candler, assisted by several gentlemen who had served in the war, the whole being under the escort of the returned soldiers and sailors of the town, headed by the Brookline Brass Band.

A large quantity of flowers had been provided by the ladies and gentlemen of the town, and were woven with great taste and skill into beautiful wreaths, crosses, and bouquets; these were distributed among those who marched in the procession, and it was a beautiful and touching sight to see so many bearing each his floral offering to lay on the last resting-place of our country's defenders. A spirit of kind feeling pervaded the assembled hundreds, and each seemed to feel that the work was one of love and good will.

At the Brookline Cemetery, on Walnut street, the services were opened by the band playing a dirge; after which the Rev.

Dr. Lamson, in heartfelt, fervent prayer, addressed the Throne of Grace, in which he returned thanks for the mercy by which God had kept and preserved to us our nationality and the freedom of our institutions, in which the blessings of liberty had been established and peace restored, and besought the blessings of heaven upon the future of our country, that its virtues might be manifested, its prosperity increased, and that the Divine favor might be bestowed upon all who had been called upon to mourn for loved ones who had fallen in the strife. The prayer was a beautiful expression of an humble, faithful heart, which recognized and relied upon the hand of the Almighty in all the affairs of life.

The Rev. Dr. Hedge, then, in a few brief remarks, recalled vividly to our minds the stirring scenes of the early days of the Rebellion, and the great events growing out of them, and pointed out the fact that on securing or establishing great ideas and principles, great sacrifices had to be made and conflicts endured.

The Rev. Mr. Silver spoke of the comforting assurances that we have, that although our friends are resting beneath the clods of the valley, yet that in spirit they take an interest in those who are left behind, and feel for our joys and sorrows as we move on to meet them on the other side. Mr. Silver concluded his remarks by reciting the following lines, written by his wife:

Hang wreaths on the tombs at eternity's door,
Though the soldiers and sailors have passed on before.
These flowers will fade; but perennial glows
The heart's warm and grateful affection for those
Who life at the altar of Liberty gave:
Hence these votive gifts at the early grave.
Hence the anguish of mothers, the sister's pain;
And tears gush forth like the falling rain.
Does Nature weep that the brave were slain,
Never to march to the field again?
But the sun's bright beams will disperse this gloom,
And Heaven has raised our thoughts from the tomb.
O, the glorious band, who have given their all,
To save our country from ruin and thrall.
Ethiopia stretches her hands to thee,
O Lord, that her children are thus made free;
And our adorations should never cease,
That our eagle still soars with the emblem of peace.

The party detailed then proceeded to strew flowers upon the graves of the soldiers who were there interred, the band playing patriotic airs.

The entrance to this cemetery was under an arch, festooned with our national flag, decorated at the apex with a wreath of

red, white, and blue flowers, and on either side with wreaths of evergreens, bound with red, white, and blue ribbons, and on each side the touching inscription, "To the Memory of our Soldiers who Rest in Unknown Graves."

From the cemetery on Walnut street they then proceeded to "Holyrood Cemetery," on Heath street, passing through Walnut, Warren, and Heath streets, to the cemetery, where after a dirge by the band, the opening exercises were conducted by the Rev. J. M. Finotti, who stated his utter inability, in any words of his own, or of man's choosing, to do justice to the subject suggested by the occasion.

He alluded feelingly to the great struggle to keep and maintain one of the best of governments, and the great sacrifice made therefor, and said that he could only give expression to his feelings by reading that grand epic poem, the song of Moses for the great deliverance of the children of Israel after passing through the Red Sea.

The reverend gentleman then read to those who were there assembled, in an eloquent and impressive manner, that beautiful and inspired canticle of the great leader of the Israelitish hosts; and truly nothing could be more appropriate for the occasion. He also feelingly alluded to the beautiful service of placing flowers on the graves of those we loved or esteemed.

Short addresses were then made by Messrs. John W. Candler, G. F. Homer, and Willard T. Gross. Mr. Candler stirred the hearts of those who heard him with his fervid and glowing words. He spoke of the great blessings secured to the nation by the suppression of the Rebellion, the ready and efficient aid always afforded the loyal cause by the reverend gentleman who had preceded him, of the devotion and gallantry of our adopted citizens in sustaining the nation's honor and glory, and with touching sympathy referred to "the memory of our soldiers who sleep in unknown graves"—that, although we could not visit them at this time with the tokens of our love and respect, kind nature would plant the turf above them with brilliant green, and strew it with lovely flowers, and

> "Pale autumn spreads o'er them the leaves of the forest,
> And the songs of the birds chant the dirge of their rest."

Mr. Homer paid a high tribute to the gallantry and services of the soldiers and sailors of the Union, to their self-devotion to their country's cause, and called up the ancient custom of the Romans of crowning with flowers the graves of her soldiers who had performed or achieved some successful undertaking, but that the graves of all our soldiers deserve to be crowned with flowers.

Mr. Gross, in behalf of the committee, returned their thanks to the ladies for their acceptable donations of flowers, and sympathy with the undertaking, and also for all their kindness to them while in the field. The same service of placing flowers upon the graves was performed here as at the other cemetery.

The services throughout were impressive; the heartfelt words of the speakers, the clouds dropping their silent tears upon the graves of the gallant dead who slept in earth's bosom—all brought forcibly to mind the lines of Scotland's bard, when he makes his minstrel sing:

"Soldier, rest; thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
No rude sounds shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang nor war-steed's champing.
Trump nor pibroch summons here,
Mustering clan nor squadrons tramping;
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy sallow
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor wardens challenge here;
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping."

At Chelsea, Mass.

The rain, which had fallen in torrents during the night and morning, ceased as the hour of service approached; the procession formed at City Hall at 2 P.M., and marched to the Garden Cemetery, full 500 strong. The graves were already decorated by friendly hands ere the official services commenced, and subsequent favors of wreaths and flowers were a confirmatory expression of the general faith and love. All eyes were dim with tears. The singing of the young ladies of the public schools, the dirge, the prayer by Rev. Mr. Cudworth, contributed to the solemnity of the scene in a remarkable manner. The address by Hon. Frank B. Fay was listened to with profound attention.

MR. FAY'S ADDRESS.

Soldiers and Sailors of the Grand Army, Fellow-citizens, Friends: We scatter flowers to-day upon the graves of the fallen of our country's defenders. Not alone because they rest here, but in token of what the whole army of patriots, living and dead, achieved, that we and they, and their and our descendants, might have peaceful homes and a united country.

It is the *idea*, the devotion to duty, that we honor. The dead martyr *seems* more honored by these testimonial and memorial services; but when we remember that the bullet which providentially passed one man, pierced the heart of his comrade, we may believe that the motive, the courage, the risk, were to each the same, and to each like honor is due.

It is fitting that you do not surround this ceremony with the emblems of sadness, but rather with the cheerful voices of the young, and the beauty of bright flowers. For well do we know how cheerfully these men suffered, and risked and gave up their lives. They would say to-day, as they often said upon the field, "Shed no tears for us, for in no better cause could we have died."

It is fitting, too, that the tribute of to-day should be a floral one, typical of the fragrant and beautiful memory of the volunteers, who, all along the line of battle-fields, were mustered out of earth's service to join the "noble army of martyrs." They often said, "Bury me in the field when I die. I am not anxious where my bones shall lie; I am content to live only in the memory of my friends." But they could not realize how precious to those at home was the clay in which once beat the heart of love, and hence the effort, so often made, to recover their bodies and "tenderly" send them home for burial.

But many found their graves where they fell, some buried by comrades, many by the enemy, some in camp at the front, and some at hospital in the rear. Some came home to die, at once, with kindred, some lingered for months, and some are suffering to-day, but still live. Some are recorded among the "unknown," and no trace of them has been found.

And so our Chelsea men were scattered from Blackburn's Ford through all the fields in Virginia, at Gettysburg and Antietam, and other fields in Maryland; in North Carolina, and on the sandy shores of South Carolina; at Andersonville, and in other parts of Georgia; in Louisiana, Mississippi, Kentucky, and Tennessee, and at the hospitals in Ohio, Illinois, Rhode Island, Baltimore, Alexandria, and Washington; and here around this monument, and in other parts of this cemetery, at Woodlawn, and in other parts of New England, are the known and unknown graves.

And if, to-day, we cannot strew living flowers upon all their resting-places, we may bedew them with the moisture of our gratitude, and surround their names and their deeds with a wreath of affectionate remembrance. We have been and are grateful to all these for what they have done and suffered and sacrificed for us; and if spirits are permitted to revisit the

earth, we may believe theirs are hovering about us to-day, grateful for this remembrance.

We know this tribute cannot restore them to us, nor are monuments needed to keep alive their memories or their deeds; but they show to each succeeding generation how much we revere the spirit which animated these men, and how much we value the blessings they have conferred upon us.

This monument, erected by the city government, marks the spot where the ashes of some of our soldiers are laid, and is appropriate for the purpose. Another, erected by the people, more elaborate and more central, awaits the statue of the soldier, and ere long will be complete. And when succeeding city governments appreciate the situation, and with a wise economy make the surroundings fitting and ornamental, we shall have a resort, attractive to the eye and useful to the people, so that, on future anniversaries of this day, wreaths may be hung on that monument, to recognize it as a memorial of the gratitude of the people, as this is of the municipality. "And may this generation not pass away till all these things be fulfilled."

But besides the marble and the granite, we have the "bruised arms hung up for monuments," the maimed bodies, the shattered constitutions, the widows and the orphans; all these tell us of their sufferings and our duty.

I think I may be pardoned if I use, for a moment, the first person, at a time like this, when so many personal recollections crowd upon me—of my personal relations with nearly all of these men—recollections of their enlistment and their service—of their being wounded or dead, which I had the opportunity of sending to their friends—of last messages carried to them in the field and brought from them to dear ones at home—of their courage and patience under suffering—of their thoughtfulness of others and neglect of self—and of the burials in the field. We had no casket there, no flowers to strew upon the grave. We had little time for the dead; too little for the living.

These remembrances cluster as well about the men before me, some of whom, with severe wounds, I long since expected to follow to their graves. I remember kindnesses bestowed upon me, kind words spoken, and I could not forbear this allusion to a grateful experience, which is every day becoming more so by reviving memories.

And this gives me an opportunity to recognize the members of another Post, from the Island Ward, who were so much associated with Chelsea soldiers during the war. They were our nearest neighbors, and we came to know each other in the field as neighbors ought to be known. They are welcome here to-day, and will ever be when brave men are to be honored.

And I am glad to allude to our chaplain, who, to use his own words, "volunteered his services from no love of warfare, but simply because, with all his heart, he believed in Liberty and the Union." For three years, with but one week's absence, he "showed his faith by his works," in all the fields of the Army of the Potomac, stood by the soldiers in their hours of joy and sorrow, death and burial; and many of our own men, and hundreds more, are indebted to him for his anxiety to promote their moral, spiritual, and physical well-being. It is fitting that he should participate in the services of to-day.

But, soldiers, with all your suffering, you would not barter your service or your wounds for bars of gold. You sometimes thought you would be forgotten after the war. But there was too much good faith and honor in this people, and you have already been assured to the contrary.

That there will be individual instances of forgetfulness and neglect, is doubtless true; but you do not forget the reception of the dead and living, the National and State laws that have sought the comfort of your families, the recognition of preferred claims to employment—and this, too, when prosperity in business has not been the rule, but the exception. Let us have no fear that the country, the State, or the city, will ever be less mindful of their obligations or less expressive of their gratitude.

And if it should ever again be said, that the men of our army had other incentives to enter the service beside their patriotism, it may be replied, "Go, find the lowest, most reckless, most worthless man in the community, who has not been in the service, and ask him to name a price for which he would now risk a like exposure of life and limb." Rest assured, no price can be found high enough for an inducement; and thus every man ought to be convinced that there was a higher than any mercenary motive that impelled these men to enter the service.

And when we remember, that of the three companies especially enlisted in Chelsea, nearly one half were killed, wounded, or died by reason of their service, we shall more fully appreciate the danger to which all soldiers were exposed, and the devotion to their country which they exhibited.

Of the 150 men who entered the navy from Chelsea, very few were either wounded or killed; but there was among them equal love of country, equal courage, equal devotion to the service, and, living or dead, they should have equal honor.

But we remember, on all these memorial days, the dear ones whom the departed left, the widows and orphans, fathers and mothers; and they, too, appreciate our remembrance.

But do we realize the noble sacrifice of the wives who cheerfully parted with their husbands, mothers with their sons, sisters with their brothers?—how with their own hands they girded upon them the sword or the knapsack, and bid them God-speed, when they could almost as easily have severed their heart-strings. I had constant opportunity to know the cheerfulness with which they made the sacrifice, and how anxious they were that the name of their dear one should be untarnished, and would say, "Better dead than dishonored."

And we remember, too, those earnest women, who, upon the faith that all men are brothers, and all soldiers patriots, during the whole war kept up a constant supply of those comforts but for which more of you might be resting under this monument. I have a thousand reasons for being grateful to them; I know you have.

And so you remember with gratitude those other women who went to the field, and accepted hardship and sacrifice to care for you and your associates.

And, at this hour, we cannot but recall the recent translation of one of those dear to you, to me, and to thousands besides—one who sought to do her work with patriotic devotion to the cause and an earnest love of the flag, and who found in her ministry to her country's defenders a constant joy.* The grief at her loss, which wrings my heart to-day, must find its only balm in the faith that all must be well which is ordered from on high. And if she never more smile upon us on earth, we have always with us the memory of a beautiful life.

I am grateful that she had one opportunity to participate in a ceremony like this, when, in 1866, a few of us, men and women of Massachusetts, visited Bell Isle, and decorated with flowers the graves of the Union soldiers who died there while prisoners. That service was a sad one compared with this, for it recalled a thousand painful memories.

Soldiers of Posts 35 and 23: To-day, all over this land, in every hamlet, in every city, upon lonely graves, in national, public, and private cemeteries, you and your associates make this floral fraternal tribute. In doing it, you express your own affection and a nation's gratitude. You awake anew the memories of the lost—the war—the victory.

And if our human hearts will sometimes make us grieve for those who, too soon, have "gone before," we must remember that men

> "Live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial;"

* Helen L. Gilson (Osgood).

and that

"He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

At the conclusion of Mr. Fay's address, Mayor Frost made the following brief remarks:

Soldiers and Sailors of the Grand Army of the Republic: The eloquent sentiments expressed in the address and prayer leave but little for me to say.

The civil authorities of our city have gladly responded to your invitation, and are here present to join with you in this pleasant duty of scattering flowers—those beautiful emblems of God's smiles—upon the graves of those who gave their lives for our beloved country.

While we thus honor their memory, we also honor the surviving heroes of those battles which saved us in the days of peril. And we trust that generation after generation may continue this practice of decorating the graves of these patriots; thus teaching their descendants, through all future time, that whenever our country is in danger, those men who spring to her defence shall never be forgotten.

After the decoration services in the Garden Cemetery, the procession re-formed and visited Woodlawn, where the graves of our buried soldiers were also decorated. There also the grave of Mrs. Helen Gilson Osgood was decorated in a like manner—flowers in great variety and profusion.

At Charlestown, Massachusetts.

At noon of the 30th of May, Post 11, G. A. R., of Charlestown, formed in front of the City Hall, and, headed by Brown's Brigade Band, marched through Harvard, Washington, and Main streets to the old burying-ground. About sixty members turned out, and each carried a handsome bouquet. At the ground, prayer was offered by Chaplain Charles G. Pease, a few remarks were made by Commander H. R. Sibley, two original odes, written by Miss S. E. Perkins and Edmund Bradford, were sung by the members of the Post, and the flowers were then strewn upon the graves. They proceeded to the Bunker Hill and Catholic burying-grounds, on Bunker Hill street, where the ceremonies were repeated. They then marched to Causeway street, Boston, escorted by the Charlestown Cadets and City Guard, where they embarked in horse-cars for Cambridge, to participate in the exercises at Mount Auburn.

MR. BRADFORD'S ODE.

The battle storms of war are still,
The clash of arms is o'er,

And silenced now on plain and hill
The deep-mouthed cannon's roar.

Our heroes saw the coming strife,
And girt them for the fray;
In Freedom's cause they gave up life
And all its dear array.

The Starry Flag above them waved,
And Freedom led them on,
And Treason's brazen hosts they braved,
Till victory they won.

The cause for which their blood was shed
Has triumphed, though they fell;
Strew flowers upon their earthly bed
As tolls the funeral knell.

No silent, deep Lethean stream
Holds them in its embrace;
Their memories on earth are green,
And live to bless our race.

In Somerville, Massachusetts.

In this town the military, citizens, and school-children united with the G. A. R. The Somerville Light Infantry, Lieutenant Tufts, commanding, left their armory at about two o'clock and marched to the Town Hall, accompanied by Edmunds' Brass Band. Here delegations of citizens and school children were received, and the enlarged procession proceeded through Highland Avenue, Central, Summer, Howard, and Milk streets to the cemetery. The soldiers' monument, erected by the town two or three years ago, was decked with flowers at every available place. Two large bouquets crowned its top, and beneath, a picture of our martyred President was placed. Tablets on either side of the monument bore the names of sixty-four soldiers who had given their life for the country. Tri-colors extended from each tablet to the top of the monument, and in the rear a flagstaff had been erected, from which the national colors floated at three-quarters mast, and streamers reached to the ground on either side.

The military entered the cemetery and marched around it with arms reversed, the band playing a solemn dirge, after which each deposited at the foot of the monument a floral offering. Many of the children and citizens also paid a floral tribute to the memory of the fallen.

The remaining services consisted of prayer by Rev. Henry H. Barber, of the Unitarian Church, a dirge by the band, and appropriate remarks by M. Lebbeus Stetson, (the chief marshal,)

Hon. George O. Brastow, chairman of the committee of arrangements, Mr. John M. Tobin, formerly of the 9th Regiment, and A. H. Bailey, of Somerville.

At the suggestion of Hon. G. O. Brastow, he and Capt. Tobin were delegated to visit Mount Auburn and decorate the graves of Somerville soldiers there, and the military visited the Cambridge Cemetery, where three volleys were fired over the grave of Capt. Willard C. Kingsley.

Remarks by Lebbeus Stetson.

Fellow-Citizens: We have assembled together to-day, in this beautiful "garden of the dead," for the high and holy purposes of doing honor to the illustrious men who fell fighting valiantly in the great cause of human liberty. It is most fitting, on this solemn occasion, that we should offer our prayers to the God of the living and the dead.

Prayer by Rev. Henry H. Barber.

SPEECH BY MR. L. STETSON.

Fellow-Citizens of Somerville: The occasion which has called us together to-day is one which comes home to the hearts of every loyal citizen in our land. The history of the last seven years is still fresh in our remembrance. The heroes who fell in the five hundred battles lie buried in every portion of our nation's soil—

> Their bones are on the Southern hills,
> And on the Southern plain,
> By brook and river, lake and rill,
> And by the roaring main.

We come to-day, both old and young, with flowers and garlands to decorate the graves of these our sons and brothers, who laid down their lives in this most holy cause. We honor ourselves by honoring them, because we redeem the pledges we made them when they rushed into the contest, leaving home and all they held dear, to defend their country in the hour of her greatest peril. We told them that we would care for them and their families, and as they went forth all hearts and voices hailed them as our only hope; but, alas! how many of them were destined never to return. According to the report of the Adjutant-General three hundred and sixty thousand have been removed from the different battle-fields, and buried in the National Cemeteries. How can we express our admiration of the heroic valor of these champions of liberty. The poet has said, that—

They who for their country die,
Shall fill an honored grave,
For glory guards the soldier's tomb,
And beauty weeps the brave.

How readily they adapted themselves to the stern realities of war. The toilsome marches through an unknown country had no terrors for them, "onward to meet the foe" was their only hope, and when night came, and the "bivouac" was their resting-place, then they showed the true qualities of the soldier.

Give him a blanket, and at Night's falling
He'll think of the Land for steel and blood calling;
He'll ne'er close his eye with a home sigh or sorrow,
But a vow to strike home, wooing death on the morrow.

By an order issued at Washington by General Logan to the Grand Army of the Republic, this 30th day of May was set apart for this holy purpose; that in every city and town, wherever a soldier's grave should be found, it should be decorated with flowers, as a memorial of the services they had performed in the cause of their country.

The citizens of Somerville have erected this splendid monument, to the memory of eighty-five soldiers of their quota who fell on the battle-fields, or died in hospitals, or in the prison-pens at the South. To-day, with sorrowing hearts, we perform this loving tribute, and renew the pledges made to them, that we will always hold them in kind remembrance, and care for the widows and orphans—and as each year rolls on in its course, we will renew our vows of fidelity to the great cause which cost us so much blood and treasure. As we stand by the graves of these heroes, our minds revert back to the dark days of 1865, when the land was in mourning and in tears, at the news of the sudden death of Abraham Lincoln by the assassin's hand. As we gaze on the face of this greatest of martyrs and heroes, which hangs on yonder monument, we feel that he alone is worthy to lead that host of martyrs, who died that we as a nation might live.

But, thank God! a better day has dawned upon our beloved country. Peace has been proclaimed. The opposing armies have returned to their former occupations, and we have every reason to hope that the noise of war shall never again be heard in our land; and may the days to come be verified, as described by the poet "Longfellow:"

Were half the power that fills the world with terror—
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts
Given to redeem the human mind from error—
There were no need of arsenals, nor forts.

The Warrior's name, would be a name abhorred,
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against its brother, should on it's forehead,
Wear evermore the curse of Cain.

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing cry of violence shall cease;
And like a "Bell" in solemn sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say "*Peace.*"

"Peace!" And no longer from these brazen portals,
The blast of war's dread organs rends the skies,
But beautiful as sons of the immortals—
The holy melodies of love shall rise.

"Give me Liberty, or give me Death!" was the immortal exclamation of Patrick Henry. Our brothers, the heroes to whose memory yonder monument was raised by their grateful townsmen, did their full share in the patriotic work of securing and perpetuating the glorious boon of National Liberty, though at the sad sacrifice of their valuable lives—

"But 'tis sweet, O 'tis sweet for one's country to die!—
From Fame's glittering ladder they've stepped to the sky!"

It is most fitting that now, in this period of peace, after the stern alarums of war have been stilled and the shocks of battle have ceased, we here meet to strew flowers upon the graves of our martyrs—now in the spring time, when the bright blossoms are falling around us, presaging the ripe fruits ere long to be scattered, with an equally wide diffusion, over the land.

So the heroic deeds of our fallen braves, in connection with those of their surviving compatriots, have already commenced to yield the fruits of *their* labors—a country saved from dismemberment, and rapidly recovering from the wounds of war—a nation more formidable and influential than ever among the powers of the world—a whole race of men, women and children emancipated from the chains and evils of slavery—their education and adaptation to a life of freedom, in good progress—the civil, political and religious rights and privileges of all men equally protected by law, and in process of universal recognition by public sentiment throughout the different States;—these great and good results, with the unnumbered beneficent influences following in their train down through ages to come, have all been achieved in consequence of the individual and collective patriotism, the unflinching courage, the devoted fortitude, the matchless skill, and all-conquering valor of the Grand Army of the Republic!

This army, whether in service on the banks of the Potomac or the James, on the Cumberland or the Mississippi, on the

"historic march to the sea," or on the decks of our invincible navy, was ever constantly backed and sustained by a people at home, whose loyalty knew no check under any adverse circumstances—whose liberality was unbounded—whose steadfastness to principle was the highest moral heroism, and whose force of will was quenchless and irresistible. Springing from such a constituency, inspired by the same elements, and having the holiest of causes—the defence of the only free republic on earth — to support, nothing of human opposition could daunt or long defeat, and nothing but the continuous frowns of heaven could possibly prevent the final and glorious triumph of our arms.

All this, fellow-citizens, must have been in accordance with the high decrees of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe; and as we review the signal favor ever shown us since the beginning of our national existence, we can but believe He hath fully ordained that

> "The star-flowering banner must never be furled,
> For its blossoms of light are the hope of the world."

Yes, our American Union is gazed upon by the downtrodden millions elsewhere, as the veritable Kohinoor of Liberty, set among the nations of the earth to flash light upon the darkness of despotism—to irradiate the world with the sublime doctrine of the divine right of THE PEOPLE to *self-government*, rather than subjection to kings and usurpers—and to give a practical illustration of a constellation of independent political States acting in harmony with their own National Government. Like the stars of the planetary system, may the States of this Union hereafter differ from each other only in glory, while revolving around a common centre, all glowing resplendently with the living lights of FREEDOM, JUSTICE AND HUMANITY!

AT BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

July 27, 1868.

Evergreen Cemetery at Brighton was the scene of solemn and deeply impressive ceremonies, attendant upon the observance of the second anniversary of the dedication of the monument erected there in memory of the brave men who gave their lives for the salvation of their country.

Two years ago the monument was completed and appropriately dedicated, and last year its first anniversary was observed by a gathering of the surviving comrades of the deceased; and at the conclusion of the services they mutually agreed that each year, so long as they lived, that day should be set apart by them for a testimonial in memory of the departed. This year

the preparations for the display were made upon a more extensive scale. Invitations were extended to Post 15 of Boston, G. A. R., and also to the same organization in Cambridge, Post 30, as well as to the members of the First Massachusetts Battery Association, and other kindred organizations, to unite with the returned soldiers of Brighton in making the occasion one of interest.

Post 15, G. A. R., fifty men, under command of Lieut.-Col. G. H. Hovey, in company with a detachment of thirty men from the 11th Massachusetts Battery Association, under command of Geo. W. Booth, took the cars at the Boston and Albany depot at 1.15, and on arriving at Brighton were received by the Returned Soldiers' Club of Brighton, under command of the President, John L. B. Pratt, and headed by the Cambridge Band, marched to the square, where the procession was formed as follows: Cambridge Band; Returned Soldiers' Club of Brighton; detachment of twenty-seven men from the Ordnance Department of Watertown Arsenal, under command of Sergt. Eagleson; Post 15, G. A. R., Boston; Post 30, G. A. R., Cambridgeport; thirty-five men, under command of Senior Vice-Commander, W. H. Carey; Nonantum Lodge, 116, of Brighton, under command of J. G. Davis, N. G., accompanied by delegations from Friendship Lodge, No. 20, Cambridgeport; N. E. Lodge, 4, of East Cambridge; and Lafayette Lodge, 51, Watertown, thirty men.

At about 3 o'clock the procession left the square, and marched to Evergreen Cemetery, about a mile distant. At the entrance the gateway and arches were profusely draped with the Stars and Stripes and crape, while over the entrance, in the centre, were the words: "While Honoring the Living, we Mourn the Fallen." On leaving the hall of the Association, in the square, each person in the procession was furnished by the ladies with beautiful bouquets, and when they reached the monument the ranks separated and each man placed his floral tribute upon the base of the monumental shaft, which itself from base to summit was entwined with evergreen and beautifully draped with the nation's flag. The different organizations formed in a semicircle around the monument grounds, while hundreds of spectators were sitting or standing in the immediate vicinity, and, as soon as the order was restored, a dirge was performed by the band, followed by the reading of Scripture lessons and prayer by Rev. S. W. McDaniel, who served during the late war as chaplain in one of the regiments. The choir of the First Church, of which Mr. McDaniel is the pastor, united with the audience in singing the following original hymn, written by Augustus Mason, M. D.:

Now to our patriot dead we've paid
The tribute of immortal fame,
While gratefully we breathe each name
On this memorial shaft displayed.

On many a Southern field they fell,
Battling for Freedom and the Right;
And in the thickest of the fight,
They bore their country's standard well;

Or perished in the traitor's pen;
Or mid the hardships of the field,
Their loyalty with life they sealed,
And died like brave, true-hearted men.

To all who sleep a soldier's sleep,
Where'er they lie—in hallowed ground,
Or those above whose grass-grown mound
Sad stars their lonely vigils keep—

To all our brave, heroic band,
Who nobly met a soldier's fate,
This monument we consecrate,—
God bless them and our native land!

At the conclusion of the hymn, Maj. Charles Rice, of Brighton, in a few appropriate remarks, introduced as the orator for the occasion Mr. J. L. B. Pratt, who, on coming forward, said that the occasion was one on which he felt most keenly his inability to give proper expression to sentiments worthy such an event. The gathering of veterans who had served in the campaign with the now silent dead, whose memory they sought to keep fresh and green within their hearts, together with so large a number of the citizens of Brighton and adjacent towns, gave evidence that the noble, self-denying heroism of those martyrs had not been forgotten, and that the principles for which they so generously devoted their lives were still valued by the people. It had been his fortune to be associated in the camp and in the battle-field with many of those whose death they were now commemorating; and while he and those before him, who had endured the privations of a soldier's life, might forget the changing scenes of to-day and to-morrow; while they might forget the impressive scenes of this occasion, they never would forget the terrible struggle through which they had passed in their efforts to assist in maintaining their glorious Government; and while they might mingle their tears with those of thousands of others for the loss of dear friends, companions, brothers, they still could feel consolation in the thought that their death had been glorious, and that they had gone forth determined to conquer, or return on their shields.

The oration was eloquent, and commanded the closest attention throughout.

A dirge by the band concluded the exercises in the immediate vicinity of the monument, and the company adjourned to the beautiful grove in the cemetery, a few rods distant, where had collected a large audience, composed principally of ladies, among whom were several widows of deceased soldiers.

A small platform had been erected, and seats scattered among the trees gave those present a good opportunity to listen to the exercises. Mr. Pratt, in the name of the friends of the deceased, and the Brighton Association of Returned Soldiers, briefly thanked those from out of town for their kind assistance in carrying out the programme, and then introduced the orator of the day, Rev. Mr. Frederick A. Whitney, who, after a brief introduction, read the order of General Logan relative to the decoration of soldiers' graves, and stated that, while the friends of the movement in Brighton countenanced the movement most heartily, they thought it better to postpone the offering of their floral tributes until this occasion, the anniversary of the dedication of the monument. At the conclusion of the order, the reverend gentleman spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF REV. FREDERICK A. WHITNEY.

I need not remind you how well this admirable order was obeyed on the 30th of May last. We all remember how generally through the land, with what grateful and tender emotions, with what lavish contributions of beautiful flowers, the graves and monuments of our fallen soldiers were visited and adorned. It was thought best that for this year the citizens of this town should particularly observe the anniversary of the dedication of this beautiful monument, as, on the last July, they observed its first anniversary, and as had been contemplated before General Logan's order was issued, instead of the earlier date in May. Hereafter it will be our pleasure to join with our countrymen in deed, as well as in spirit, on the common day of commemoration.

Gratefully and reverently, then, we come here to-day to think of our departed heroes, and, with them, of the great band of co-patriots who died to save our land. With prayers of thanksgiving to Almighty God "who was on our side when men rose up against us," we honor them who, under God, were our defence. With words of eulogy and songs of praise we manifest our remembrance. With sweet flowers and evergreens we wreath this massive monument, so exquisitely wrought, that bears the name of our native or adopted dead, and bedeck their

graves. That great body of brave soldiers who went from all the ranks of life, in the glow and promise of youth and in the strength and maturity of manhood, and fell by thousands in the struggle with armed rebellion, we commemorate them anew.

Few, indeed, of this numerous host sleep around us in these consecrated grounds. Not all, even of our own brave boys, are here, save as Christian faith permits us to fancy their blessed spirits may hover about us in our grateful service. Hearts among us, I tell you, friends, that still mourn the beloved who came not back from the batttle-fields, send to-day their tenderest offerings to distant burial spots where such repose. To sunny Carolina, where Barry was borne from the sick bed in hospital to his grave at Hilton Head; to Virginia, where, on the disastrous field of Bull Run, Bennett fell and sleeps, and to the same great State, where the rolling Shenandoah, at Front Royal, engulfed the youthful form of Cushing, as he sought, by swimming, to join his regiment on the other side; to Georgia, where, at Ackworth, Dailey was wounded and died; and where, at the rebel prison at Millen, Day met death by starvation, having first tasted the horrors of Andersonville, at the recital of which the heart of the civilized world faints; to Fredericksburg, Va., where Frost died in hospital and was buried; to the memorable battle-field of Gettysburg, Pa., where Golding fell and lies; to Kedysville, Md., where Grover died and was buried—wounded eight days before at the battle of Antietam; to Port Royal, S. C., where Niles died suddenly from disease and was laid to rest; and to the old graveyard at Falmouth, Va., where, spared through many engagements, but stricken with paralysis, Rice sleeps; to Bull Run again, where the elder Russell fell; to Ship Island, in the Gulf of Mexico, where Starkey died from sickness and was interred; to Boykin's Mills, in South Carolina, where Stevens was instantly killed in battle, and where he rests; to the Florence Stockade, in the same State, where Thompson died a prisoner; and to Alexandria, Va., where Warren the younger, dying in hospital, was interred;—to all these places fond affection prompts some among us, it may be, especially to turn their wishful thoughts, and would lay, how gladly! these sweet floral offerings on those far-off graves.

I have recited the names borne on our monument of those who came not back from the war. With them I must not omit the names there inscribed of Dudley, and Fowle, and Fuller, and Howe, and Plummer, and Ring, and Russell the younger, and Warren the elder, part of whom returned enfeebled by disease, but to be kindly ministered to and nursed by home and friends, till shortly they closed their eyes amidst familiar scenes,

and were interred in these grounds; while of others of them, their bodies only were, by a merciful Providence, brought tenderly back to rest likewise here, in these peaceful shades.

These our departed ones whom we specially commemorate, this spacious and beautiful Cemetery that bears the appropriate and touching name of Evergreen, this monument and these graves adorned, represent for us to-day the great company who laid down their lives in the late war, and whose bodies lie scattered through the land. In discharging here this grateful service of commemoration, we would embrace in our loving regards and would honor them all. To all, and to no few alone, our gratitude is due for our nation spared and our Union restored. Through fortunes how various they fell! The forms of many, how marred in war, on which affection even could not ask to gaze! On the features of others, stilled in death, were friends permitted to look in all their native freshness—

> "Before decay's effacing fingers
> Had swept the lines where beauty lingers."

They went forth with you, their brave comrades, not counting your own lives dear, so victory might be won for the nation, encountering danger, suffering, death, while we, so many, abode peacefully in our homes. Can we become ever unmindful of our obligations to these our defenders? Can ever affection grow cold, or, as years revolve, can the spots where repose their ashes, or the monuments reared to their name, be neglected? Never, it would seem, could this dread indifference steal over the people's heart, would each one take up the burden of the gifted poet, who sang so well the labors and sufferings of our martyr hosts, "They died for you and me."

> "Four hundred thousand men,
> The brave, the good, the true,
> In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
> On battle plain, in prison-pen,
> Lie dead for me and you!
> Four hundred thousand of the brave
> Have made our ransomed soil their grave,
> For me and you!
> Good friend, for me and you!

Bring, then, the beautiful flowers and evergreens of the opening Spring, or of the rich and fruitful summer, twine their monuments, and adorn their graves. Come, comrades of the fallen, who marched with them, and suffered with them, and stood with them in the din of battle, and saw them fall. Come, friends, who mourned the death of the good and true, and the pleasant lights that seemed to have gone out in your

homes. They are not dead, but live more truly than before ye gave them a willing offering for the country's life. They are not here; they are risen. "They only live whose life is immortality!" Come, children and youths and maidens, fathers and mothers and old men, and join in the glad services of commemoration that shall keep green their memories and help perpetuate the good institutions for which they were the sacrifice. It is the hour and the place most fit for quickening the sentiments of gratitude for the past and resolution for the future. Grateful for the patriot dead, as we stand by this eloquent shaft that tells the whole story of their noble deeds, let all pledge themselves anew to the holy cause of Freedom, Patriotism, Loyalty. Welcome the flowers! As the sweet English poetess, Mrs. Hemans, sung so tenderly of them, as most grateful in festal hours, on the conqueror's homeward way, in the captive's prison-cell, at the bridal, at the altar, at the burial, so bring them now! And, mingling with their sweet perfume, the very prayer we breathe here, the good purposes we cherish for our beloved country, the dear memories we call up of the departed shall hallow and bless us, and ascend as grateful incense to heaven.

"Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer—
They are nature's offering, their place is there;
They speak of hope to the fainting heart;
With a voice of promise they come and part;
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours;
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers!

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead;
For this, through its leaves, hath the white rose burst;
For this, in the woods, was the violet nursed;
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift;—bring ye flowers, fresh flowers!"

A beautiful original poem was read by Augustus Mason, M.D., and was warmly applauded. A brief address was made by Mr. N. M. Gaylord, Department Chaplain of the G. A. R., and the exercises were concluded by singing "America," and the Benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. McDaniel.

The Chief Marshal was A. T. Brewer, of Brighton, assisted by Capt. Thomas Appleton, Richard Smart, and H. P. Milton.

Among the color-bearers was Mr. Wm. Dudley, more than fifty years of age, who was with Sherman in his entire campaign.

At Newton, Mass.

The day was unpropitious, and yet this circumstance did not

prevent a large number of the patriotic ladies of Newton from gracing the occasion with their presence, while others, unable to attend, were with the brave soldiers in spirit, in their mission of affection at the graves of departed comrades. The Chief Marshal of the day was Gen. A. B. Underwood, who performed the various duties of his position with ability and earnestness, indicating that his heart was in the work.

The procession at Newtonville was formed with commendable promptitude. Escort duty was performed by Triton Fire Engine Company, of West Newton, who had with them their fire apparatus, drawn by horses, and profusely decorated with flowers. The Company numbered forty, dressed in a uniform of red shirts and glazed caps. It is officered as follows: Foreman, David Almon; Second Foreman, Henry Bixby; Third Foreman, P. J. Monks; Clerk, C. H. Stacy; Steward, G. D. Merriam. It was eminently proper that this Company should take part in the proceedings, for a number of its members were participants in the struggle, several having lost their lives for the cause. Several members of this Company marched with the soldiers.

The following deceased soldiers were members of this Company previous to their enlistment:

John Forsythe, Jr., Sergt., Co. H, 16th; Eben Buck, Sergt., Co. B, 44th; Daniel Sanger, private, Co. K, 32d; John Allen, do., Co. G, 1st; Fred. A. Cutter, do., Co. K, 32d; William N. Freeman, do., Co. I, 1st; Joseph R. Pratt, Co. K, 32d.

Next in order came five hundred school children, each having a bouquet, which—in many cases with some labor—they had gathered the previous day in the woods of the town. It was a pleasant sight to witness the enthusiasm of these little ones on this occasion.

About two hundred of the citizens of the town, headed by the Board of Selectmen, followed. Then came sixty of the returned soldiers and seamen of the town, headed by Martland's Band, of North Bridgewater. Among the soldiers were Gen. J. C. Edmands, Major Boyd, Adjutant Haviland, of the 12th Mass. Regiment, Captain Clark of the U. S. N.; and Captains Benson and Kingsbury and Surgeon Whitney of the 13th, who constituted a delegation from Post 15 of the G. A. R. There was also a Youthful Military Company, of the Bigelow School, Newton Corner, the members of which appeared to have acquired considerable efficiency in the drill manual for this especial occasion.

The Mechanic Fire Company of Newton Upper Falls joined in the procession, and the rear was brought up by about two hundred carriages, filled with ladies and gentlemen.

The procession, as it moved along Walnut street to the Cemetery, a distance of a mile and a quarter, was rather imposing in size, and creditable also to the patriotism of the people of the town. Reaching the gates, the firemen, citizens, &c., stood at each side with uncovered heads as the soldiers marched forward and formed a circle about the monument, which had been decorated with a magnificent evergreen wreath, a beautiful floral cross, and numerous bouquets of flowers. Behind the soldiers were grouped the school-children, citizens, and firemen, the whole completely covering the eminence in the centre of which rises up the graceful granite shaft that will keep the names of the dead soldiers in perpetual remembrance.

The proceedings at this point commenced with the performance of a dirge by the band, followed by a fervent prayer by Rev. D. L. Furber, of Newton Centre, Chaplain of the Day. A circle of bouquets was then placed by soldiers and citizens about the monument.

The following hymn, written for the occasion by Rev. S. F. Smith, was then sung by the soldiers and audience to the tune of "Peterborough."

HYMN.

Grateful, the pious feast we keep
In memory of the dead,
And where the valiant soldiers sleep,
Strew honors o'er their bed.

As Spring-flowers deck the silent earth,
As stars the skies illume,
These loving tributes, lo! we bring,
To grace each hallowed tomb.

The land they saved their honor keeps,
While dark oppression cowers,
And every tear affection weeps
Is crystalled into flowers.

The deeds they wrought, the truths they sealed,
Their memory, dear, in death
Are fragrant as the blooming field,
Or Summer's perfumed breath!

God of the living and the dead,
Like am'ranths on their tomb,
The trust for which their blood was shed,
Keep in immortal bloom.

The soldiers, preceded by the band, and accompanied by the citizens, firemen, and school-children, proceeded to the graves

of the soldiers buried in the ground, which they decorated profusely with flowers. In many cases the graves had been previously visited by relatives and friends on a similar errand of love and devotion. We repeat the names as follows:

Wm. R. Benson, Theodore L. Brackett, 1st Lieut. Eben White, Maj. Henry S. Lawson, John B. Rogers, Leopold H. Hawkes, Edward Lyman, Henry C. Harrington, Wm. A. Harris, Thos. L. Jackson, Wm. H. Rice, Lewis Houghton, Eben R. Buck, Lucius F. Trowbridge, Charles Ward, Thomas C. Norcross, M. T. H. Roffe, Lemuel F. Bassett, Alfred Washburn, Wm. H. Johnson, Wm. H. Belcher, George E. Huntress, George Kimball, and Stephen L. Nichols.

Returning to the monument, one verse each of "America" and "Auld Lang Syne" were sung, after which the soldiers marched to Newton Corner, where detachments were designated to visit the graves of Surgeon Kendall, John L. Flagg, and Charles F. Hooker, at the Lower Falls grounds, and of William Fell and Charles S. Brown, at the Upper Falls.

At Natick, Massachusetts.

The floral tribute on the 30th of May to the memory of the nation's dead was paid in Natick, in a most fitting manner, by the children of the public schools. A long procession, bearing the early flowers of the season, was formed at the appointed hour in the public square. The soldiers' monument recently erected, bearing the names of eighty-six deceased soldiers, was entwined with evergreens and decked with flowers. As the procession passed around it, the children flung flowers at its base. The procession then moved to Dell Park Cemetery, where rest the remains of most of those whose bodies have been returned from the fields where they perished. Arriving at the cemetery, this procession of hundreds of children encircled the grave of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Hamilton Wilson, the only son of Senator Henry Wilson, and were addressed by the Rev. Addison Parker.

We come, he said, to this resting place of the dead to pay a grateful tribute. We come to scatter fresh flowers upon the graves of our dead heroes, in obedience to the request that has gone forth through the land that this simple and expressive tribute shall this day everywhere be paid. Wherever throughout this broad land the instincts of patriotism find utterance, the martyrs of the great rebellion shall thus receive evidences of the remembrance and gratitude of their countrymen. While we carve in enduring marble the names of our heroic dead, while

monumental shafts and memorial tablets are rising to commemorate their devotion, we this day visit the places where reposes their sacred dust, and tenderly bestrew their graves with the flowers of springtime. As the years roll on, may this national tribute, now offered for the first time, become an annual custom by which the unborn generations shall keep undimmed the remembrance of the heroes whose lives have been the price of our restored national unity.

We may esteem it to be a rare privilege that the remains of so many of our fallen sons have been gathered from the distant places where they perished. Never before, in a war of great magnitude, have so many bereaved ones been permitted the solace of this great consolation.

> "'Tis little, yet it looks, in truth,
> As if the quiet bones were blest
> Among familiar names to rest,
> And in the places of their youth."

Most of those who fell still repose on distant fields of conflict, by the roadside where they perished, near the hospitals where they languished, in the prison-pens, where privations wrought their fearful tortures, or in the cemeteries where the nation has garnered up their mortal remains. While we do honor to the few of the fallen who are buried here, we will tenderly remember also with them the vast sacramental host that perished in the stern strife of civil war. Sacred be the spots where lie the heroic dead, and sanctified by their burial in it be the whole land they saved. The re-united country shall be the perpetual and proudest monument which the nation can dedicate to their names and memories. Let these children, bearing flowers to deck the graves of fallen heroes, remember ever that the soldiers, whose graves they bestrew with the flowers of spring, loved their country—that they fought for it, suffered for it, and died for it. It was sweet and honorable for them thus to die. It was for them sweeter to perish for their country then to have lived to have seen her dismembered, dishonored, and abased. Their example teaches you to love your native land. Learn, then, from them how exalted is the virture of patriotism; let childhood and youth this day, as they strew flowers upon the graves of the patriot dead, resolve they will ever be loyal to their country, devoted to her service—that they will cherish her honor and guard her fame.

At the close of Mr. Parker's address a prayer was offered, and the children in procession laid their floral offerings upon the grave of Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, where they had gathered,

and then visited and decked the other graves with flowers. Sorrow-stricken kindred, as they beheld this rite performed by children's hands over the last of their lost and loved ones, returned to their homes with hearts chastened and ennobled by these kindly offices to the loyal dead of the great Rebellion.

At Lynn, Mass.

The ceremony of strewing with flowers the graves of those soldiers who fell in the late war, was performed in the city of Lynn, by Post No. 5, G. A. R., in an impressive and interesting manner, on Saturday afternoon, May 30. The fact that these sad rites were generally observed throughout the loyal States, added to the solemnity of the occasion, and as the procession moved along, the sound of distant cannon, which were being fired in the neighborhood of Boston, boomed a mournful requiem on the ear. The weather, though far from being bright or spring-like, was yet a trifle more favorable than that to which we have of late been accustomed. Though a thick mist hung like a pall over the earth, still the rain kept off until the evening, when the ceremonies were nearly concluded. The afternoon was partially observed as a half-holiday, and a large crowd of people wended their way towards Pine Grove Cemetery, to witness the procession and the ceremonies. The national colors were displayed at half-mast from the various flagstaffs in the city, and suggested a thousand tender and patriotic associations. The members of the Post, to the number of about one hundred and thirty, under the command of Post Commander Gardner S. Morse, mustered at Cadet Hall at one o'clock, and formed in procession in the following order:

Escort of Police.

Aids. Marshal. Aids.

Lynn Brass Band.

Post No. 5, G. A. R.

Disabled soldiers, in carriages.

Former members of the army and navy.

The procession looked exceedingly well, each member of the Post being becomingly dressed in a plain suit of black, with fatigue cap, white gloves, and a rosette of white and black satin. Each man bore a wreath, or one or more bouquets of flowers, some of which were of a very choice description. The bright green leaves and brilliant blossoms contrasted pleasantly with the dark dress of the men, and shed, as the procession passed, a grateful fragrance on the air.

The column first passed through Market, Broad and Union streets, to the Eastern Cemetery, where the graves of the soldiers

buried there were decorated, the band playing a dirge. From thence they marched through Chestnut, Broad, Exchange, Union, Washington, Monroe, Market, Summer, Commercial and South Common streets to the Western Burying Ground, where the same ceremonies were performed, the bell of the Second Universalist Church being tolled during the time. They then marched up North Common street to the City Hall, where the procession was joined by His Honor the Mayor, Rev. R. N. Wright, and some invited friends. They then passed up Franklin and Boston streets to the Pine Grove Cemetery, where a large number of carriages and spectators had already assembled. Marching up to the centre of the Cemetery, they halted in front of a small platform draped with the national colors, which had been erected by the side of the Soldiers' Lot for the occasion. A large concourse of persons was assembled at this point, and after a slight pause Post Commander Morse introduced Rev. Mr. Wright, pastor of the Second Universalist Church, and who himself had lost a son in the war, who made a comprehensive and most impressive prayer, which was listened to with profound attention—the members of the Post remaining uncovered during the time.

A select choir, consisting of Miss M. E. Bartlett, Miss K. M. Plummer, Mr. C. E. Fairbanks and Mr. Edward Butler, then sang the beautiful chant, "Hear, Father, hear our Prayer." Post Commander Morse then spoke as follows:—

Comrades and Fellow-Citizens: I need not allude to the solemnity of this occasion. I need not speak of the mournful interest which attaches to the exercises of this day, or the subdued pleasure we all feel in meeting on this consecrated ground, bearing in our hands these beautiful tributes to the memory of the patriot dead, for I know that every true soldier's heart will be strengthened and quickened by the ceremonies of the occasion. In compliance with orders from the national Headquarters, we have marched, not for the sake of any ostentatious parade or public display, but for the purpose of quietly decorating with fresh flowers these soldiers' graves—of raising above these still, dead forms that flag, which, when they, with us, were strong, living men, through many marches, sieges and battles, they followed long, fought for, loved so well, and at last laid down their lives to protect.

Comrades in arms, brave men! true men! martyrs of liberty —may we never forget them, and may a grateful, prospered nation, saved by their valor, ever cherish their memory.

Comrade T. E. Vassar, pastor of the First Baptist Church, then delivered the following address:—

Standing amid these burial acres, where have fallen so often the mourner's tears, the verdure of early summer opening around, the breeze faintly murmuring through these quivering pines, the leaden clouds dropping like a pall over the graves of our dead brothers, we might well lay the garlands of our affection, and then go hence in silence, listening only to the echoes of holy prayer. Since it has been otherwise arranged, however, give me for a little space your sympathy, remembering that human utterance must need fall below the level of the hour.

Not for the sake of vain display have the pursuits of industry to-day been laid aside. Not on an idle, senseless errand have we, with draped colors and badges of grief, hither come. Little taste have those who have shared the stern realities of active service for sham or show; but, joining a brave brotherhood banded together to maintain principles struggled for on many a bloody field, we consecrate these hours to offering such tribute as survivors may to the memory of the faithful, now for earth no more—men who fought to plant the nation's flag again on every staff whence treason had torn it, but who died without the sight. So have all lands and ages honored their loyal sons. Hebrew poetry has few strains more sadly sweet than the dirge chaunted over "the beauty of Israel" falling down in the dust and darkness on Gilboa's tragic heights; and old Greece and Rome rarely turned out such processions as went with speech, and song, and offering, to pay homage to their heroic dead.

Not with such tokens of gratitude and admiration as they were wont to bear, do we gather around this honored dust. Wonders of art, weapons, ornaments, gems, are not the gifts we bring. More in keeping with a purer faith and tenderer memories the meed. Wreaths woven from evergreen, whose life the long winter has not chilled, whose tints drifting snows have not bleached—symbols of an affection that abides unwasted and unwithered—mute prophets of immortality, we lay upon these graves. And also flowers—flowers, that nowhere seem out of place, from the bridal head whereon we bind them, to the cold breast of the dead on which they are laid; flowers, before whose fragile beauty little children clap their hands, and the gray-haired look with as deep delight—we scatter on the green turf covering brave breasts. Pleasant is the reflection, that all through the land patriots will so keep the day. On the ridgy slopes of Gettysburg, where thousands rest; along the banks of the Antietam, where repose most who fell those terrible September days; on Lookout Mountain, where broad acres furnish sepulture to multitudes gathered from all adjacent fields; at

Arlington, whose Heights are crowned with tiers of tombs; at Andersonville and Belle Isle and Salisbury, where so many ghastly victims of the prison-pen, true to the last, laid down in less noted burial-places on Southern soil, holding the nation's slain; in hundreds of graveyards on Northern plains and hills, to which the brave-hearted from "the front" were borne to await by the side of kindred the awakening hour—in all these places, now made sacred forevermore, kind hands will this day lay chaplets from sun to sun.

Ten years since, and a soldier's grave was something rare enough to go out of the way to see. In a beautiful enclosure on the Hudson, where in childhood I often strayed, and where the dust of nearly all my kindred rests, there is one tomb at which, in the past, many stopped. No costly monument arrested the eye. The slab was old and very plain, but, after recording name and age, it added this simple line—"A soldier of the Revolution." Many summers the grass has waved on that unadorned mound, yet few passed it without lingering long enough to do homage to the hero who girded on his sword when the rod of oppression weighed heavily, to win deliverance for his land. And when Time shall make the wondrous scenes through which these latter days have led us seem more wonderful, reverence as profound shall be felt and shown for the names of those who gave up life to preserve what patriot fathers earned. To-day the shadows of bereavement yet brood too heavily over many a heart and home to see the great good which their sore loss has gained. In every appeal to the sword, those who fall are such as the land can least afford to lose. It is not the aged, whose work is nearly done, whose term of service naturally soon would end—not the feeble, the infirm, the superannuated—not such as have gone aside from industrial activities—for whom the nation in stern straits call. Something choicer is the demand. The strong right arm which years have never weakened, the nerves that disease has not unstrung, the eye which has not yet been robbed of fire, the limbs that journey unwearied over leagues, the face that neither time nor pain has furrowed, the head a stranger to gray hairs, the mind whose perceptions yet are sharp and quick, and vigorous and clear, the will resolute, unfaltering, firm, the hopes sanguine, buoyant, full of cheer, the affections warm, unblighted, fresh—this is the material of which a government makes its armies, and which so fearfully fast it uses up. And then there will rise thoughts not only of what the lost were, but of what they might have become. How many a father had plans matured, reaching beyond his own days—plans that sons were to carry out when the sire was gone. How

many anticipated having the child's stout arm to lean on as the step grew tremulous and slow. How parental pride pictured success for those in whom existence was bound up—prizes gained, positions won. How the neighborhood, the State, the nation, counted on what its young men should achieve. And when, instead of finding such expectations realized, the fair, the promising, the loved, were mowed down in swaths, it was not strange that, at the first, smitten sensibilities writhed in agony; not strange if even to-day sad hearts, looking on these ceremonies through tears, remember only the fearful price they helped pay for the nation's ransom; not strange if hearts that have gone through these lesser Gethsemanes, find over them darkness brooding still. But to the graves on which tear-drops yet fall like rain, they by-and-by shall come with emotions tender and subdued. Gone will be the anguish under which they have been walking bowed; gone the bitterness which has turned their day to night, and remembering chiefly the issues of the bloody agony, catching the holy hallelujahs in which the thunderous discords once shattering the air sunk away, this shall be the testimony borne—"Our beloved perished not in vain—the reward was weightier than the sacrifice—the glory greater than the gloom."

To settle the question whether this nation should perish or endure, and solve the greater problem whether popular government was possible, Lynn sent to the army and navy more than three thousand men. One hundred and fifty of this number were lost in actual service, and quite a number more, honorably discharged, came home only to get a welcome given and die. About a score wasted in Southern prisons. Their remains lie with other sufferers, far away; their names are on the Republic's martyr roll. We have visited about seventy graves to-day, and on them left the tribute of our love. These, probably, are all who found burial here. Within this lot, consecrated to such as fell, some more enduring memorial doubtless will one day rise. But be it never so massive, so majestic, so imposing, the results they contributed to secure will be more grand and lasting far. Great truths are longer-lived than granite or marble or bronze. Not yet do we see all for which they wrought attained. In the beginning, self-preservation alone was aimed at, but unconsciously every blow was to tell on something beyond. Little as we knew it—either the living or the dead—something more than the nation's life was to be purchased through the vast expenditure of pain. Immense and intense as was the anguish, there has been ordained for it remedial power. The forms of our beloved were not shrouded in pale or bloody death, happy

homes were not riven or darkened, the nation did not pass through such convulsive throes, merely to determine whether "government of the people, by the people and for the people," should prevail, or perish from the earth. Deliverance from long iniquity was to result from the grief, and pain, and loss. And when that shall have fully come—when a merciful God shall have restored our waste places—when the magnificent temple of American Liberty shall stand out in its august and radiant beauty—when the land, thoroughly renovated, shall send to heaven one grateful, glad thanksgiving—when the crime and oppression which engendered the strife shall not only have been shattered, but utterly extirpated—when the Union shall have been perfectly reëstablished on a more solid and so more enduring basis—when tranquil millions dwell in a better peace than before, under the shelter of institutions totally renewed—when a purified people shall send forth its benign ministries wherever its commerce whitens the sea or its language greets human ears, then shall the sublime compensation for all this waste and wreck of life appear; then shall a fit monumental pillar over the loyal dead have been reared. When a policy of reconstruction, based on the everlasting principle of right, shall fully have prevailed —when, where war's ravages have been sternest, cities shall spring up, and universities rise, and institutions founded in love send their blessed influence, widening like an expanding wave's, then shall it be seen that the pillars of this prosperity were planted in soldiers' graves, and it shall be their glorious memorial as long as the land keeps on its high career.

And doubt not, friends, that such a consummation shall be reached. The air may still be thick with bodings of ill, but they shall vanish by-and-by. Why, where is now the snow that last winter blocked the thoroughfares of travel, and flushed the fields, and choked the mountain gorges? Where the Arctic sleet, the death-frosts that stripped the forests, the bitter cold sheeting hundreds of leagues with its icy palls? They have become this May-day's crystal brook. They are in the air we breathe, in the tender vegetation springing, in the wealth of bloom beginning to gladden the eye. And the vexing questions that yet hang on our horizon and make settled peace seem far away, shall as harmlessly vanish, leaving but "the blessed memory of rights they vindicated and the honorable scars of wrongs which they effectually redressed."

Citizens of Lynn, standing with us around these honored graves, it remains for you not only to be here dedicated afresh to those interests for which the departed gave "the last full measure of devotion," but to meet the issues of the present and

face the prospects of the future with cheerful hope. Gloomy forebodings never more misbecame place or hour. Recalling, as these services do, days which tried men's souls, let them nerve every heart with courage. What though strife and confusion and contention are not yet utterly done away? The Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and for the right good shall emerge from these still disordered times.

"Has all this sacred blood been shed,
Have we thus mourned our glorious dead,
And shall the end be wrath and woe?
The knell of Freedom's overthrow,
A country riven?

"It will not be;
We trust, O God, Thy gracious power
To aid us in our every darkening hour;
This be our prayer—O Father, save
A people's freedom from its grave;
All praise to Thee."

Friends of the patriot dead, we blend our sympathies with yours, and give them expression in the offering of the hour. But not in this way alone. In forms more practical and tangible would we speak our love. To cover the defenceless heads of orphanage and widowhood, left shelterless by the calamities of war, to support the weakened, wearied steps of age, from which the strong staff was taken, is in part our work. To our care fallen comrades committed their dependent ones—a sacred trust. We accept the obligation thus imposed to the full measure of our power. And now, while we share with you in the chastened grief these ceremonies will naturally awake, give us, too, to share in the proud remembrance that these lost sons, and husbands, and fathers, and brothers, fell in the high places of the land, contending for liberty and law. Give us to share with you the consoling reflection, that, though they perished, the country lived; and permit us, with you who gave them up, to send out the all-hail of that grand future sown in tears and blood.

Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, and other soldiers participating in these solemnities, our dead companions seem mustering again and falling into line. As the Eastern warrior imagined that the shades of his slain brothers closed often around him, so, to our fancy, those once with us on march and post, in camp and field, afloat and ashore, seem coming back as we thus hallow their memories. Again the drums are rolling, and colors tattered in a score of battles wave. In mighty square and column form a third of a million men, who did all

that arm of mortal might, and then died where the missiles of destruction flew thick, or sickened in the tangled swamp, or starved in the foul stockade, or sank in the boundless blue. Names that history will embalm are in those battalions, but thousands more, just as faithful, whose services shall go unmentioned, are also there.

"Gathered home from the grave,
Risen from sun and rain,
Rescued from wind and wave,
Out of the stormy main,
The legions of our Brave
Are all in their lines again."

Be their presence an inspiration to all honorable deeds, to unswerving patriotism, to a pure, unselfish, noble life. Returning from these rites, may sublimer purposes be stirred and aspirations reaching out after immortality be strengthened.

And now, as the sun hastens to its going down, we turn away. Farewell, brothers, to whose memory we have given these hours. Your work has ended, but that work the latest age the nation sees shall not outlast. When the strange drama of its history shall have closed with songs of praise, then shall be seen, as cannot now, how wondrous the harvest of life and progress gathered from seeds of decay and death sown beneath these mounds; how great the issue and how grand the reward of all such sacrifice!

"Here let them rest;
And summer's heat and winter's cold
Shall glow and freeze above this mould—
A thousand years shall pass away—
A nation still shall mourn this clay,
Which now is blest."

The ceremony of strewing the graves with flowers was then reverently and mournfully performed, but, before it could be concluded, the rain commenced to fall, and umbrellas in great force were quickly pressed into service. Returning to the platform, Mr. J. Warren Newhall read the following

POEM.

Friends of the noble slain, we come to-day
To scatter flowers upon the soldier's grave;
Here Love and Gratitude together pay
The heart's fond homage to our Fallen Brave.

You could not gather for a holier rite;
To pluck the beauteous flowers of rare perfume,
And weave them, tinted by Heaven's lovely light,
Into a garland for the hero's tomb.

What fitter offering could Remembrance bring,
Than these fair offspring of the fragrant bowers?
Seeming like symbols of the "Eternal Spring,"
Or God's pure thoughts written on earth in flowers.

Aye, bring fresh wreaths to deck the hallowed spot
Where rest the ashes of our honored dead;
Which from the battle-field ye gently brought,
To lay within the warrior's dreamless bed.

All through the land for which they nobly died,
Unto these shrines shall kindred ones repair,
To kneel o'er those who fell in manhood's pride,
And lay Affection's floral tribute there.

Thus, wheresoe'er the soldier shall be laid,
'Neath Auburn's costly tombs of sculptured stone,
Or in the humble churchyard's quiet shade,
There let those emblems of our love be strewn.

Thence, floating upward to th' o'erarching skies,
Heaven's azure canopy above them hung,
A richer, purer incense shall arise
Than ever priest from golden censer swung.

Not for mere hero-worship are we here,
Adoring Fame born of conflict and death,
But our beloved ones' memory to revere—
Our Youth, our Pride, our Valor, and our Worth.

We saw them from our threatened homes depart,
To strike for Freedom an avenging blow;
And, pressing back the yearnings of the heart,
Staying the tears of love, we bade them "Go."

We heard of them upon the battle-field,
And glorious was the record which we read;
Marching the sword of Liberty to wield,
Till Treason quailed before their mighty tread.

Oh, how we trembled when the pending strife
Sent its vague rumors winging through the air!
Lest in the cruel fray some *precious* life
Had for the country's weal been given there.

And when 'twas told "the battle had been won,"
Our loved ones safe from harm, and all was well,
How fervently we thanked the Eternal One,
How our glad hearts with gratitude did swell!

Then came the tidings of their gallant deeds,
How they hurled back the fiery, fearful tide;
Of how they saved Columbia in her need—
Then, how we blessed them in deep loyal pride.

Once more we heard of them; but ah! we bowed
With brow convulsed by grief, and quivering breath,
To learn that those of whom we were so proud,
Lay cold and still in the embrace of Death.

Oh! then how empty seemed the sound of Fame—
How dear was victory at *such* a price!
Oft we repeated o'er the cherished name,
And thought the *good* less than the *sacrifice*.

With careful hand we raised the lifeless forms,
And homeward gently bore our cherished dead,
To lay them where no cruel battle-storm
Should sweep in ruthless fury o'er their bed.

We placed them tenderly beneath the sod,
Whispering, "O Earth, take back the dust ye gave;"
Then, bruised and bleeding from Affliction's rod,
We turned in sorrow from our *Fallen Brave*.

Then Liberty, Columbia's genius, spake:
"Precious, indeed, are lives like these to give;
Weep, but repine not, though fond ties may break;
They died, but ah! they died that I might live.

"Yea, weep, yet murmur not; rather rejoice
That ye could give such treasures in my name;
Their deeds gleam out like gems of rarest choice
Set in imperishable crowns of Fame.

"Ye will forget them never, but shall tell
Unto your children's children how they fought
Beneath my starry emblem—how they bravely fell,
And Freedom's peerless heritage re-bought.

"And wheresoe'er a soldier's sepulchre
Is made, thither the Comrade's feet shall tend,
When Spring's soft breath and sunny pinions stir
The bending spray, where birds their chorus blend.

"There shall they bring from Flora's fairest bowers
The choicest blooms by sunshine e'er caressed,
Till every grave shall seem a gate of flowers,
Through which the sleeper's soul passed home to rest."

Thus counselled Liberty; and we come forth
To accept and execute the high design;
Surviving Comrades through the loyal North
Will make each hero's grave the patriot's shrine.

And we will count this as the choicest day
In the year's calendar, when we renew
Our love perennial, and these offerings lay
In reverence to the valiant and the true.

Blest privilege, thus to honor Valor's tomb—
An hour unto their worth to consecrate!
Perchance e'en now from their blest spirit-home
Their blessings float down through the pearly gate.

They died defending Freedom 'gainst her foes;
They're sleeping for the flag that bears no stain;
Oh, better thus to die, and thus repose,
Than to live on in Treason's shameless train.

But some, alas! are resting where they fell;
Not e'en a rude stone marks the lonely spot;
Ah! who shall visit that sequestered dell—
By what fond hand shall garlands there be brought?

Kind Heaven its angel-messengers shall send,
To linger where the tangled fern-leaves wave,
With dew and sunshine that lone spot to tend,
Till sweet wild flowers shall deck the unmarked grave.

Thus shall it be, that not one resting-place
Shall e'er neglected or forgotten be,
But o'er these mounds shall Honor, Love, and Praise
Perform the rites of Memory's ministry.

And on this sadly sweet memorial day,
The stranger who the noisy city shuns,
Shall gaze upon your sacred task, to say,
"See how Columbia loves her martyred sons."

Rest, hallowed dust! the affection we bore ye
Ever shall glow like a halo of light;
Remembrance shall ever her vigils keep o'er ye,
True as the stars to their mission by night.

Peacefully rest, while we tell the proud story
To those who assemble these honors to pay,
Of how the bright garlands of Earth's *highest* glory
Were bound round your brows as your life ebbed away.

Glorified spirits in regions immortal,
Shades of our martyrs who over us bend,
Upward ye speed, through the fair pearly portal,
Where the grand music of seraphims blend.

Changed are life's joys for enjoyments supernal,
Shadows laid by for the substance above,
Earth's transient fame for the glories eternal
Bestowed in the mansions of Infinite Love.

Friends of the fallen, let holiest emotions
Inspire us with love for this beautiful trust;
Smile on us, Heaven, as in loyal devotion
We hallow their memory and honor their dust.

The choir then sang the following hymn:

Strew all their graves with flowers—
They for their country died,
And freely gave their lives for ours—
Their country's hope and pride.

Bring flowers to deck each sod,
Where rests their sacred dust;
Though gone from earth, they live to God,
Their everlasting Trust!

Fearless in Freedom's cause,
They suffered, toiled, and bled,
And died obedient to her laws,
By truth and conscience led.

Oft as the year returns,
She o'er their graves shall weep,
And wreathe with flowers their funeral urns,
Their memory dear to keep.

Bring flowers of early Spring
To deck each soldier's grave,
And Summer's fragrant roses bring—
They died our land to save.

After the singing of the hymn, the procession re-formed and marched back to the hall, where it was dismissed. The Catholic burying-ground, owing to the extreme distance from the centre of the city, was visited in detail by a number of soldiers in carriages, by whom the ceremony was performed. At the request of Post No. 11, of Charlestown, three soldiers were also sent to Nahant to decorate the grave of Comrade E. F. Whitney, of the Fifth Mass. Regiment, who lies buried there.

At Salem, Massachusetts.

It was a fitting and beautiful resolve of the Grand Army of the Republic to adopt the ceremony, long practiced among the French and introduced into the South by the French settlers, of decorating the graves of their dead comrades, and it touched a chord in the popular heart, and was responded to with quick sympathy. The members of Post 34, of Salem, did themselves honor on this occasion. Their appeal for flowers and evergreens was promptly answered, and at their rooms in Essex Block, on Friday and Saturday forenoons, were many ladies (several of whom had themselves yielded up on their country's altar those they held most dear), busily preparing wreaths, crosses, and bouquets, from the masses of flowers and evergreens sent there for the decoration of the graves of the loved ones, the silent tear

and occasionally a trembling of the active fingers, attesting the emotions of their hearts as they tastefully arranged the beautiful and fragrant emblems.

At half past one o'clock the line was formed in front of the Post Headquarters, in St. Peter street, and at two o'clock the procession moved through Essex and Washington streets to the Tabernacle Church. First came a platoon of the Salem police, in uniform, under the command of Assistant-Marshal Dalrymple, followed by the Salem Brass Band; Post 34 as escort, in uniform of forage caps, dark clothes, and white gloves; four barouches containing the orator and chaplains of the day, and disabled soldiers; soldiers and sailors of the late war, with the Sutton Drum Corps. Each man bore a bouquet or wreath, and the carriages were loaded with beautiful flowers and floral emblems. Gen. Pierson, the Post Commander, had the direction as Chief Marshal.

The church pulpit was covered with the Union flag, and bouquets, wreaths, crosses, and stars, were tastefully arranged on the rear wall and other appropriate places. The services were opened by an organ voluntary, by Mr. William Agge, the organist of the church, who officiated in this capacity during the musical exercises. Then followed a responsive chant, the 46th Psalm, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble"—the reading by Rev. E. S. Atwood, of the South Church, chaplain of the 5th Massachusetts Regiment. The choir consisted of a fine quartette of male voices—Stephen P. Driver, Capt. George M. Whipple, William H. Whipple, and Dr. George S. Woodman—whose rendering of all the selections was much admired. The prayer, fervent and impressive, was by Rev. E. B. Wilson, of the North Church, chaplain of the 24th Regiment. The following beautiful Ode, written for the occasion by Mr. Stephen P. Driver, the chorister, formerly Q. M. S. of the 22d Regiment, was next read by Chaplain Atwood, and sung by the quartette, to the music of a fine German hymn, composed for male voices:

ORIGINAL ODE.

Where our martyred dead are slain,
Moaning pines, and sobbing sea,
Shrouded hills, and tears of rain,
Join in Nature's Litany.

Freedom's floral incense flings
Odorous sweets through all the land;
While Columbia grateful sings
Requiems to her Hero-band.

Camp Eternal gained at last,
Victory won, and marches o'er,
Trumpet's blare, or bugle's blast
Breaks their bivouac nevermore.

Honor to the Braves! who fell
Face to face with Hoary Wrong!
Honor to the names which dwell
Shrined in Fame's Historic Song!

Appropriate selections from Scripture were then read by Rev. S. F. Chase, of the Lafayette street Methodist Episcopal Church, chaplain of the 3d Maine Regiment, followed by the "Gloria Tibi" from the choir, after which Gen. Cogswell delivered a most impressive and eloquent address, which was listened to with the closest attention by the crowded audience, whose emotion during its delivery could not be repressed:

ADDRESS OF GEN. WM. COGSWELL.

Comrades and Friends: The Grand Army of the Republic, comprising now nearly all of the honorably discharged soldiers and sailors of the late war, and organized for the purpose of perpetuating the memory of fallen comrades, and assisting their families, has set apart this thirtieth day of May for each Post of the Society to visit the soldiers' graves in its vicinity, and, with appropriate ceremonies, to pay the respect due to the memory of those whose noble and willing deaths in the great struggle have secured to us peace, universal liberty, self-respect, and the respect of others.

And to-day, throughout every loyal State in the Union, and happily in some of the States lately in rebellion, the graves of the loyal dead, who fell in the defence of their country and their flag, are being decked with flowers, those appropriate emblems of love and remembrance, at the hands of their living comrades-in-arms, and their relatives and friends—a just, and honorable, and most becoming tribute from the living to the heroic dead; from those to whom has been secured forever the rich boon of civil and religious freedom to those who fought and died to secure it. It is the tribute of genuine loyalty and sincere affection, independent of sect, party, or condition, to those immortal heroes, whose graves are in every churchyard, or whose bones lie whitening on every battle-field from the Heights of Gettysburg to the waters of the Rio Grande.

And in this Christian duty, in this grateful, noble work, both far and wide, in city, town and hamlet, on the slopes of the Pacific, by the rolling prairie, in the valley, and on the hill-side, by the lonely grave unmarked by stone or slab, but which has

still its silent and loving watcher, meet, to-day, the mother whose son has gone, the wife whose husband has been taken from her, the sister with a brother lost, and the child whose father gave up his life in battle—meeting with their tears and prayers, and with their offerings to beautify the spot where their love and hopes are buried; meeting to renew their grateful remembrance and to realize once more their loss of those they loved so well, and whose souls, in the dread day of battle, went up to God in glory.

Here meet the returned soldier and sailor, the able and the maimed, those who have fought, and those who have both fought and bled, by the side of those to whose memory they now do honor—here they meet to mark their love and reverence of the Union dead, whose valor they have so often witnessed, and to whose willing sacrifices they can so well attest — here they meet to carry out one of the chief objects of their extensive organization, "respect to the memory of their dead" and "a care for the comfort of those they left behind."

And here also meet those friends of the soldier, who were so steadfast in war, and now in peace are still so true; those friends whose willing hearts and hands, and generous purses, filled to overflowing the great storehouses of the Sanitary Commission. As they came once with their gifts of comfort and healing and to preserve life, so now they come to-day with flowers to keep green the memory and the fame of those who died, so many of them, with words of blessing on their lips for the good angels of that noble charity.

And well is it, that in this house of God, with prayer and song and the reading of the Holy Word, we begin the discharge of our part of this grand, this solemn, and this sacred duty. And in this holy, reverent work, as we send our prayers to God, as with the dust our tears we mingle, and as we strew with flowers the sod which covers these loved forms from earth, let us draw the veil, for to-day, over the passions and feelings of the hour, and let one tear fall, and one prayer ascend, for those who fell, not for us but against us—they, too, had mothers, and wives, and sisters, and children, who loved them well, and, surely, beyond the grave our feelings of injury and wrong should not extend.

When I turn from the wonders and achievements of this war through which we have passed, from the deeds of valor done and the fields of victory won, from those heroes who sprang alike from the parlor of the rich and the hovel of the poor, and from all the grandeur and sublimity of that four years' conflict for right, and justice, and freedom, to the long, sad list

of those it cost to secure all this, to those of our own whose lives went out in their country's battles; when I recall those bright names, alas! too many of them! of Lander and Merritt, of Williams, Dearborn and Allen, of Buxton, Hodges, Phillips, the Batchelders, and Hill, and those many others, not less because not spoken, but greater even, because their valor and their sacrifices were to go down, perhaps, unheralded and unsung —when I think of the one hundred and twenty graves in our midst, and the many, many others on distant fields which no stone marks out, and of those who suffered a living death in prison, and whose bones may never be recovered, and remember how they fought while life lasted, and whether victory was perching on our banner or defeat saddening our hearts, never faltered or wavered, but marched on, in full faith in the glorious consummation which came at last; when I think of our own dead, and the almost three hundred thousand more; when I recall those bulletins from every blood-red field, which carried sorrow and mourning to almost every household, and brought to us the sad tidings of those who had died that we might live; when I think of those victories which were so dearly bought, those Union graves whose name is legion; when I realize the fact that the best were almost sure to fall the first; when I remember those who in their devotion to the cause never thought of life, and who in their desire to show the one, so freely gave the other, and of so many of my own beloved comrades and associates whom I have seen fall, with a smiling face to heaven and their feet towards the foe—I feel myself unworthy to be here, or to attempt to speak their glory or their worth.

And let me close these words of mine, so few and so inadequate to the grand and noble theme, with those purer and better words of Mr. Lincoln, himself now one of the greatest and noblest of the Union dead, spoken at Gettysburg, at the Soldiers' Cemetery:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation —or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated — can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or to

detract. The world will very little note nor long remember what we *say* here; but it can never forget what they *did* here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

After the address "America" was sung by the whole congregation, led by the choir and organ, and the Benediction was pronounced by Chaplain Wilson.

At the close of the services in the church, the procession was reformed, and proceeded through Washington, Essex, Newbury, Brown and Howard streets to the Howard Street Cemetery, crowds of people accompanying the march and thronging the cemetery. During the ceremony of strewing flowers on the graves the band played a dirge.

At the soldiers' lot, in Harmony Grove, a spot was designated, and especially decorated, in memory of those who sleep on distant fields.

During the exercises, the post-office, banks and places of business generally were closed, and the flags were displayed at three-quarters' staff.

From Howard street the procession visited, in succession, the Orne Street and Catholic Cemeteries in North Salem, Harmony Grove, the Monumental Cemetery in Peabody (where twenty-six graves were strewn, committees having previously performed the same duty in the old burying-place), and then returned to Salem, closing the ceremonies at the Broad street and Charter street grounds.

At Harmony Grove, where sixty-eight of the dead heroes lie, the graves were each appropriately designated by a small American flag, provided by the trustees of the cemetery. Many of the graves here were profusely decorated with flowers by the hands of family affection; on some were placed photographs of the sleepers, and touching inscriptions, such as "Our Dear Boy," "Home is not home without thee," &c., while relatives stood by, tears coursing down their cheeks, as they gratefully thought of the honors paid to the departed, and tenderly remembered their dead.

At Broad street, where General Lander is buried, there was a most impressive scene. The other graves having been deco-

rated, the line was drawn up before the General's resting-place, the band playing a dirge; and after Commander Pierson had placed upon the tomb several beautiful emblems prepared by the hands of Mrs. Lander, the hero's widow, the members of the Post and the soldiers and sailors, uncovered, passed by, and each one threw upon the tomb a floral offering, literally covering it with flowers.

The procession then moved to the Charter street ground, where a single soldier sleeps, and having discharged their duty to their last dead comrade, the Post escorted the soldiers and sailors, and the orator and chaplains of the day, to the Town Hall, where parting salutes were interchanged, and then marched to the Post headquarters, and were dismissed, concluding their labors at eight o'clock.

The number of graves decorated was 154, viz: In the Howard street ground, 30; Orme street, 5; Catholic, 17; Harmony Grove, 68; Broad street, 7; Charter street, 1; Peabody, 26.

At Newburyport, Massachusetts.

Capt. S. A. R. Dame, the Commander of Post 49, was the prime mover in Newburyport and vicinity in the commemoration services, under General Logan's Order.

At 10 o'clock A. M. the committee and the members of the order, together with the friends of the deceased soldiers, and the Amesbury brass band, proceeded to the Belleville Cemetery, and wended their way to the graves of the deceased soldiers, which had been previously designated by a flag, and laid upon each one a bouquet or a wreath of flowers and evergreens which had been prepared and contributed by the lady friends of the organization. After the graves had been decorated a prayer was made by Rev. Dr. Fiske, and a dirge played by the band. They then proceeded to the Oldtown burying ground, where the same ceremonies were gone through with, the prayer being made by Rev. Mr. Thurston, and the band performing an impressive dirge.

At the City Hall the services commenced at 2 o'clock P. M. by the singing of a hymn, the words and music by Martin Luther. Then followed a prayer by Rev. Dr. Campbell, and the reading, by Dr. Spaulding, of the following poem, composed by Capt. Luther Dame:

> Scatter bright flowers where tears have been shed,
> Over the graves of our patriot dead;
> Twine into garlands the myrtle and rose,
> To deck the green earth where their ashes repose.

Sadly we laid them away to their rest—
Hearts we had cherished, loved and caressed—
Borne from the battle-field, wounded or slain,
Filling the household with sorrow and pain.

Kind words at parting still sound in our ears,
Though days have grown months and months become years,
And lips that turned pale with "good by" at the door,
Have mouldered to dust, and will greet us no more.

Many a mourner to-day will reveal
Traces of sorrow they cannot conceal;
Words will be spoken, and tear drops will start,
Bespeaking the grief that lies deep in their heart.

The bugle no more at the dawning of light
Calls up the worn soldier to arm for the fight;
For the conflict of death has ceased on the plain,
And peace sheds her blessings upon us again.

Long shall their deeds live in story and song—
How they struggled for right and battled with wrong;
Their fame is immortal, their life's work is done,
Their armor ungirded, and victory won.

The choir, consisting of delegations from the various church choirs in the city, numbering one hundred members, and assisted by an orchestra and the Amesbury Band, then performed the choral—"To God on High," from the Oratorio of St. Paul, the singing under the direction of Mr. C. P. Morrison.

Col. Stone then made some interesting remarks, in which he reviewed the history of the custom of strewing flowers on the graves of departed heroes, tracing it back to the ancient Romans, Greeks, and Hebrews, and expressing a hope that it would be continued as an exemplification of our patriotism and love of our departed friends.

Dr. S. J. Spaulding next made an eloquent speech, in which he reviewed from experience the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, depicting the scenes that present themselves to the tourist on Southern soil, of graves and destruction and desolation—all of which, in view of the grand result, can be justified on the principle that the end sanctifies the means.

The choir then sung a choral from the Oratorio of Elijah, and the services were concluded by a dirge from the band.

The procession, escorted by the Cushing Guard and City Cadets, preceded by the Amesbury Brass Band, then formed, and marched from the foot of Green street, through Merrimac, and up State to the Oak Hill Cemetery, where about twenty graves were decorated. The grave of Capt. A. W. Bartlett received a contribution from each member of the Cushing

Guard, till it was literally covered with flowers and wreaths of evergreen. At the conclusion of the ceremonies of decoration the choir sung a hymn, followed by a prayer from Rev. Dr. Spaulding and a dirge by the band, when the line of march was taken up for the New Burial Hill.

In this cemetery between 30 and 40 graves were found marked with the National flag, indicating that that number of fallen heroes slept beneath its green turf. After the flowers had been placed on their graves, a prayer was offered by Rev. D. P. Pike, and a dirge was played by the band, when the procession proceeded to the Old Burial Hill, and performed the same kind offices for their comrades who sleep in that ancient enclosure. The services here were conducted by Rev. Thos. Borden; and after a final dirge by the band, the company marched to the rooms of the Army and Navy Union on State Street, where they were dismissed by their commander, to come together again next year.

A detachment of the Post was sent to the graves of Preston Newhall, at Turkey Hill, and Capt. C. E. Cress, at Curson's Mill, and Elbridge Graves in Salisbury.

The following is a list of the names of the soldiers and sailors whose graves were visited, and which includes all whose location could be ascertained by the committee. If any have been omitted we trust their positions will be ascertained before the next anniversary.

Belleville.—L. D. B. Somerby, Whitman Holmes, W. H. Jackman, Joseph Cossar, John Cotton, William D. Lee, William Bowlin, E. Roberts, Moses Wigglesworth, A. Maxwell, Joseph Littlefield, William Littlefield.

Oldtown.—David Shackford, F. G. Lunt, Daniel P. Howard, J. H. Ryan, Wm. G. Pickard, Wm. T. Varina, Jabez Atwood, George Atwood, D. H. Mansfield.

Oak Hill Cemetery.—A. W. Bartlett, A. P. Reed, J. A. Cushing, Edw. Dodge, Horace W. Dodge, M. M. Mumford, Frank Knapp, Chas. W. Poor, Philip Coombs, Alfred F. Lee, Wm. L. G. Green, Charles G. Burbank, Goodwin A. Stone, Henry Stone, Wm. Cook, M. S. Pettingell, Hiram R. Poor, Nath. F. Stover.

New Burying Ground.—William Page, John G. Whiting, Wm. C. Colby, J. M. T. Goodwin, John Black, J. W. Lunt, Thos. P. Lunt, John H. W. Talbot, Chas. W. Huse, Wm. H. Daniels, S. H. Lunt, Joseph Burns, Daniel R. Shaw, James Graham, Jerry Downs, J. F. Channel, Wm. C. Forbes, James W. Dixon, George W. Dearborn, George W. Mace, Chas. L. Cole, T. G. Wentworth, J. F. Tarr, Daniel H. Colby, James H. Foy,

Caleb C. Pike, J. G. Dillingham, A. J. Nash, Warren Thompson, J. P. Neal, Joseph Coulliard, John Melinch, Edward T. Gurney, Edgar T. Rundlett, J. Wakefield, Daniel R. Shaw, John F. Lee.

Old Hill.—George T. Wakefield, Robert C. Rich, John Holland, David R. Hinkley, Thomas Brown, Michael H. Larey, James Welch.

At Lowell, Massachusetts.

The city which furnished the first martyrs, and within whose borders the graves of over 120 of these braves are to be seen, could not but act in accordance with the suggestion of Gen. Logan. Post No. 42 of the G. A. R., Lieut. George A. Marden, Commander, responded to the order by commencing preparations, and profuse contributions of flowers were made by citizens, and even the school-children were allowed part of a day to gather wild flowers for the purpose, which time they improved with all the zeal of children. A committee visited the cemetery and other burial-grounds in the forenoon, and decorated the graves. The relatives and friends of many of the deceased soldiers also added to the offerings. Flags were suspended at half-mast, and there were many decorations befitting the day.

About 2 o'clock a procession, numbering about one hundred members of the post and a company of former soldiers, accompanied by the Lowell Brigade Band, marched from Mechanics' Hall through the principal streets to the Lowell Cemetery. When the procession reached the vicinity of the chapel in the cemetery, the members stood with uncovered heads while the band played a dirge. The other burial-grounds were visited in turn, and similar respect shown the deceased comrades. After a march of about six miles the procession reached Monument Square about a quarter past five o'clock. Entering the enclosure the members formed a circle about the Ladd and Whitney monument, which had been elaborately trimmed and decorated. Each member added something to the profusion of flowers, and, after a dirge by the band, Rev. Horace James, Chaplain, offered prayer. Commander Marden addressed his comrades, saying that it was a privilege to lay above the ashes of their dead comrades these beautiful tributes of the field and garden. Mayor Richardson was called upon to respond for the citizens, and expressed his gratification that such a beautiful tribute had been paid, which he trusted would be an annual one. Rev. Horace James was the last speaker.

COMMANDER GEORGE A. MARDEN'S SPEECH.

COMRADES: We have performed a sacred, a pious duty. We have visited the graves of those comrades who once stood shoulder to shoulder with us on the field of battle, but whose hallowed remains now lie buried in our midst, and we have scattered upon them the choicest treasures of spring-time. An old poet has said, that it "is sweet and honorable to die for one's country." If this be true—and who can doubt it?—it is also sweet and honorable for us to gather the flowery wealth of the field, forest and garden, and to scatter it above the sacred dust of those who have died for their country.

Comrades, this is rather a time for silence than for speech. The bright wreaths and garlands around us, and the heaps of flowers we have scattered on the graves of our fallen comrades in the burial-places we have visited to-day, speak far more eloquently than any word of mine or of any one else can do, how deeply and tenderly we cherish the memory of those whom we have met this day to honor. I remember that, during the past five or six years, the words of one of the sweetest of the old English poets have been quoted so often, that it seemed to me they must appear almost hackneyed; and yet, during the past week as I have been engaged in the preparation for the ceremonies we have undertaken to-day, those words have been continually sounding in my ears, and it has seemed to me as if that old poet, writing years and years ago, must have had a sort of prophetic inspiration, and looked forward to such a day as this, when he said—

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By Fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

But our concern is not alone with the dead. It is one of the principal objects of the association we have formed to aid and succor the living. And as we come fresh from the graves of those who gave up their lives in the struggle for the preservation of the nation, let us consecrate ourselves anew to the work of comforting and assisting the bereaved ones they left unpro-

tected. And let us see to it that none of the widows or orphans of our deceased comrades, or the suffering and needy of those who are still with us, shall lack for aid and consolation which it is in our power to give.

I know you will pardon me, comrades, if I refer also to others of our old companions in arms, whose graves are scattered all over the South, and are to-day decorated only with such flowers as the lavish hand of Nature has provided.

Scattered on Southern fields they lie,
Where tropic breezes gently sigh;
Under the shade of orange tree,
Upon the fields of Olustee;
Or on the sandy drifts that pile
The barren waste of Morris' Isle;
Buried in melancholy lines
Among the swamps of Seven Pines.
And hundreds more, half-buried still,
On slopes of Gaines' and Malvern Hill;
Lying beneath the waving grain
On broad Manassas' war-scarred plain;
Scattered 'mong gloomy woods that dress
The long haunts of the Wilderness;
Adown the Mississippi's coast,
Among the winding bayous lost;
Or with a nation's tears interred
In thy great tomb, O Gettysburg.
Rest, ye brave men, where'er ye lie!
Your valor brought us victory.
Green be the sod above your graves,
O'er which your flag in triumph waves;
Green be your memory that lives
With all the brightness valor gives;
Hallowed by nation saved from wreck;
Hallowed by friends your graves shall deck;
Hallowed by patriotic men,
Orator's tongue and poet's pen;
But doubly hallowed here by us
Who mourn our battle-comrades' loss;
Though in uncoffined graves ye lie,
Ye are of those not born to die.

Comrades, we are not alone in this celebration. The kindred and friends of those we mourn, and the citizens of Lowell generally, have responded nobly to our call upon them for co-operation in this pious work—how liberally, let this ample decoration all about us, and the garland-strewn graves of our dead bear witness. Let me then introduce to you, as their representative on this occasion, His Honor Mayor Richardson.

Mayor Richardson: Said that, impressed as he was by the solemnities of the occasion, upon a spot so sacred as that where

they were assembled, within the shadow of the monument erected to the earliest martyrs in the great struggle for the preservation of the nation's life, he felt that it would be almost sacrilegious for him to permit any feeble utterances of his to disturb the sad reflections which filled the minds of those who were gathered around him. He fancied that their memories were wandering back into the past, and they were living over in their imagination their struggles and sacrifices, and that there came to their minds the remembrance of some beloved friend, the companion of their march, in the camp, by the bivouac fires—who, when the call for battle sounded, went eagerly to the contest, and who, amid the cannon's booming and the rattling of the musketry, while perhaps the joyous shouts of victory were ringing in his ears, fell and poured out his young blood, a willing sacrifice upon the altar of his country. Under such circumstances he felt that silence was not only more appropriate, but more eloquent, than speech. Yet, having been invited, as the representative of the citizens of Lowell, to participate in the services of the day, he was conscious that, in justice to them, he should express the deep interest which they had felt in the ceremonies of the occasion. It was fit and proper that from time to time we should pause in our active and busy career, and, in some solemn and appropriate manner, acknowledge the deep debt of gratitude we owe to the departed heroes, to whom, and their compatriots in arms, we are indebted for the blessings of liberty which we now enjoy.

It is said that the Athenians were accustomed to pay especial marks of honor to those who fell in battle. Their remains, enclosed in costly caskets, lay for a time in state, beneath gorgeous canopies, in one of the public squares of the city. They were then borne with civic honors to their last resting-place in one of the most beautiful groves in the suburbs of that ancient city; there costly monuments of enduring brass were erected, and pleasant walks beneath overhanging trees invited the people to the sacred spot, that they might never forget the debt which the living owe the dead. Why should not the people of this our young and glorious America imitate this beautiful and touching example? I am sure I speak the sentiment of every man and woman in Lowell, when I express the hope, that in the Spring of every year hereafter, the ceremonies of to-day may be repeated, not for your sakes alone, not alone for those who sleep beneath the sods upon which you have, with fond affection, strewn the beautiful flowers of Spring,

> "—for they wear a truer crown
> Than any wreath that man can weave them,"

but for the people at large, that they may be reminded of the sacrifices which the preservation of our nation cost, and learn to treasure it as a priceless blessing to be transmitted to the latest posterity.

But, my friends, the lowering clouds admonish me to close these brief remarks. It seems as if a propitious heaven had withheld its rain until the last resting-places of your deceased comrades had been decked with flowers, and now, when that sad tribute to the departed has been paid, had opened its gates, that the gentle showers which now are falling might freshen and preserve the floral decorations on the graves of the noble men, the memory of whose virtues and patriotism will live ever fresh in the minds of all.

ADDRESS BY CHAPLAIN JAMES.

Mr. James commenced his remarks by alluding to President Lincoln as being a victim of the war, the commander-in-chief of our forces, and the noblest Roman of them all, and to recall attention to him in connection with this observance in honor to our departed heroes, he wished to read his famous Gettysburg speech. On the 19th of November, 1863, when Mr. Lincoln was on his way to the consecration of that cemetery, and he was told that he would be expected to say something on the occasion, he wrote in a few minutes' time, and, after the close of Mr. Everett's brilliant oration, read this brief, compact, eloquent speech, which ought to be repeated until every American knows it by heart.

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created free and equal. Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense, *we* cannot dedicate, *we* cannot consecrate, *we* cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, *have* consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note or long remember what we *say* here, but it can never forget what they *did* here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedi-

cated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government *of* the people, *by* the people, and *for* the people, shall not perish from the earth."

After reading this speech, Mr. James took in his hand a beautiful bouquet of pure white flowers which the ladies had presented to him to bear in the procession, and said: "This bouquet, distinguished above all the others which we have used to-day in its purity and immaculate beauty, I consecrate to the memory of President Lincoln, the great martyr to Liberty, whom every soldier and citizen delights to honor." (The bouquet was then handed to Adjutant Smith, and by him deposited upon the monument, and three ruffles were beat upon the drums.) The speaker then continued somewhat as follows:

"We have now nearly completed, comrades and friends, the duty of piety, of fraternal affection, and respect for the memory of our fallen companions, which we had proposed to perform. Laboring from early dawn until this hour, with the kind assistance and coöperation of many of our ladies and fellow-citizens, we have visited every grave of a deceased soldier or sailor, and have left upon it the sweet memorials of our affection and gratitude. We have not intended to omit a single individual. Having taken great pains to discover the resting-place of every comrade, that we might make him the object of our affectionate attentions, it will be a source of keen regret to us if we shall find that any one has been omitted who ought to have shared in this grateful tribute. Some of us turned back from our line of march, having learned of one such instance, and, collecting a few bouquets cheerfully contributed by female friends, laid them tenderly upon the grave of a soldier whose widow and little daughter were made happy by the act, and would have wept over its omission. We recognize the right of every one alike, of whatever rank or regiment or nationality, to share the honors which belong to the brave defenders of their country; and if we have somewhat more profusely decorated these graves by which we now stand, and around which these multitudes are gathered, it is because these comrades were representative men, their blood was the first to be poured out, and their monument stands in the heart of our city. These elaborate adornments are symbolic of what we would gladly have done for all had it been practicable. They express sentiments no more grateful than we feel toward the humblest individual

who reposes in a soldier's or a sailor's grave. And now, having laid wreaths of honor upon the bosoms of our braves, we will let them sleep sweetly on.

"They're shrouded in the flag of stars,
Beneath whose folds they won the scars
Through which their spirits fled,
From glory here to glory where
The banner blue in fields of air
Is bright with stars forever there,
Without the stripes of red."

Light rest the earth upon their bosoms; green be the turf above them. And may a nation's gratitude and love drop tears over their lowly beds, and scatter flowers around them in the Spring-time; and let me say that our hearts beat warmly toward those widowed ones whose sad, tearful faces tell of the sorrow that is mingled with their joy to-day. We feel for their orphaned children, and do here pledge our faith anew to bear their wants upon the current of a ready sympathy. In your behalf, my comrades, I assure them again that the benevolent designs of our association shall be carried out toward them and theirs, so long as one of us shall survive to proffer the kind offices of love and duty.

Before we separate, let me heartily thank this thronging multitude for the sympathy and assistance they have rendered us in this service of piety and patriotism. Along the line of our route I noticed mothers teaching their children to throw kisses toward us as we passed, and I said in my heart, God bless those mothers! and God bless their children!

We close our simple services to-day venturing to express the hope that this grand national observance may do much to cement the bonds of a closer union, to soften asperities, to aid the work of reconstruction, and cause every citizen to prize more highly the heritage of freedom which we enjoy. It is a happy augury for us that the statue of Victory, with extended wings, stands before us, looking forth over a land rescued from rebellion, and assuring us that the precious blood of our fallen brethren, on the land and on the sea, was not shed in vain. Let us cherish the omen, and address ourselves to duty with new heart and hope.

The apostolic benediction, pronounced by the chaplain, terminated the services in Monument Square, and the immense concourse of spectators, who had given the most earnest attention, quietly dispersed.

At Lawrence, Mass.

The ceremony of depositing flowers upon the graves of the Union dead was performed here under the direction of Post 39, Grand Army of the Republic, in the presence of about five thousand persons. At about 2 o'clock a procession was formed at Needham Hall, consisting of the Post, numbering about one hundred men, the city government in carriages, and a long line of vehicles, escorted by Company I of the 6th Regiment of Infantry (of which Corporal Sumner H. Needham was a member when it passed through Baltimore), Company K of the same regiment, and the 4th Light Battery on foot, headed by the Lawrence Brass Band. It marched through Essex, Jackson, and Haverhill streets to the Common, where several hundred school-children fell in; also a car containing twenty young ladies of the High School. The procession then proceeded by the shortest route to the Cemetery.

At the City Cemetery the people were gathered around the monument of Needham, the first man shot on the memorable 19th of April. After a solemn dirge, the assemblage was addressed by Captain Merrill.

CAPTAIN GEO. S. MERRILL'S ADDRESS.

Comrades and Fellow-citizens: When, a little more than seven years ago, the first cannon-shot of rebellion, against the citadel of our liberties, resounded over the length and breadth of our land, arousing the nation from its sweet dream of peace, and awaking in every loyal heart tumultuous throbbings of fervent patriotism, how cheerfully did the noblest and best of our young men, those nearest our home circles and hearts, offer themselves as a bulwark in their country's defence; and with how much joy, albeit tempered with sorrow, did we give them our heartiest blessings, and bid them God-speed, in their great mission of patriotism and justice. And on that dark afternoon in April, while the nation was overwhelmed with sadness, as the intelligence came flashing to us of that brutal assault in Baltimore, of the re-baptism of our Commonwealth in martyr's blood, and the sacrifice to the infernal spirit of Treason of one of our own loved sons, stricken for his loyalty to the flag, how did every heart respond to that immortal message of our great-hearted Governor, "Send them to us tenderly." Yes, "tenderly," and in the spirit of that word come we here to-day, in common with our comrades and fellow-citizens over the length and breadth of our land, around these sacred mounds, to the roll-call of the fallen. Here, to deck with the most beauteous

and fragrant of earth's productions, the resting-places of the noblest and best of men—they who, closing their eyes and ears for the last time upon earth, amid the carnage of battle, the whistle of the bullet and shriek of the shell, opened them again to the bright flowers of the spirit-land, and the joyous reveille of heaven.

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
On life's parade, no more shall meet
These brave and fallen few.

On fame's eternal camping grounds,
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

And standing here to-day, three years after the successful close of our nation's great struggle—here, beneath the very shadow of the eloquent granite marking the resting-place of our first martyr, from every drop of whose blood sprung myriads of armed men, to do battle for God, their country, and truth—fitting is it that we bring hither garlands most choice and fragrant, to make the silent mounds as fresh and beauteous as the deeds of these, our lost, are cherished and revered in our hearts. And as we would honor their patriotism, emulate their example, glorify their heroism, and teach our children the sacredness of the great cause in which they offered up their young lives, let us scatter over their graves the brightest beauties of life—the glad tokens of a blessed immortality. And may the services, now inaugurated, be perpetuated through each recurring year, so long as the Republic shall stand; thus shall

"Each grave become a hallowed shrine—a mecca for men's feet,
Around whose sacred bounds shall countless pilgrims meet—
To bless the hands that struggled, the hearts that nobly bled—
The soldiers and the sailors—the stricken, fallen dead.

Thus to the hero martyrs—the brave who lived and died;
To all who bled for freedom's cause, we'll point with holy pride;
And leaning o'er each silent bed, as here we bend to-day,
We'll place our choicest garlands o'er their consecrated clay."

At the close of his remarks he invited the company to unite in prayer with their fellow-soldier, Rev. D. C. Knowles, of the Haverhill street Methodist church. After the prayer the band played "Pleyel's Hymn." Rev. J. B. Moore, of the Unitarian church, Chaplain of the Post, then delivered the following address:

Standing by the grave of Sumner H. Needham, the first martyr of the war of Freedom, we are assembled to-day to call the roll of the honored dead anew, and to lay a fresh tribute of love and gratitude upon their graves.

The occasion is complete in itself. It needs no help of speech to make it memorable. These eloquent flags waving at so many head-stones, with no stripe erased, and no star obscured; these bayonets gleaming in the sunshine; these echoing cannon, this tap of drums; these beautiful flowers borne by loving hands, contributed by loving hearts; these sacred memories baptizing us all—speak to us to-day more eloquently than man can speak, in a language which we can all understand.

Three years ago the great army of Freedom came marching home, its battles all fought, its victories all won; rebellion conquered, treason vanquished from the field, the Constitution vindicated, the Union preserved, the *nation saved*—our citizen soldiers came back to their homes to exchange the weapons of defence for the implements of industry, and *preserve by the ballot that which they had gained by the sword.* The thinned ranks of every returning regiment, the blood-stained flag which our boys brought back to us, told the terrible cost of the sacrifice over which peace had been proclaimed. The shadow of that flag fell upon every home. The price of that peace was paid by every heart. From every river, from every hillside, from the quiet of the village, from the hum of the city, from the rich man's palace, from the poor man's cottage, from the workshop and the warehouse, from the pulpit and the platform, from the forum and the bench, from Congress, and from *all* the people, the defenders of the Government had sprung; and when, with the music of victory, our armies returned, the cypress was twined with the laurel at every hearth-stone, because the long roll of killed, wounded, and missing was answered by some heart in every home. This was the significant fact of the war. The army by which it was waged was the army of the people, created and sustained and encouraged by the people, whose will it was sent to execute, whose Government it was pledged to maintain. Unlike the armies of history, unlike the armies of surrounding peoples, it was organized for no personal or sectional grasp of power or dominion, but for the preservation of that national integrity and unity which had made the United States of America the model republic of the world. The great Union army was no arena for personal ambitions. In her ranks only those men could lead who were themselves led by a spirit of entire consecration to those grand ideas of justice, and progress, and freedom for which its battles were

waged. General after general was thrown to the surface, but those only were retained whom the people weighed and approved. Three years of our war were spent in educating our leaders. They came up from the people, they were tried by the people, *and in the might of the people* their successes were achieved. Three years of the war were also spent in educating ourselves up to the right standard of duty. We went down to Bull Run with proclamations, and were defeated. We marched through Maryland, defending rebel property, and were defeated. We encamped upon the Peninsular with a candidate for Presidency, and were defeated. We crossed the Rappahannock amid the clash of personal ambition, and were defeated. We kept the musket from the negro, and were defeated;—until, at last, the Almighty purpose was revealed; the Emancipation Proclamation *was signed*, *Liberty for all mankind* belched from the cannon's mouth, and the walls of secession came tumbling down. The Spring of 1864 found the army marshalled for a single purpose, and that of Justice for the whole land. The end and the victory swiftly came. With Sheridan, who never stopped to unbuckle his spurs from New Orleans to Winchester; with Sherman, who plunged into the mountains at Cumberland and came out at the sea; with Grant, who shut his lips upon the word "victory" at the Wilderness, and seems determined never to open them again until he has reached the *end* of "his line;"—with such men, and such a purpose, God gave us victory, God gave us peace.

But, fellow-soldiers and citizens, this is not the occasion for eulogizing our generals or our leaders. History will care for them, name by name. We bring our floral tributes here to-day, we bring the best affections and gratitude of our hearts here to-day, that we may lay them upon the graves of those noble men who stood shoulder to shoulder *in the ranks*, breasting the charge of treason, resisting the mad hate of rebellion; those noble *private* soldiers and officers of the line, whose loyal, courageous hearts, whose strong right arms bore generals, and people, and government to victory, and saved the national honor and renown. Fellow-citizens we have never yet fully recognised the sacrifices and the services of the private soldier. The men who did the work. The men who did the fighting. The men who *formed* the line on which Grant himself fought it out,—not only for a single summer, but for three terrible years. Those brave boys in blue, whose only insignia of rank was the American eagle upon their buttons. Those million heroes whose tread went over the land, shaking treason from its throne, and shattering the confederacy into fragments.

Those privates in the ranks who gave all their devotion, who gave all their aspirations, who gave *themselves;* whose blood streaming out upon the battle-plain cemented the union together forever. *These* are the men whom we came here to honor to-day; whose graves we visit as the monuments of our highest national glory.

Fellow-soldiers and citizens, this is not a day of sadness and gloom. We come here not so much to mourn as to rejoice. Rejoicing in the recollections of those lives whose virtues we commemorate in this hour. We come not for the *burial*, but for the *resurrection*. The resurrection of those principles of justice, and patriotism, and love of country, that constitute the safeguards of the Republic. Ours is a two-fold purpose to-day. We intend to keep green the memories of our fallen heroes, and *to take up and perpetuate their heroic work!* That work is eternal. The price of liberty is vigilance. The war demonstrated the fact that a free republic is no longer an experiment. "Neither the blandishments of peace, nor the stern trials of war," were able to defeat the central purpose of the nation,—justice, and liberty, and equal rights to all.

Come then, fellow-soldiers and citizens, and let us pledge our devotion and loyalty anew. By all the memories that meet us here; by the purity of our institutions; by our exalted privileges; by the dignity of our national birthright; by our declaration of independence, *rebaptized* in blood; by the integrity of our constitution, preserved upon a hundred battle-fields, let us now pledge our loyalty and patriotism anew, close up our ranks, and march on to the glorious destiny that awaits us. Unfurl again that dear old flag, whose shining stars led our brave boys through all the long and dreary marches of the war, and stood over the place where victory lay. That flag has never yet trailed in defeat. By the blessing of God, *it never shall.*

The exercises at the monument were concluded with a hymn composed by Mrs. Mary D. Merriam, which was sung by the young ladies of the High School to the music of *Adeste Fideles*, (The Lord is my Shepherd).

Bring hither the flowers of earliest bloom,
Wave back with their fragrance all terror and gloom,
Make lovely the passage of Life to the tomb,
For the lost ones of earth have only gone home.

Though fathers, and wives, and sisters, may weep
At the thought of Death's slumber so silent and deep,
Yet remember, ye mourners, those soldiers will keep
Their sentinel guard around you while you sleep.

Not here, in the dust, doth the soldier heart lie,
Nor far, far away beyond the blue sky;
But sometimes so near, you can almost descry
A form by your side,—and the same loving eye.

Then come with fresh flowers, and scatter them here,
No time is more fitting,—no tribute so dear;
These offerings of Love their spirits will cheer,
As onward they march in the Heavenly sphere.

Though camp-life is ended, their work is not done,
They fought a good fight, yet their race is not run,
But onward, and upward, towards God the great Sun,
Sounds a higher command to every one.

Soldiers, dear soldiers, your mem'ries shall live,
While we have a tear or a flower to give;
Honor be yours, oh, ye true-hearted braves,
When we see the old flag, and the homes of the slaves.

The association and their comrades, then passed about to the different soldiers' graves, which were designated by small union flags, depositing flowers upon them and hanging wreaths over the monuments and head-stones. At the grave of Elias Williams, late a member of the band, who died shortly after leaving the service, "Departed Days," was played by his former associates. From the City Cemetery, the company went to the Catholic burial grounds where the ceremonies were continued until every grave which could be identified was visited.

A detachment of the battery stationed near the Griffin Estate fired minute guns while the company were moving around and depositing the flowers, and the booming of the cannon added to the impressive character of the proceedings.

The Needham monument was tastefully decorated, under the direction of Mrs. F. E. Clarke, and presented a very elegant appearance. The name "Needham" was surrounded by a laurel wreath. On the opposite side was a floral cross, and on one of the others was a star, and on the fourth a shield, ingeniously made of wild flowers—the stripes of red and white, and the stars of blue. A large, heavy wreath, was thrown over the top of the monument, and one was hung upon the gate of the enclosure. At two sides of the monument were oval vessels loaded with rare and beautiful flowers. The cross, wreath, and star, also contained some rich specimens. The weather was not very promising—the clouds hanging heavy and threatening all the morning. There was a slight lighting up at noon, but at the time the procession started, there were but few but expected a shower during the afternoon. The rain held off, however, until the services at the monument were concluded, when there was a

slight sprinkle. It was much more comfortable than if the sun had been blazing out. Two or three hours afterwards, the rain came down smartly, and continued to fall during the evening. The procession, of which Col. Melvin Beal was marshal, Col. L. D. Sargent acting as adjutant, returned to Needham Hall at about half-past five o'clock.

At Taunton, Massachusetts.

The graves of the soldiers, in Taunton, were decorated with flowers by their surviving comrades, under the aupices of Post No. 3, Grand Army of the Republic. In the forenoon of May 30th, delegations from Post 3 visited the burial-places in the suburbs, about every one of which has a soldier within its precincts. In the afternoon a procession was formed in Fraternity Hall, at two o'clock, of the members of Post 3 and officers and soldiers not members, each person bearing wreaths, bouquets, and bunches of flowers. The procession proceeded to City Hall, where it received the fire department in uniform, members of the city government, and other citizens, and moved up Main street in the following order:

Junior Vice Grand Commander; Chief Marshal, Mason W. Burt; Aids, Zaccheus Sherman, Orville A. Barker, George H. Babbitt, Jr., Harry A. Cushman; National Military Band; Decorating Squad; Post No. 3 G. A. R., E. R. Sprague, Commander; Chief Engineer Mott and Assistants; Fire Department; His Honor the Mayor, and members of the City Government; Citizens.

The procession moved up North street and Washington street until it arrived at the old Catholic burying-ground. There it halted, and the decorating squad, under command of Comrade Wm. Watts, entered and placed flowers on the graves of soldiers buried there. The exercises at each graves consisted of laying the flowers upon it, repeating, "In honor of Comrade ———, who lies here," and the saluting with the American flag over the grave. The procession then marched to the Plain burying-ground, where the same ceremonies were continued, with the addition of music by the band, and prayer by ex-Chaplain J. C. Emery. From the Plain it moved to Mount Pleasant Cemetery. At Mount Crocker, wreaths and bouquets were deposited in a pile to the memory of a portion of those soldiers whose bodies were not brought home. This exercise was not determined upon until late, so that it was impossible to obtain a full list.

Capt. W. H. Bartlett, Capt. George Ruby, Charles Dean,

Wm. H. Harmon, Andrew Westcott, Edson Walker, John Carr, Frank Hall, A. C. Dean, Benjamin J. Hall, Erastus L. Dean.

After the graves had been decorated, the procession halted in the "Dell," and the literary exercises of the occasion took place. Capt. George W. Truell read appropriate selections from Scripture. Ex-Chaplain J. C. Emery made the prayer. The Post Commander made a few introductory remarks. Ex-District Commander Alfred M. Williams then delivered the following address:

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

Comrades and Friends: It has fallen to my lot—who am unworthy—to express, in spoken words, that regret and that honor which we all bear to our martyred comrades, and which we have just signified by these flowers, which are the beautiful thoughts of nature, expressed with a beauty and power far beyond any language of man. But neither words nor flowers can fully signify the feelings with which we regard these heroes, whose last resting places we have visited this day. The flowers will fade; the words are but passing sounds. Our feelings will last our lives. As long as the nation lives, it will remember these men. Yet, although this ceremony is but for the moment, we are glad it has taken place, and proud to bear a part in it. It is a visible embodiment of the spirit of the country. We know that all over the loyal North, at this very hour, the same ceremony is taking place. In almost every burial-place in the land, from Maine to Missouri, where lie the remains of the soldiers of that army which crushed the mightiest rebellion the world ever saw, there comrades have gathered, as we have gathered, and strewn upon their graves these tokens of remembrance, of love and of honor. This day should become one of the sacred days of the Republic, and equal in honor to that day which we have celebrated for so many years as the birth-day of the nation. The second birth of the Republic should have its day of observance. No nation and no country has thus given such united honor to its defenders. From the earliest times, since men reverenced virtue and bravery, there have been ceremonies of respect to the heroic dead. Isolated battle-fields have been dedicated, single monuments raised, and solitary cemeteries adorned. But this is universal. The whole nation unites in it. True, the ceremony is performed by the surviving comrades of those who fell, but those who represent the corporate existence of the city lend us their presence, and citizens and women and children look on with respect. All hearts participate in this ceremony. As in the war time it fell to the lot of

some to go forth to the fields of danger and hardships, others, on account of sex, or age, or bodily infirmity, could not go. But all who contributed of their wealth, or their work, or their prayers, aided in crushing the rebellion. The army in the field could not have lived but for that mightier army at home, which gave and toiled and prayed for them. Those brave hearts of women, who went forth and bore with unshrinking nerves the horrors of the hospital, are as truly defenders of the Union as those who fought in the field. To some it was given to do much; to others little. All those who did their whole duty are entitled to equal honor. So of this ceremony of to-day. We arrogate to ourselves no special merit. The kind hands and tender hearts which furnish these flowers have done their part. The public sentiment which aids and honors this display, is an impalpable honor to the dead. We but give form to the universal sentiment of the land.

But, comrades, we have a sacred chain of recollections, which the public does not share. As we have passed from grave to grave to-day, there is not one of those who lay sleeping beneath the sod but some of us remember. Perhaps some of us calls to mind how he stood by his side when he fell by the sudden bullet of the enemy, or helped bear him away on the bloody stretcher, or heard his last groan amid the rows of pain and anguish in the wards of the hospital. Perhaps he helped give him his first burial, when the rough box was lowered into the shallow hole, it may be, with a soldier's requiem, a volley of musketry, or as often without, in the haste of victory or retreat. The spot that first received him may have been by the broad Potomac, or on some of those numberless battle-fields that make Virginia a dark and bloody ground, far surpassing the original of the name. Perhaps it was in the barren woods of North Carolina, or on the endless plains of Louisiana by the sluggish bayou, beneath the sad cypresses, and amid the alien scenery of the tropics. Perhaps he breathed his last in the confined cot on shipboard. Those spots gave up their dead, and they were returned to these final resting-places in the land that gave them birth. Their kindred and friends followed them to their graves, while their comrades were risking their lives in the distant regions where they fell. But the survivors have returned, and we now unite all over the land in paying these ceremonies of respect, which we could not pay when we were scattered and struggling, and without the means.

It needs not to recite the list of those whose graves we have visited to-day. To some it was given to win a fame like that of Lieutenant Swasey. The battles of Captain Ingell were counted

by scores. The whole city was struck with sorrow at the death of Lieutenant Paull. For myself, I can never think without a thrill of the bravery, the kindliness, the heroic persistence of the great soul in the weak body of Sergeant Payson. We each and all have some one whom we remember with peculiar affection. Each one of these was a comrade to one of us, and the heart needs no words to recall his image. We do the same honor to the private as to the officer, for he was entitled to the same. We recognize the heroism of him who died before he ever saw a battle, as well as of him whose body was covered with honorable wounds. God measures the intent, not the action.

Nor while we thus lay our tokens of regard on the graves of those who were brought home from their distant burial-places, some by the relatives and friends, and others by the powerful hand of that great fraternal society which makes all its members brothers, and continues its kind offices to the grave, do we forget those who moulder where they fell. We remember as deeply as these those comrades who sleep, it may be, in graves unmarked even by the rough head-board that tells that a soldier is sleeping beneath, or perchance flung into the careless ditch by the loathsome prison-pen, or fallen like the heroic Christian, Captain Bartlett, in the thick of the deadly fight, so piled with corpses that he could not be recognized—or sunk in the soundless depths of the ocean. We cannot revisit their graves in the body, but we do in the spirit. It needs no storied urn nor sculptured marble to keep their names alive in our hearts or in the hearts of the country.

This is the beginning of the Soldiers' Memorial Day. In another year this band will again assemble here, and from year to year it will continue to assemble. Year after year, the band of the living will grow smaller, the band of the dead increase, until the time will come when some feeble, grey-haired man, who now stands before me in the pride of youth and strength, shall essay with feeble hands to lay a flower on the graves of us all. Which one of us he will be, none of us can say. What his feelings on such a day will be, we all can imagine.

It may be that this Soldiers' Memorial Day will not pass away from the usages of the country. It may be, that after the last one of us has gone to his final resting-place, that posterity will take up the burden, and that as long as the country remains a country that the graves of those who fought against the great rebellion will be marked, and receive their yearly tribute of honor.

However that may be, it is certain that ere many years not

one of us will be able to perform or to aid in the ceremony The sight of these graves should remind us that we shall soon be called to shift our camp, and join the squad that has gone before us into the unknown country. May each one of us be ready when the order comes.

At the conclusion of the address, His Honor, Mayor Rhodes, made some brief remarks, that this would be the beginning of a memorial day to be hereafter sacred to the purpose of lifting us from earth to the heights of sorrow and the purer emotions of the mind which it brings. He said it was the universal desire that there should be a soldiers' monument erected by the city, and could assure the soldiers that it was not for any neglect on the part of the city government that measures had not been taken to effect it. At the present time the expenses were very heavy, but he could assure them that nothing would be lost by the delay. The Mayor spoke in his usual graceful vein on the gratitude due the soldiers, and the sanctity of the present harmony.

Dr. Andrews was then introduced, who spoke briefly concerning the effect and relations of the war.

Rev. Dr. Pollard then delivered the benediction.

The utmost interest was manifested in the ceremony by the community. The stores were generally closed at the request of the Mayor, and a very large concourse assembled to witness the procession and the ceremonies. The beautiful amphitheatre at Mt. Pleasant was perfectly alive with humanity. More touching than all, was the tears of the relatives and friends of the deceased who witnessed the tokens of remembrance and honor placed upon the graves of their loved ones.

Many of the wreaths, bouquets and crosses were of great beauty. Those placed over the remains of Lieut. Swasey at Mount Pleasant Cemetery, and of Capt. George Godfrey at Plain St. Burying ground, were anchors beautifully decorated with flowers. Among the other wreaths was one to the memory of Sergeant Payson, to Capt. Wm. H. Bartlett, Wm. F. Macomber, Jr., George Standish, Henry C. Benton, and others.

At New Bedford, Mass.

The decoration at this place was performed by Post No. 1, G. A. R. In accordance with the published programme, the comrades, about one hundred in number, assembled at their headquarters at 9½ o'clock, on Saturday morning, when a procession was formed as follows: 1st—A Cavalry escort of twelve, *all* veterans, commanded by Capt. G. R. Hurlbut, with Capt.

E. Robbins as aid; 2d—The New Bedford Brass Band, Israel Smith, leader; 3d—Post No. 1, Grand Army of the Republic, Lieut. Freeman C. Luce, commander (the officers mounted, and the comrades on foot, headed by Lieut. J. B. Bowman); 4th—The boat-carriage, the "Novelty," containing the flowers, followed by other carriages, in which were disabled soldiers and sailors.

The procession, thus formed, moved to City Hall, where it was joined by the speakers, Chaplain, and the invited guests of the Post, in carriages, and also by the colored veterans, twenty in number, under command of Capt. Wesley Furlong. Among the guests, were the Mayor, the President of the Common Council, Postmaster Chapman, Capt. Fengar, of the U. S. Revenue Cutter Active, and several other national and State officers.

Soon after 10 o'clock, the procession again moved, passing through the streets designated in the programme, to the Rural Cemetery, halting near its centre. Here the guests left their carriages, the comrades formed in line, the band played a dirge, prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Mulcahey, and then detachments from the Post proceeded to decorate the graves of their dead brothers in various parts of the cemetery. These graves had been each marked by a little flag, so that the work of scattering upon them the beautiful, fresh garlands of flowers, was readily performed. The number of graves of soldiers in this cemetery is twenty.

From this point, the line of march was taken up for the Oak Grove Cemetery, where similar services were performed, thirty-five graves of soldiers being strewn with the floral offerings. Some of the comrades had also been charged with, and performed the duty of decorating the graves of soldiers at the Catholic Cemetery, nine, and at the Peckham West Ground, seven. Flowers were also sent to decorate the burial-places of Lieut. E. B. Nye, of the 14th battery, at Pocassett, and of private Alexander Tripp, of the 5th battery, at Westport.

The procession then, passing through the cemetery to Parker street, moved to the Common. As it appeared on County street, a salute of 35 guns was fired by veteran members of the 5th battery, under command of Lieut. H. H. Fisher. Entering the Common from Pearl street, the members of the Post were drawn up in front of a platform erected just west of the monument, around which was gathered an immense number of citizens. Capt. W. S. Cobb, chairman of the committee of arrangements, called the vast assembly to order; prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Quint, Chaplain-General of the Grand Army of the

Republic, and then James Bunker Congden, Esq., being introduced, made the following address:

Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, and Fellow-Citizens: It is good for us to be here. We are made holier and happier by such ministrations. The day of strife is over; and as we perform our pilgrimage to the spots consecrated as the resting-places of our martyred dead, we can strew flowers upon them, wet with manly tears, unvisited by any feeling of bitterness or resentment towards those whose babaric treason brought them to untimely graves and made us mourners.

Our hearts are too full of holy emotion, our thoughts too highly elevated above the distractions of the period of bloody contention, to find room for feelings of hatred or revenge. Nothing that the *man in gray* has done or can do, even if his soul is burthened with the murderous and mournful scenes of Andersonville, can disturb us now, as we kneel in prayer over the graves of our consecrated dead, and scatter flowers upon the green turf that covers their cherished remains.

The absorbing emotion is that of gratitude—gratitude to God for His guidance and support in the dark hour of peril—gratitude towards our brothers who through His providence were made the instruments of our deliverance. Not to the living, but to the dead have we consecrated this day. We grace their tombs with beauty and fragrance, and we would make the loveliness and sweetness of our offering emblematical of those pure and elevated emotions which the circumstances of our gathering are calculated to inspire.

Thoughts of the dead of the Great Rebellion no longer carry us to the fields of blood, or to the still more awful horrors of the prison-house. We no longer see them mangled and dying upon the battle-field, slowly and in suffering wasting away in the hospitals, or agonized by the torments of Andersonville or the Libby. All that is connected with them now is beautiful and fragrant. "Flowers, sweet flowers," are the fitting emblems of the feelings which belong to this interesting demonstration.

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
They are nature's offering, their place is *there!*
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers.

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead!

For this through its leaves has the white rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nursed.
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flowers.

We are selfish to-day. Our hearts are with the dead of our own household; our flowers are scattered upon the graves of our friends, our brothers, our fathers. We are thinking of the lost ones of our homes; our companions in the conflict; of those dear to us by the ties of kindred, dear to us by the tender memories of past companionship in danger and in triumph. Every heart here has a cherished association, which is to him hallowed and perennial. Born of conflict, suffering, blood, time has mellowed and beautified and consecrated it, so that it has become a "joy of grief," and "flowers, sweet flowers," speak the language most in harmony with its tender emotions. Each brings his offering, typified by his floral garland, to this spot dedicated to the dead of our beloved city, and they are mingled in a wreath of glory and of gratitude which we reverently place upon the monument New Bedford has reared to those sons who were loyal unto death.

Here is our Memorial Stone for all. Our quota of the dead of the conflict are not all here. Some are resting in graves unknown, some in graves far away; and these cannot be reached by you to-day in your pious pilgrimage. But the wreath which you place upon this consecrated shaft is "a crown for the brow" of each of our brothers who gave his life to his country. We have flowers for the graves far away, for the graves unknown. We can revive the memory of the dead, although we may not know where their remains are mouldering.

We gather our thoughts at home. Other hands than ours will to-day wreathe garlands for the monuments of the victims of the Rebellion; and wherever the tardy spring-time has opened a flower to be reached from the grave of a "soldier taking his rest," and there is one loyal heart beating near, that flower will be plucked and reverently laid upon the solitary tomb. There will be wreaths for the lofty and the lowly; and he who shall this day weave a garland for the youthful and noble Shaw, will duplicate his offering, and place it upon the brow of one of the brave and true-hearted Africans who share his bloody grave beneath the ramparts of Wagner.

Our hearts are at home. We look upon this graceful and enduring shaft, and we

See the noble RODMAN'S name,
High upon the stone appear—
On the obelisk of fame
Youthful HOWLAND follows near.

Brown, whose sable brothers wept,
When their gallant leader died;
Blake, who well his station kept,
Firm his well-played guns beside.
There the firm and fearless Nye,
Who upon the battle-field,
For his country dared to die;
Shouting, "I will never yield!"
Watson, Francis, Ottiwell,
Hold a high and honored place.
Almy, Kempton, here as well,
All the martyred names we trace.

And the long roll of those we cannot name—in our mind's eye we can see their names, too, upon the enduring granite; there is a garland of flowers for each and for all; and to their memory we pay the homage of reverent and grateful hearts.

It is good for us to be here. He who reverently and gratefully makes a pilgrimage to the spot where lies the patriot soldier, who gave his life for his country and for freedom, and for the expression of those emotions places a violet upon the soldier's grave, has received a re-consecration to the work which belongs to the citizen and the patriot. The Grand Army of the Republic will be truer to their high and holy calling because of the sacred services of this day. Hallowing the memory of the dead, they will be more true to the living; and the disabled comrade, the lonely and destitute widow and the sorrowing orphan will find advocates for their claims in the softening and elevating experiences of this day. Recognising the claim of the soldier who fell for his country, to be remembered with honor and gratitude, we shall all more truly estimate the worth of the nationality they died to preserve, and be better prepared to labor, and if need be to die in its defence.

Thus from "the flower which fadeth," tenderly and reverently placed upon the graves of our honored dead, shall there be reaped a harvest of permanent and enduring good. We shall find in the future, that the garlands we have woven are

"Withered not a leaf—
Fadeless the glory of their spring-time life;
Sweet and refreshing and a joy forever."
These flowers are all "*Immortelles;*" in the heart
Forever consecrate; and thus transformed,
They bloom united to the sacred "Word,"
And with it "stand" forever.

See the fruit,
Born of tender leaf, the fragile flower—
Joy, linked with Beauty, Gratitude and Hope.
This is the fleeting loveliness of earth,

Touched by the hand of charity divine,
Changed to a ministry of holiness,
Yielding immortal fruit."

The Band then played an appropriate piece of music, when the Rev. Dr. Quint spoke as follows:

—"Who died in defence of their country." Seven years have gone since they began to die. Hardly had the head of the column entered the rebellious States, hardly had the keel of the war-ships cut the Southern waters, when the roll of the dead was begun. Thenceforward it lengthened year by year through four years of warfare. Dead on the slippery decks! Dead by the camp-fires of a night! Dead in the smoke-cloud of battle! Dead in the murderous prison pens! Time, which has hidden the trenches under the green grass, and ploughed over the track of the heavy guns, has softened the first violence of mourning into gentle sadness, and is healing a nation's wounds. But wherever loyal men and true comrades are, to-day a people brings its offering with which to garland the graves of their dead heroes.

We pause by this memorial stone, comrades and citizens, for a parting service. We could not find all the graves to-day. You know where they are. The waters are the restless graves of some. The bluffs of the quiet rivers cover some. The thronged burial-place where drooping captives mustered strength to bury the starved dead, hold some in endless captivity. So, now you have decked the graves of those who sleep at home, pause, and here honor the graves of those who sleep far off.

This is no time for many words. Sometimes words are helpless, because the great idea disdains the bondage of language. The men whom we remember were not men of words, but deeds. All their words were written with their bayonets. With their sabres they shaped the destiny of their land. "They died in defence of their country.!" What is more eloquent than the majestic simplicity of that phrase? "Their country!" Let not him try to measure the length and breadth of these words, who thinks of his country only as a place to buy and sell and get gain! Let him not try to sound the depth of these words, whose idea of his country is only that wherein he shall get public office and honor and profit!

Let him not aspire to the height of these words who thinks that peace is better than righteousness, safety better than manhood! They who endured hardship, and dauntlessly met the fiery storm, and poured out their blood, and lay with their white faces upturned to God, they knew — in their life-time knew—what "our country" means. They, in their graves, tell

us that no country can live without law and liberty and true manhood; and because they saw, in the Flag, the soul of the Great Republic, with strong hearts and chivalric daring they planted themselves by the Stars and Stripes, and now sleep till the reveille of the resurrection morn.

Better than words do the things of this day speak. Hear them.

This service says that the old soldiery do not forget their comrades. Fresh in memory are those who were once with us in march and battle. True men do not forget those with whom they stood shoulder to shoulder in the greatest, hardest times this land ever saw. The fellowship of the living, welded in fire still endures. Some men look angrily on the great brotherhood of former soldiery, which now covers the loyal land. They affect to feel danger from the hundreds of thousands who link their hands under the leadership of the gallant Logan. But pause and think you, you who frown—are the fellowships of the battle-field, made in love to the flag, sworn to on the altar of death, to fall asunder like blades of grass mown down? Think you that men who rested together on the hard ground, stood in the same line, followed the same flag, charged together when death was in every step; men who were deprived of home and had no friends but each other, and closed up as the dying fell—do you ask that they shall throw aside these ties of life and death? Can you not instinctively feel that they cannot do it? that they cannot abandon their needy and often friendless comrades, and the widows and orphans of the dead? that they cannot dishonor themselves by destroying the sympathies of a glorious cause? Bear with us, we pray you, in this thing. Think not hard of us for our soldierly care of comrades. If it be a weakness in us to cherish old memories, yet deal tenderly with us, and grant us this one little boon; for once you needed us, and then nothing was too much to promise us when you asked us to encounter death. We did it. When we ask you to let us keep fresh the ties of death, will you not do it? Be not jealous because we remember each other. Dangerous? Yes, once, dangerous to the traitor and rebel. But not now. Men who perilled life for law may be trusted in peace. Dangerous again, only should the lawful authorities need their right hands again, and then dangerous only to the disobedient and lawless. See! only the color-guard carry muskets, and the muzzles are filled only with flowers. There is no danger in these flowers. There are no bullets hid under them. Peacefully, soberly, reverentially, loyally, we lay the flowers on the graves of the dead.

Let the flowers tell our minds. When the war was young, the volleys over the grave announced a soldier's burial. When the war grew sterner, the volleys ceased; and but for the sullen shots of the foe, the dead were laid down in silence. Ah, me! the many over whom I have said "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!" Now, these spring flowers on the graves are the emblems of peace which blesses our land. We bring them as such. We adopt the substitute. Hands that once grasped the sword-hilt, now scatter flowers. Accept our meaning.

You do accept it. We thank those that plucked and gave these flowers for the soldiers' graves. We gratefully acknowledge the general answer to our request in this city. Women's hands, the hands which never tired when, for the soldiers, they knit, and sewed and rolled the lint, while their tears fell on the work and their brave hearts nerved themselves--women's hands have brought the peaceful offering. Do they not say: "Soldiers, we do not forget the fallen; soldiers, we honor still the manhood that was once our defence." And as we take the gentle gifts, we say, "As you trusted us in war, so can you trust us in peace."

Citizens, we thank you for your sympathies. We expected it. These are *your* dead. They went out from *your* homes. They are of *your* blood. There was weeping and moaning in your streets when they fell. We are one of you now. When armies disbanded, the soldier laid aside his garb and became a citizen again. War was not our business. Peace was our object. Only in memory and friendship is any line existing. In that memory, we gratefully acknowledge all honor which you pay to the departed. We appreciate the words which have been spoken here by your representative, whose warm sympathies and continued help in the work of peace, we do not forget. We recall with gratitude all who worked at home for their country's cause, and cherished their country's defenders in the field. Not less, because no scruples forbade us to follow the bugle's call, do we think those who, in obedience to their life-long convictions, could not see their way to use the sword, yet earnestly, kindly, gently ministered to those who held the sword. Not less do we feel gratitude to them, in that with oath, pen and voice, they nerved themselves to sacrifice and stand up for the right.

Tenderly think we now of the widow and orphan! As the flowers were placed on yonder graves, we saw tears falling from lonely women's eyes. We saw silent children there. Oh, how full of meaning is this day to them! Are not these scenes, which tell of respect to their dead, a comfort to them? The God of the fatherless and the widow, be their God!

With a fearful price was our country ransomed. Yet there is no bitterness in our hearts towards those that were our enemies in the field. We are not offended because Southern women strew with flowers the graves of their dead. Though mistaken and misled by ambitious leaders, those men were brave men. They sealed their faith by their blood. Lowered would be the Southern people in our thought, did they forget the memory of the soldiers that fought so sturdily in their unhappy project. We can distinguish between their often reckless bravery and their mistaken cause; and now that that cause is dead, and our once foes have yielded, and the flag is undisturbed, no soldier, however loyal, cherishes hate to the men he met in the rude shock of battle. For their traitorous leaders, there is nevermore trust; as for the gallant men whom they deceived, when they broke ranks forever, the controversy ended, and we are friends.

On this day we reiterate our allegiance to the flag of our country. We honor those who fell in its defence. We drink in new inspiration of loyalty, obedience and faith. By the graves, we become truer patriots, unselfish, unflinching in duty.

You counted the number of guns, just now, in the national salute. Thirty-seven guns. Who said you might count that number? No State gone; no star vanished from the flag. Who seized the dropping stars and fastened them in the blue field forever?

Now the nation lives, not maimed nor severed. In her noble sympathy, reaching from sea to sea, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, she lifts up her undimmed banner, and calls forth to her trust, the gallant soldier who led her armies to victory, not GRANT of the North, nor of the South, nor of the East, nor of the West, but GRANT of APPOMATTOX, stern and fearless in duty, but gentle, like a true soldier, to the vanquished; the nation trusts him to fulfill her vows, that beneath the folds of her flag, shall life, liberty, right, be preserved to the living, and over the gallant dead shall be dropped the tears of gratitude, and on the green graves shall be scattered the flowers of Spring.

The benediction was then pronounced by Rev. Tyler C. Moulton, Chaplain of the Post, when flowers were strewed about the base of the monument, and the shaft was decked with wreaths and garlands, while the band played "Leaf by leaf the roses fall," and "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The impressive ceremonies at the monument concluded, three guns were fired as a signal, the procession was re-formed, and proceeded to Fairhaven. As it reached the residence of Capt. John A. Hawes, a halt was made, and a generous and

beautiful contribution of flowers was placed in the flower-carriage. Arrived at the Riverside Cemetery, the members of the Post, with their guests, and a large concourse of citizens of Fairhaven, gathered about the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, recently erected by the town authorities. A platform stood near, upon which were seated the Selectmen, Rev. Dr. Quint, Capt. Hawes, and others.

Capt. Hawes, chairman of the committee charged with the erection of the monument, addressing his fellow-citizens, remarked, that soon after the arrival of the remains of the first Fairhaven soldier who fell in the war, at a meeting of the trustees of the cemetery, Mr. Edwin R. Almy moved that a suitable lot be appropriated for the burial of those who should fall in defence of their country. This was done, and we stand by the spot selected. In 1867 the town voted to erect a monument, and raised a committee for that purpose. The committee secured the services of Geo. F. Meacham, Esq., the architect, who, said Capt. H., voluntarily and nobly exceeded his contract by adding some three feet to the height of the shaft.

"And now, Mr. Chairman of the Selectmen of Fairhaven," said the speaker, pointing to the neat monument of Concord granite, suitably inscribed, "there is our report—not written on parchment, but in imperishable stone. May it stand till the great Father, who has conducted us through a long and arduous struggle, shall see fit to crumble it to dust."

Capt. Hawes said the town authorities had decided to informally dedicate the monument on that occasion, and called upon Rev. Dr. Quint to perform that service; who, after eloquently referring to the services in which the Post had been engaged on that day, spoke of the purpose of rearing the monument. It was to honor the dead who gave their lives for their country's defence. Their names are graven upon its sides. But no such inscription is needed to perpetuate their memory; for their names are graven in the hearts of the living; nor in these alone; they live in the imperishable history of the country. In rearing this stone to their honor, those who raised it honored themselves.

Dr. Quint then happily spoke of the significance of the monument, of the lessons it teaches, and of the inspiration it should give. He spoke, too, of the claims of the living brethren of those who were thus remembered to-day; and asked that simple justice be done to the men who had nobly braved the dangers of war, that the country might have peace. At the close of his remarks, which were entirely extemporaneous, he offered the dedicatory prayer, and closed with the benediction.

The simple rite of decorating the monument with wreaths and bouquets, and strewing with flowers the seven graves of soldiers in the cemetery, was performed by the comrades of the Post, a detachment of whom had been previously sent with a similar tribute to be placed on a soldier's grave in the Naskatucket Cemetery.

This closed the services of the day. The procession then returned to this city, reaching City Hall at about five o'clock P. M The members proceeded to their headquarters and were i smissed.

There was a profusion of flowers, all fresh and beautiful, many of them wrought into tasteful wreaths, crosses, and bouquets—witnesses not only of the generosity of the givers, but of the kindness of the ladies, who skillfully wove the garlands.

The procession was not imposing by its length; but considering the threat of rain in the morning, and the fact that no special effort had been made at display, it was highly satisfactory. The great distance passed over, and the great length of time occupied in the service, deterred many from joining the procession. But there was no lack of interest in the service. All along the route, demonstrations of respect were made. The keepers of the cemeteries had draped the entrance to each with flags; flags were displayed at half-mast upon the public buildings, on various flag-staffs, and upon several private residences both in this city and Fairhaven. The school-ship also had her flags at half-mast.

At Fall River, Mass.

The procession started from the City Hall at about half-past 1 o'clock, in the following order:

A detachment of eight policemen. Mechanics' Band, 18 pieces. Aids. Chief Marshal. Aids. Company B, M. V. M., under command of Capt. B. D. Davol, 29 men. Post 46, G. A. R., about 50 men, under command of Capt. Frank McGraw. Returned Veterans, about 75 men, under command of Capt. Chas. D. Copeland. Company D, M. V. M., 32 men, under command of Capt. S. L. Braley. High and Grammar School boys, 208, under the charge of Mr. J. Milton Hall. Girls of the High and Grammar Schools, under the direction of Messrs. A. K. Slade, Wm. H. Gordon, and Leonard. St. John's Temperance Society, 37 men, preceded by their Band, 17 pieces. Carriages with Disabled Soldiers, as follows: Michael Coughlin, Wm. Deplitch, Nathan Boomer, William H. Carpenter, William H. Bennett. Carriages containing Chaplains, Speakers, Mayor, and Members of the City Government.

The route of the procession was up Main to Cherry, through Cherry to Rock, up Rock to Prospect and the Cemetery.

On arriving there, the procession marched in and halted near the Soldiers' Burial Lot, Post 46, G. A. R., stationed around the monument; the remainder of the line was ranged in a circle round the lot. On the lot were seats for the chaplain, speakers, and members of the City Government. Here services appropriate to the occasion were observed, as follows:

Music by the Mechanics' Band—"Pleyel's Hymn."

Address by Rev. S. W. Butler, who spoke as follows:

Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic: Again, in obedience to the order of your commander, do you close your ranks, but not as in the days gone by. Again the music of the Band rises amid the trees—not wild, high, and clamorous, as six years ago this May month you heard it, as, on the field of Williamsburg, Hooker collected parts of scattered bands, and sought to cheer the dying and inspire the hearts of the overmatched columns. You stand beneath the peaceful shade of "Oak Grove" to-day. The foliage of last year lies brown and crisp upon the ground, while the springing leaflets of the foliage that is to be is *red* upon the bough. Six years ago to-day, you closed your decimated files in Fair Oaks, Va., where Nature's order was reversed, for the early leaf upon the trees was brown and sere with the flames of battle, while the fallen leaves of the previous year were red with the life-blood of your comrades, whose memories you to-day come to revere.

The propitious heavens bend in peace over your formations to-day, as they arched over your smoking columns at Gettysburg. Scenes and experiences have greatly changed with you since, in field or hospital, you closed the eyes of your comrades; but not changed in the soldierly affection which binds your hearts to theirs whose links were forged and welded in the white heat of battle. And fitting is the tribute you offer to the memory of these departed.

We say departed, for those you called your comrades are not here. And though

> "On Fame's eternal camping-ground
> Their silent tents are spread,
> And memory walks with solemn round
> The bivouac of the dead,"

yet are these tents deserted, and the tents only of the bivouac remain. Say not that beneath these mounds they sleep. The soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic neither surrender nor sleep upon their post.

These mounds of earth, to our ill-lighted vision present to us illusions which betray our thoughts into disastrous sadness—as your comrades at Ball's Bluff were betrayed to their deaths by moonbeams shining through the vistas of the forest, revealing to the eyes of the scout the illusion of foemen's tents.

From Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate, from Oak Ridge, Ill., where lies the body of the noblest martyr, to Oak Grove, Mass., where rears the humblest stone, not one but marks the resting-place of the brave; for

> "While the good swords rust,
> And their steeds are dust,
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust,"

promoted to the armies of heaven, which on white horses follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. There they "hunger no more," for the rations are ever bountiful. "They shall thirst no more," for their line of march is eternally by the margin of the "River of Life, which flows from beneath the foot of the Throne of God and the Lamb forever." Neither shall the sun light on them in the weary march, nor any heat in the hour of battle, for their warfare is accomplished. No more in stockade, or prison, or hospital ward, do they weep unavailing tears of manly love for homes and firesides, while the ponderous days crush heart and hope, until the dead line is to them a welcome boon. "These former things" to them, as to us, are "passed away."

And when they passed away, they bequeathed to us the legacy of their memories, which shall be perpetuated while Massachusetts hills are green, and flowers spring from their verdant sods; and their lives, though to us a vapor, shall be to us as the pillar of cloud and fire to Israel, a healing shadow in the noon of our national prosperity, and a beacon of cheer in the night of calamity. They have left us the rich legacy of their altar tombs, from whose fires we will ever rekindle the torches of their patriotism as accumulating years of luxury and peace shall enervate the same. They have bequeathed to us those jewels of their manly hearts, whose presence was in fancy near them when victory paled upon the glaring eyeballs, and the shouts of triumphant comrades were lost in the surges of the dark river, the legacy of their mothers, their sisters, their wives, their children. And we come to-day to enrich our minds with those legacies of memory which will give us to as noble a life for the untarnished perpetuity of the Republic, as they have nobly died, and to take more closely to our sympathies those by whose poverty and bereavement we are made rich.

It is fitting, then, that you, the surviving comrades, should come, and, by the sweet persuasions of your fidelity to their memory, seek to secure to posterity, inviolate, the Republic of their love and the purchase of their blood. It is fitting that the citizens should hither come to be continually aroused to that vigilance whose eternity is the price of liberty. It is fitting that capital should hither come, for these are the vaults whose coin of valor redeems from worthlessness the medium of our commerce. It is the grass of these and other mounds whose spirit transfigures the intrinsic poverty of every gold dollar into nominal wealth.

Whirl away, spindles! clash, clattering looms! fly away, shuttles! but pay your homage here. But for the lives that passed from there, amid whizzing bullets, clashing bomb, and hustling shot, the sinews of your strength were repudiate. Here let children come to gain inspirations which shall aid them to as nobly live for the Republic, as these have nobly died.

Here let the Christian come, and at the altar of the nation offer the sacrifice of contrite hearts to Him who ruleth in the armies of heaven, and giveth the beauty of His chosen to be "slain upon the high places" in the completion of His own omniscient benevolent purposes.

After which, prayer by the same.

Music by the Band—"America."

Mayor Fairbanks spoke as follows:

Officers and Members of the 46th Post of the Grand Army of the Republic: The ground upon which we stand is truly sacred soil; and we are here in compliance with an order from the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, that we may, through the emblem of flowers, express the sweetness, fragrance, and beauty of our remembrance of your departed comrades; and, by the freshness and greenness of our offering, show that we still appreciate their great sacrifice.

This is a place of silence. Here human oratory is vain, and man's applause a mockery. We are surrounded with objects more eloquent than speech. Yes, there are times and occasions where words fail to express our thoughts, feelings, and emotions; and yet we are not here to-day as comes a procession of mourners. It has been said that it is glorious to die for one's country. Yes, and it is glorious to live with the conscious feeling that we have dared death to save our country. So, as we come within these beautiful grounds, and gather around this sacred spot, our minds need not be filled with gloom; and yet our tongues may falter in giving utterance to our feelings.

If disembodied spirits ever take cognizance of earthly scenes, may we not believe that the heroic spirits of those whose honored names are cut upon this splendid monument are now hovering over us? Were it so, and could we communicate with them, we should fail to find fitting words to make known our thoughts and grateful emotions. And could these exalted spirits speak to us of things of time, we would be eager listeners. What would they say? Hark! "God only knows what the Boys in Blue suffered for their country. Earnestly love and cherish the land for which we died. Sustain, respect, and honor our living comrades. Care for and protect our parents, our widows, and our orphans."

And now, gentlemen and ladies, will we ever grow remiss in this obvious duty? Let us all in our heart of hearts answer, No. And as we yearly come to this consecrated shrine, to decorate with flowers these graves, may we take anew our solemn vow.

Dr. Robert T. Davis spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen, and you Returned Veterans of the Army and Navy: After so long a silence and absence, I know of no other occasion which could have impelled me to address you other than this profoundly solemn and touching ceremony; but it is indeed an honor and privilege to participate with you in this act of respectful and loving homage to the precious and sacred memory of our patriot dead, who died that their country might survive—that its institutions might not perish from the earth.

At this moment, over all the land which they have saved, this sweet and beautiful tribute is tenderly and reverently offered at the shrines which rise so thickly from the green earth where sleep our heroes.

And fresh and fragrant as these flowers which youth and innocence and beauty have placed upon this cherished spot, will ever remain the recollection of these priceless services.

We knew them in life, and saw them depart from their homes ready to abide the dread issue of battle on which were staked the honor, safety, and salvation of their country, and willing in that sacred cause to peril life and personal fortune, whether humble or exalted—to abandon forever, it might be, the dearest associations, friends, family, neighborhood ties, all that is sweet, tender, lovely, cherished, and beloved, all that brightens and warms our interior nature—know full well how rude and severe the test which they and their surviving comrades so nobly endured. This is the place, this the time, this the presence; for here stand the living soldiers of the great war

confronting the shaft which, standing upon the earth where rest the mortal relics of their brothers in arms, points upward to their eternal home, for us all to renew the inspiration of this great epoch from which we are just emerging.

Prior to the Rebellion this nation had achieved a proud and envied name and place among contemporary States. In her very birth she had startled the world by uttering the sublime doctrines of the Declaration of Independence, that trumpet-call and battle-cry of Freedom to all mankind in all the ages.

But hostile men, influences, and institutions, had, almost from the foundation of the Government, conspired to weaken our attachment to those glorious truths for which Washington fought, and Jefferson wrote, and Otis spoke, and Franklin labored, to crumble and destroy the rock of our political faith —the ark of our political salvation, upon which the patriot and the Christian rested as if it were the covenant of Jehovah; for they knew that Divine lips had uttered the injunction, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"—words which proclaimed to all people and all generations the great idea of the equality of mankind and the brotherhood of the race.

Failing in this, they instituted fratricidal war, to divide a nation they could not seduce or control. They organized governments, issued proclamations, mustered armies, and dared the nation to a contest for its existence.

Then was seen the true majesty of patriotism and loyalty when allied with liberty. From all quarters of the loyal land came that mighty host whose columns, spite of wounds, sickness, and death, never thinned, but always increased, keeping pace with the unflagging spirit and unfailing resources of a great people through four years of desperate struggle, till rebellion was annihilated, and our beloved country, purified by sacrifice and baptized in the blood of its patriot martyrs, rose to a higher destiny and a grander life.

The illustrious names and great events which crowd this mournful but glorious period have ennobled the nation, and temper, purpose, and character of every American, is celebrated by a knowledge of the great trial through which his country successfully passed.

First among the names which our time has given to immortality must always be reverently mentioned that of the lamented and martyred Lincoln, the rarest, purest, noblest statesman of this age, whose unerring sagacity guided us through every danger and difficulty, who fitly crowned his high functions by proclaiming the enfranchisement of a race—the greatest act in all the rolls of time—and whose martyr-death embalmed his memory in the hearts of his countrymen forever.

The great Preserver of nations and of men did indeed bless while He chastened us—He raised up for us great military and naval captains to lead our armies and navies to victory, and uncounted thousands of brave hearts to follow the national flag on land and sea, to uphold it on the perilous ridges of battle, to march to assured victory beneath its folds, or calmly die in its defence.

He nerved those brave hearts to endure a more dreadful ordeal than that of battle—to bear without repining the attacks of that invisible foe which, aided by fatigue, exposure, and privation, fastens its deadly grasp upon all the functions of life, wastes the muscle, thins the blood, attenuates the frame, making robust manhood a tottering wreck weaker than infancy, till at last life ebbs away and the unequal struggle ends. Or, more happily, the healing influence of time and change enables the survivor to emerge from the shadowy valley into the sunlight of earth and hope.

They were enabled to endure to the end horrors peculiar to this struggle, and which shocked the civilized world, loading their perpetrators with enormous and unequalled infamy, and crying to the very courts of Heaven for vengeance against these monsters in human form who could deliberately inflict starvation upon prisoners by the fortunes of war.

In the performance of their great task our armies in the field were sustained by the wisely directed and unstinted energies of the national and State governments, who hesitated not to employ in their behalf all the resources at their command.

They were aided by individual and associated effort, freely and zealously contributed by all classes and both sexes, so that the soldier, under all the varied conditions of his arduous life, knew that his grateful countrymen were ministering to his wants with sleepless, efficient, unfailing, loving care.

The attitude of our own beloved State, from the commencement to the close of this contest, was worthy of her old renown. It could not be otherwise, for her purpose was interpreted and her will executed by one of the most illustrious of her chief magistrates. Massachusetts acted with the arm and spoke through the lips of John A. Andrew—an arm that never faltered and lips that never uttered a word unworthy the grand old Commonwealth in this heroic period of her history. At his summons her citizen soldiery marched to the field and shared with their brethren of other States the dangers and honors of the struggle. Many have returned; some bearing honorable wounds, others happily unscathed, but many sleep their last sleep in that Southern land which their blood has redeemed

from rebellion and bondage. In the swamps of Virginia, by the waters of the Mississippi, among the mountains of Tennessee, on the coasts of Carolina, where they nobly fighting fell, there they rest; and with them those whose names you have inscribed upon imperishable marble, so that your descendants in the generations to come may know to whom in part they will owe the priceless blessings of a free government.

That shaft bears witness that our own city furnishes its full share to swell that roll of honor. I need not mention to you their names; they are alike engraved upon that column, and the warm and living tablets of your hearts. Some of you who are their living representatives here showed their toil and danger in the gallant and much-enduring army of the Potomac, its earlier sufferings and trials, its brightening fame at Antietam and Gettysburg, and its final triumph. But not alone there; over all the theatre of war, from Mississippi to the sea, from the northern line of rebellion to the Gulf, our gallant soldiers and sailors were found fighting treason and battling for liberty—always beneath the national flag, whose gleaming folds waved over no truer or braver defenders.

Veterans of the army and navy, and fellow-citizens, it is appropriate and just that you should thus commemorate the services of those who fought with you and for you during this long struggle. All nations, ancient and modern, Christian and heathen, have religiously cherished the memories of those who have fallen in the military service of their country.

The reason is obvious; to peril life in the national defence, is the severest test of patriotism, and the spirit which prompts that sacrifice deserves enduring honor; while the homage which it receives educates and develops that noble sentiment which is the only security for the continued life of nations. So long as its sons are willing to die for their motherland, so long will it endure to shelter and bless them and their children. At the hour when a people shall be unwilling to abide this test, they will find that they have no longer a country worth saving, and those lives they will have deemed more valuable than honor and freedom transmitted undimmed through centuries of glorious national life, may prove to be an intolerable burden of humiliation, misery, and disgrace. "Better be where the extinguished Spartans still are free, in their proud charnel of Thermopylæ, than stagnate in that marsh."

Let us, then, for the cause of our country, no less than in grateful memory of them, render at stated seasons due honor to those brave men whose lips, alas, now voiceless, whose forms now mingling with the common mother of us all, have left so

eloquent an example to us and future times. May the hour never come when we shall have a less vivid sense of our obligations to the heroic dead, in whose presence we reverently stand. Rather from age to age, with the expanding growth and advancing greatness of the Republic, may we not hope that their fame will brighten in the light of their achievements, till it becomes commensurate with the glory of their country!

A parting word to you, returned veterans of the armies and navies of the Union:

You each possess a badge of honor in the evidence of your honorable discharge from active military and naval duty. That simple fact reveals a proud record which you can never forget. It is the evidence that at a most critical period you fought for your country. This is an elevating and noble consciousness, a proud and enviable distinction. The Frenchman, of whatever rank, has been accustomed to regard with usual respect the veterans of the Empire, for in them he recalled the glories of the first Napoleon, and the military greatness of France. Need I say that you have earned at least equal honor, fighting for freedom and your country—not for empire and a name. And hereafter, when eloquent orators shall discourse of this great theme, and recite in glowing words to admiring thousands over all the land how the armies and navies of the Union conquered the great Rebellion; how Vicksburg, protected by its lofty bluffs and frowning batteries and mighty river, succumbed to the all-conquering patience and genius of Grant; how, realizing the very romance of battle, our armies fought and won upon the misty summits of Lookout, where the thunder of our cannon rivalled the thunder of heaven's artillery among the clouds; how the gallant Shaw and his brave though black comrades in arms laid down in death while their immortal spirits rose in glory from the rebel ramparts of Wagner; how Farragut and his brave tars sailed through the jaws of death, and New Orleans and Mobile were won; how the peerless Sheridan, whose breath was victory, saved the fight at Winchester, and followed, like a pursuing fate, the broken fragments of the Rebellion, till Appomattox closed the scene; and how in that awful and momentous hour, when the fortunes of the Republic hung suspended upon the issue of battle in the valleys of Pennsylvania, and for three days the veteran legions of Lee were hurled in successive and deadly shocks upon the army of the Potomac, till at last the defeated hosts of Rebellion withdrew, our banners advanced and the spirit of freedom shouted victory from the sun-crowned heights of Gettysburg;—then you, and each of you, can proudly say, I, too—I, too, was a soldier of the

Republic; I, too, fought for Union, for liberty, for the rights and interests of untold millions of men.

A poem followed, by John Westall, Esq.:

Bring flowers to-day—
The fairest flowers of May!
And let the nation pay
Its grateful tributes here, where monumental stone
Shall keep the patriot warriors' names for ages known.
Bring flowers to-day!
And lay them on the graves
Where but the earthly lies
Of our heroic braves;
And keep alive their noble memories,
As the illimitable years in grand succession rise.

Bring flowers to-day—
The purest, sweetest, richest of the May!
The violets blue,
As our brave warriors true;
The roses red,
Red as the blood they shed;
The lilies spotless white,
Pure as the starry light
Which led them in the fight,
Triumphant for the Right;
The red, the white, the blue,
Like the dear flag which o'er them flew
In victory,
So splendidly,
On many a battle-field,
When cannons thundering pealed,
And bayonets flashed,
And mad Rebellion dashed
Like waves against Freedom's eternal rock,
And perished in the shock.

Bring flowers to-day—
The red, the white, the blue,
Of every shade and hue,
And let fair maidens lay
Their wreaths around each patriot warrior's honored name,
And crown with noble fame
The memory of the soldier brave,
And the brave sailor on the salt sea-wave,
Who once so freely gave
Their own dear life, their country's life to save!
Bring flowers to-day,
From the fresh hills where the wild breezes play,
From gardens fair,
Where all the murmuring air
Is full of songs of bird and bee,
And crimson apple-blooms are opening free.

Bring flowers to-day!
The fragrant purple spire,
And buds, whose hearts of fire
Speak of the loving hands who place them here,
So tenderly and dear;
Which all hearts move,
The sweet mementos of a nation's love:
The grateful homage which a nation pays
To her heroic dead,
In her heroic days.

Not here they sleep! not here they rest
Beneath the earth's green breast!
Earth here but claims her own,
Beneath the sculptured stone.
But from the body's prison
Their spirits have arisen;
As from the seed the plant must rise,
To bloom in Summer skies;
As from the darksome shell the blue-bird springs,
Spreads on the golden air its happy wings,
And with its heart of joy its song exulting sings.
Not here they sleep! not here they rest!
Earth here but holds her own:
Their spirits to celestial climes have flown,
And have immortal grown
In that fair world where death is never known;—
In that bright world of light
Beyond our mortal sight,
Where Love brings endless day, with blessings infinite.

How many memories rise,
Like stars on Summer skies,
As we read o'er the record of the dead
Who for their country fought, and toiled, and bled!—
The hissing shot on Sumter's bastioned wall;
The martyred Lincoln's call;
The rising of the North;—
Magnificent beyond compare!—
And when the troops came pouring forth,
The hopes which bloomed so bright and fair,
Alas! too soon to fade upon the Summer air:
Then the long, weary, weary, weary years,
Filling our hearts with grief, our eyes with tears,
Till the bright dawn came, scattering all our fears,
Emancipation leading in the way,
And at its heavenly call burst forth the glorious day.

Then Victory rose imperial by our side;
The Slave became a Man;
And through the nation's pulses ran
A higher life; and higher rose the tide
Of hope, that might have died;
But Justice ruled the hour,
And with invincible power

She led the nation to its grandest deed.
Then came the heroic Meade,
And Gettysburg flashed o'er the waiting land,
As fled away the routed rebel band;
And Vicksburg twinned the glory of that day,
And brave old Farragut lashed to the mast in Mobile's crimson bay,
Lit up with splendor all the applauding sea
With his great victory.

O days of wonder! when each dawn arose,
Bringing new triumphs o'er fair Freedom's foes;
When Sheridan like lightning flew
Up the dark valley, ever brave and true,
And by the grace of Heaven the lost was won,
By Victory's darling son;—
When Sherman's matchless march from mountain to the sea
Wrote a new page in Glory's history;—
When through the fiery Wilderness our dauntless braves pressed on,
Till the great work was done,
Fighting it out on that line day by day,
Leaving their silent mounds to mark the way;
Till the Spring came with all her sweetest flowers,
And the whole land was ours;
The nation's armies, led by him whose words were few,
Who taught us patience, and whose triumphs grew
In grandeur, for his master mind
The great campaign designed,
Swept o'er the field, and saw the nation's want,
And every rebel fell before all-conquering Grant.

O great as good and calm as Fate,
Modest as brave, and, like all truly great,
Seeking thy country's good, and not thine own
Through every office; and through that alone
She turns to thee in peace as well as war,
Placing in thy tried hands her destinies;
For thy great name shines o'er her like a star
Serene and steady o'er tempestuous seas,
The hope and beacon-light to every mariner.

Within our heart the bells are ringing still,
As they rang once on every vale and hill;
For Peace came down from heaven again,
And her bright olives waved o'er mount and plain,
While grand thanksgivings rose like mighty seas,
And patriots on their bended knees
Blessed Heaven for all our victories.

As if the full-orbed sun should in an instant drop
From the clear noonday sky,
They ceased, and wail and cry
Proclaim the nation's agony.
The martyr Lincoln fell
In the bright morn of glory's grandest day,
And sorrow such as tongue can never tell
Held o'er us unchecked sway.

His greatness we had never known till then;
His simplest grandeur made him first of men;
His honesty, the spotless citizen.
What was our loss we never knew till now,
By the deep contrast which our hearts all know
And speak with quivering lip, as we in silence bow.

Ah me! what sadness mingles with our joy.
Such discipline we need!
Here bends the widow; there the orphan boy
His father's name will read.
The empty sleeve, more eloquent than speech,
The patriot heart will teach;
The warrior leaning on his crutch
The obdurate soul will touch;
His halting step will tell
How the brave soldier fell
Wounded, where shot flew thick and fast,
And Death came sweeping by upon the hurtling blast.
A grateful nation makes each child its ward,
From every want its treasures must keep guard
The fairest monument it builds alone,
With justice for its corner-stone.

Who gave their lives for us, that we
Might reap the fruit of liberty?
This sculptured monumental stone
Tells by whose hands the costly work was done.
The honored names of thy brave sons are here,
America, forever dear!

While on its tablets, standing side by side,
As they once stood in battle's bloody tide,
Where they together fought, together died,
To stay dark Treason's crimes,
Are names from other climes.
Beneath thy banner they were one,
In duty all thine own;
True Scot, brave Celt, and English hearts of oak,
Breaking the Traitor's yoke,
His chains and slavery,
And giving to humanity a broader scope
For nobler life than Europe dared to hope.

Ye Veterans from many a hard-fought battle-field,
Who come this day to yield
Your hearts' deep tribute to your comrades brave,
You saved your country in her darkest hour;
Her voice still calls: again she bids you save
Her liberties
From all her enemies,
And with a freeman's power
Fight her great battles now at home in peace,
Till every wrong shall cease;
And when in joy returns each fair November sun,
Let your pure ballots keep what your bright bayonets won.

Let us keep fast what Freedom here has gained:
The ballot true, from every fraud unstained,
Guarded by bands well trained,
Impartial, equal to each citizen;
The strength of loyal men,
This is the fortress of our Liberty;
Who keeps this pure, shall evermore be free,
While o'er the land unnumbered schools, like flowers, shall rise,
And countless sacred spires point upward to the skies.

Oh, words are weak beside the grave,
When patriots die our liberties to save!
Yet here we may renew
Our vows to Freedom, and here consecrate
Ourselves to her great service, firm and true.
Above our heads our country's banners wave
Their stars of stainless white in their bright fields of blue,
Shining like stars around heaven's morning gate.
Here we may pledge each faithful heart and hand,
To stand
By Freedom's sacred cause; that all the land,
From green Niagara's rainbow-crownéd spray,
To the Arcadian shores of Tampa's placid bay—
From Shasta's peak of ever-sparkling snow,
To the wide fields of far-off Mexico,
Shall never, never more be trodden by a slave.
Here shall the people, true to Freedom's cause,
Live under equal laws;
And every taint of tyranny shall fade,
Nor race nor color shall their rights degrade;
That all may live in peace till life's bright sands are run,
In happy freemen's homes, the happiest 'neath the sun.

Music by the Band—"Star Spangled Banner."

At the close of the exercises at Oak Grove Cemetery, Mayor Fairbanks was requested to read the following inscription, which was attached to a cross of evergreens and flowers, very tastily arranged:

"These flowers are contributed to the memory of Abner Lawton, the little drummer-boy, who lies in his lonely grave in a far-off Southern cemetery. His name is inscribed on our Soldier's Monument at Oak Grove Cemetery. Please dispose of them in a way you consider the most appropriate, and oblige

A Friend."

The ceremony of strewing the graves of their former comrades was then performed by the members of Post 46, G. A. R.

After which, the procession took up its line of march for the North Burial-ground, the Catholic Cemetery, and Friends' Burying-ground, at each of which the ceremony of strewing the graves was performed. The procession then re-formed and returned to City Hall, where they were dismissed.

At Oak Grove Cemetery were flags and streamers arranged with fine effect. Over the outside entrance was the following:

"Let the living honor the patriotic dead."

On the inside was the motto:

"They died for their country and liberty."

These were in an arch intertwined with flags and streamers.

Over the Soldiers' Burial Lot, in an arch, were the words, "We will cherish the memory of our departed heroes." On the arch were fifteen flags, with a shield at each end.

At Hingham, Mass.

The arrangements for the decoration of the soldiers' graves at Hingham were under the charge of a committee of thirteen returned soldiers, headed by Brigadier-General Luther Stephenson, Jr., and the same number of citizens, headed by Capt. John Stephenson. In the forenoon the cemeteries at Liberty Plain, Nantasket and High street were visited, and the graves of the soldiers buried in these localities decorated with flowers. In the afternoon a procession was formed at Fountain Square, embracing the returned soldiers and sailors of the town, several large carriage loads of young ladies, a juvenile military company dressed in Zouave uniform, the teachers and scholars of the public schools, the town officers, ministers, and managers of the Hingham Agricultural Society, and a large number of citizens on foot and in carriages. The music was furnished by the South Hingham Cornet Band. The display of flowers was very extensive, and almost every person in the procession carried a bouquet. Some of the bouquets were composed of very choice flowers, and were very beautiful.

The procession first proceeded to Fort Hill Cemetery, and Gen. Stephenson made a very brief address, and gave the military history of each soldier buried in that place, and as these statements were made, parties of young ladies were sent out from the central stand to decorate their graves. Rev. Mr. Fuller, a returned soldier, then made some remarks and offered prayer, after which the procession resumed its march for the cemetery at Hingham Centre. The ceremony of decorating the graves was repeated in the same manner here, and Rev. Mr. Tillson offered prayer. The Hingham cemetery was the last one visited, and at this place the members of the military escort placed the bouquets which they had carried during their march, around the monument which has been erected there, inscribed with the names of forty Hingham soldiers who gave their lives for their country, and whose remains are buried in distant graves.

GENERAL STEPHENSON'S SPEECH.

FELLOW-SOLDIERS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Throughout our land the returned soldiers and sailors of the late war, in connection with the people, are assembling to-day, to decorate with flowers, and with our country's emblems, the graves of those who gave up their lives in support of the Union, and in defence of the principles of civil and religious liberty. In every township and city from the North to the South, from the shores of the Atlantic to the slopes of the Pacific, these floral offerings will be paid.

Thousands and thousands of graves will be adorned to-day, with the choicest gifts of nature, to show a soldier's love for his comrades, and a nation's gratitude for their services, and their sacrifices.

No town in our Commonwealth can show a more honorable record; no place can boast of nobler or better soldiers than our own; and we, its people, are assembled to pay our tribute of respect and love for the fallen; to express our sympathy for their afflicted friends, and to stir up the channels of memory, that their lives and deeds may be kept fresh and green in our hearts.

From this part of our town, three of our citizens, belonging to one family, went out as a part of the quota of Hingham. The father, Wm. H. Jones, served in the 4th Mass. Cavalry, and was killed at the battle of Honey Hill. One son, Gardner Jones, enlisted in the 32d Mass. Vols. With two others he volunteered to perform a perilous duty at Laurel Hill, Va., and with one of his companions, was mortally wounded. Sergt. William H. Jones, Jr., of the 18th Vols., was buried in this place. He was one of the first to volunteer at the commencement of the Rebellion, and fought at the battles of 2d Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. He was one of the best soldiers in his regiment.

In this cemetery also repose the remains of David W. Cushing, 35th Mass. Vols., who was killed at the battle of South Mountain, after only one month's service.

Benj. Lincoln, 4th Mass. Cav., died in this town from disease contracted in the service. Samuel M. Lincoln, 23d Mass. Vols.; and John Pierce, who was connected with the — Mass. Reg't. and was killed in battle.

The young ladies selected for the purpose, then placed flowers over the graves of those mentioned by Gen. Stephenson.

During this exercise, the S. H. C. Band gave selections adapted to the occasion from music arranged "a la minore;" after which Rev. Mr. Fuller, of the Methodist Episcopal Church,

was called upon. Mr. Fuller stated that he had been in the service; had fought under Gen. Burnside, and carried honorable scars—having been wounded in three places. He was with a kind commander; one who was always foremost in expeditions of danger; who said to his men "*come*," and not "*go*." Yet there were trials, hardships and long marches to be endured, which none but a soldier could appreciate. He was pleased to know that the men who laid down their lives for the salvation of their country were not forgotten. Mr. Fuller spoke of those who *encouraged* and of those who *discouraged* enlistments during the war.

At the close of his remarks, the procession was reformed and marched to the cemetery at Hingham Centre, passing, on its way, many fine displays of "the flag of our Union"; among which we name Mr. Anderson's and Mrs. Fuller's, at West Hingham; Mrs. Crocker's, and the Temperance Hall, in Lincoln's Building. Mr. Thos. F. Whiton's house was very tastefully arranged with flags and spiral decorations; also Dr. Ezra Stephenson's and others.

Arrived at the Hingham Centre Cemetery, the services were similar to those at Fort Hill. Rev. Mr. Tilson, invoked the divine blessing. His prayer was an eloquent appeal to God, who alone was able to comfort those who felt their sorrows renewed. Flowers were then distributed over the graves of Lieut. Frank Thomas, Lieut. Edward W. Halcro, U. S. Navy, and William H. Beal.

Lieut. Francis Thomas, 12th Mass. Vols., was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, while acting as Inspector General on the staff of Gen. Baxter. He was engaged in all the battles in which his regiment participated up to the time of his death, and was a brave and efficient officer.

Lieut. E. W. Halcro, U. S. Navy, was a comparative stranger amongst us; but where known, was loved and esteemed as an officer and a gentleman. He served in the Gulf squadron under Com. Farragut.

Private Wm. H. Beal enlisted in the 40th Mass. Vols., and was wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.

Leaving this spot, the procession next moved to the Hingham Cemetery, where a large assemblage was gathered to witness and hear the closing services of the day. A temporary monument had previously been erected by some of our public-spirited citizens in a conspicuous location, upon which we noticed the following names:

Thomas Tinsley, 1st Mass.; Horace Burr, Charles H. Marsh, 11th Mass.; Samuel Spencer, 12th Mass.; Michael Fee, 16th

Mass.; Nelson F. Corthell, Thomas Churchill, David W. Hersey, 18th Mass.; Alvin Tower, 20th Mass.; George D. Gardner, Edward A. F. Spear, Charles E. French, Henry C. French, John S. Neal, Thomas Sprague, James T. Churchill, 39th Mass.; Jeremiah J. Corcoran, 40th Mass.; John W. Gardner, 8th Maine; William J. Stockwell, 30th Mass.; George W. Bibby, James L. Haskell, Demerick Stodder, William Breen, Washington I. Stodder, Wallace Humphrey, Jacob G. Cushing, Daniel D. Hersey, John Q. Hersey, Horatio P. Willard, 32d Mass.; Richard J. Farrell, 2d U. S. Art.; Michael Thompson, 5th U. S. Art.; William H. Jones, Dennis Sculley, 4th Mass. Cav.; Henry B. Livingston, Vet. Res. Corps.; Major Benj. C. Lincoln, 2d U. S. C. I.; George Merritt, U. S. Navy; James Fitzgerald, William B. Cushing, Leavitt Lincoln.

The names of Don Pedro Wilson and Gardner Jones should have appeared upon this monument, but were accidentally omitted.

Here Gen. Stephenson addressed the large assemblage, as follows:

In this beautiful cemetery are interred the remains of fourteen soldiers and sailors of the Union. We will lay our offerings upon the graves of Capt. Edwin Humphrey, 11th Mass. Vols., who was killed at the battle of Gettysburg. Capt. Humphrey was one of the fighting men of Hingham; serving with his regiment in nearly all the engagements of the Army of the Potomac, from the first battle at Bull Run until his death. His record is honorable alike to himself, his kindred, and his native town. Lieut. Nath'l French, Jr., 32d Mass. Vols., died from the effects of the malaria at Harrison's Landing, in the early part of the war. He was a faithful and efficient officer, and if his life had been spared, would have shown an honorable record in the field. Sergt. Chas. S. Mead, 32d Mass. Vols.; the youngest of Hingham's soldiers; the pet of his regiment, loved and respected by all. Peter Ourish, 32d Mass. Vols.; a brave, conscientious, and faithful soldier; he was killed in battle. Nath'l Gill enlisted as a musician in the 11th Mass. Vols., at the commencement of the war. Chas. W. Blossom, 16th Mass. Vols., was engaged in all the battles of the Peninsula, also at the capture of Norfolk. Capt. Elijah Hobart served in the 93d N. Y. Vols.; and was also engaged on the Peninsula; a brave and talented man. Warren P. Lincoln, 3d Minn. Cav.; he served at the battle of Murfreesborough, Tenn., where his entire regiment was captured; afterwards paroled and sent to the Northwest to fight the Indians. He was accidentally killed at Fort Snelling, while on his return. Corp. H. F. Miller, 39th

Mass. Vols., was engaged in the battle of the Wilderness, and received his mortal wound on the 8th of May, 1864. Chas. E. Wilder, 32d Mass. Vols., was wounded during the campaign under Gen. Grant, in 1864. Hiram Newcomb, 32d Mass. Vols., died from disease after the expiration of his term of service. Horace O. Barnes, 10th Mass. Battery, was killed at Jones' Farm, Va., under the following circumstances. His battery being ordered in position to engage the enemy, a detachment of four men were sent to cut down a tree which prevented accurate firing; but they returned, reporting that it could not be accomplished by reason of the danger from the enemy's sharpshooters. Private Barnes volunteered to perform the duty, and had removed the obstruction, when he received his death-wound. To-day is the anniversary of his death. He was an upright and conscientious man, as well as a brave soldier. Private John Crease, 22d Mass. Vols., was taken sick before Yorktown, and died in Bedloe's Island Hospital. He was a native of Scotland; a man of pure and upright character. Lieut. Thos. Andrews, U. S. Navy, died at New Orleans, while in the service. He was a good officer; a genial and pleasant man.

In this beautiful place also lie the remains of one whose name is identified with the history of our country in her first struggle for freedom. We will to-day lay our offerings upon the tomb of Maj.-Gen. Benjamin Lincoln.

Fellow-citizens, we have paid our tribute of respect to the memory of those who went forth to do battle for their country, and whose remains are deposited in this their native or their adopted town. But forty of the soldiers and sailors whose names are identified with our town, were buried in the places where they died, away from their homes and kindred, in the land of strangers.

The parents of those whose graves we have decorated with flowers to-day, carry with them the mournful satisfaction that the bodies of those they loved are deposited near their homes, by the side of their friends and kindred. The wife can visit the spot where her treasure lies, and at his headstone pour forth her love and sorrow. Their children can point to the place where their fathers lie, at the same time remembering with pride that they gave up their lives for their country in her hour of extreme peril and danger. But these mournful satisfactions are denied the friends and kindred of those whose ashes are interred where they died, away from their homes, away from those they loved. Many of them fell at the cannon's mouth, and were buried on the battle-fields where they fell. Others died from wounds or lingering disease in the many hospitals

that were scattered over our land. Some, alas! drew their last breath in suffering and sorrow, amid the horrors of a Southern prison. No stones mark their graves, and the rude head-boards erected by their comrades have ere this been swept away by the wind and the storm, and the places where they lie can nevermore be identified by mortal eyes. Among their number may be found the names of some of the bravest, the noblest, the best of Hingham's soldiers. The returned soldiers and sailors have erected this simple tribute to their memory, and will deposit around their names these emblems of purity, love, faith, hope, and immortality.

Selections by the Band followed these remarks, after which General Stephenson read the following lines, composed by a lady of Hingham:

IN MEMORIAM.

A Floral Tribute to the Graves of our Patriot Dead, who fell in Defence of their country.

Tread lightly, speak softly,
For hallowed the hours—
Our hearts hold commune through
The language of Flowers.
With heroes, now taking
Their furlough of rest
From the battles of Time,
At their Chieftain's behest.

A place for the Mother—
She bendeth beneath
The weight of her love;
There's dew on her wreath.
The Myrtle* is sacred
She leaves with us here,
Exhaling to heaven
Her words in each tear!

And the Father draws nigh,
His heart at the helm,
He crowns his young sailor
With Cypress† and Elm.‡
The one tells of sorrow,
His cloud o'er life's sea;
While the patriot's pride
The Elm whisp'reth free.

The Brother with Ivy§
With Balm‖ and with Bay¶
Composeth the lyric
He singeth to-day.

* Myrtle—Enduring Love.
† Cypress—Mourning.
‡ American Elm—Patriotism.
§ Joy—Fraternal Love.
‖ Balm—Sympathy.
¶ Sweet Bay—Reward of Merit.

As the sweet flower rhythm
Is caught by the air,
The wind-harps are breathing,
"God holds him in care."

The Sister with Snow-Drops,*
And Violets† blue,
Conveys to her brother
Her greeting anew.
The hope of reunion
She cultures on earth,
Through her faith in life's germ,
Immortal at birth.

We pause—we are silent;
The Widow kneels there,
By the branches of Yew‡
She planted with prayer.
On her breast there's a Flower§
Pervading the sense
With its perfume of power—
It calleth her hence,
To the home of her youth,
And mem'ry her part
Is playing again in
Her harmonized heart.

God's angels, the Children,
His flowers of Spring,
Their Daisies‖ and Lilies¶
In cheerfulness bring.
No tribute more grateful
To-day has been given—
Incense of innocence
Rising to heaven!

In the beauty of Youth,
With Cyclamen** crown,
Her arms filled with Roses,††
The Maiden kneels down,
With her heart in her hands,
She is looking above,
And we see that life's fragrance
Ascends with her love!

Hush! filling the air is
The voice of our Braves;
Fellow-comrades, we're here,
We salute o'er your graves;
And the arms that we use
Are charged by the heart;
They recall the sad scenes
Wherein we had part.

* Snow-Drop—Hope.
† Violet, blue—Faith.
‡ Yew—Grief.
§ Flower—Clematis.
‖ Daisy—Cheerfulness.
¶ Lily—Innocence.
** Cyclamen—Diffidence.
†† Rose—Love.

Bring the Palm * for our victors!
Death's battle is o'er;
Our Advance will await us—
They watch for our Corps.

We're waiting—these passing
Have earlier claim;
We're waiting to offer
The flower of Fame!

No strangers are near us—
We all are the friends
Of the heroes departed—
We owe them amends.

Bring hither the Laurel,†
Enwwreath it with care,
And hallow each leaf
With the glory of prayer.

Bend the knee and the heart
At this harmonized hour,
For the Spirit of God
Descends on each Flower. C. L. P. S.

Rev. Calvin Lincoln invoked the Divine blessing, after which Rev. Mr. Tilson spoke of the families, and characters of some of the departed. These services were then brought to a close.

During the forenoon, detachments were sent to the High street Cemetery, and flowers placed over the remains of Sewell Pugsley and Hollis Hersey. Also at Liberty Plain Cemetery, where lie interred the bodies of Albert G. Wilder and Albert S. Haynes, of the 39th Massachusetts Volunteers. A detachment also visited North Cohasset, placing flowers over the graves of Daniel L. Beal, 32d Massachusetts Volunteers, and John Manuel, Jr., 1st Battalion Heavy Artillery.

Here the pastor of the village made some very appropriate remarks, and, with a large number of his people, joined with the detachment in honoring the memory of these fallen patriots, who enlisted in the service and bore its hardships and privations that the nation might be saved from dissolution.

At Weymouth, Mass.

Post 40, G. A. R., of North Weymouth, assumed the duty of decorating the graves of the departed soldiers with floral offerings, and faithfully and becomingly fulfilled their trust. The sky was somewhat lowering, but, notwithstanding this unfavorable indication of bad weather, a good number of the com-

* Palm—Victory. † Laurel—Glory.

mand, with the children of the public schools, and citizens, formed in procession at the headquarters, and marched to the Old North Cemetery. Before the line of march was taken up, a delegation of soldiers' widows, seven in number, escorted by Mr. J. Ford, approached the column, and through their leader, Mrs. Starbuck, presented a neat American flag to the Post, with the following address:

Mr. Commander and Soldiers of Post No. 40, G. A. R.: Before us is our national emblem, the "Stars and Stripes." They speak to us with many tongues—of sorrow and of joy. In the days when you bore it on the field of conflict, when our brave ones fell one by one, when sudden grief had smote our hearts, and our eyes fell on its drooping folds, we saw in it the sadness of death, the unutterable woe of bereavement. When your arms had succeeded and the free winds tossed its folds above, we saw victory written on our banner, and the sunlight of hope glisten from every star. To you, members of Post 40, we present this flag, as widows and mothers of those who have joined that invisible Grand Army of the Republic who were once comrades with you. In your hands may it ever symbolize those holy principles which only are eternal. Plant its staff firm and high above the flags of error, where the sun of truth may gild its folds, and the stars of heaven in darkest night baptize our star with purity and love.

Though taken completely by surprise at this unexpected offering, the commander of Post 40, Gen. B. F. Pratt, made a fitting reply, paying a tribute to the unwearied and self-sacrificing labors of the heroic women of our country during the Rebellion. The march was then commenced, and on arrival at the Cemetery, prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Emery, followed with remarks by Rev. Mr. Rockwood, the remarks of the reverend gentleman being prefaced with a short address by the commander, recounting the circumstances which had called the assembly together. The officer of the guard then stepped from the ranks, and as the color-bearer waved the flag over the grave of each soldier, the floral offerings were deposited by them.

The command then proceeded to the Landing Cemeteries in carriages, where prayer was offered by Rev. G. Cole; thence to South Weymouth, where Revs. Messrs. Hayes and Hewett offered prayer, and continued to East Weymouth, where a large gathering of people had assembled. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Waldron, and about 8 o'clock the ceremonies were closed by singing "America." In all, forty-six graves were visited, as follows:

SOLDIERS' GRAVES VISITED MAY 30th, 1868, BY POST 40, G. A. R.

North Weymouth Cemetery.—William Pike, Ira W. Bragg, Chas. B. Blanchard, Eugene Kimball, T. B. Cushing, Willard Pratt, Wm. A. Bail, Leonard F. Pratt, Chas. E. Gannett, Henry Ritchie, George Starbuck, S. Lewis French, Frank Tirrell, Daniel D. Hersey, Benj. F. Pratt, 3d, Joseph T. Dame, James Pratt.—17

Weymouth Landing Cemeteries.—George Smalley, Fred J. Gammons, Fred T. Bicknell, A. J. Baker, L. V. Bourne, F. A. Wallace, Joshua Day, Zack Damon, Abram Hobart, Geo. H. Cooledge.—10

South Weymouth Cemeteries.—Edward L. Thomas, (Main St.), J. G. Jones, (Main St.), D. Newcomb, (Main St.), Boyle D. Hill, (Main St.), O. B. Stackpole, (Pond St.), G. O. Orcutt, (Pond St.), W. A. Holbrook, (Union St.), John F. Ayres, (Union St.)—8

Pleasant St. Cemetery.—Daniel F. Rogers, Adnab G. Leach, Nathan Weeks.—3

East Weymouth Cemetery—David B. Burrell, M. J. Harrington, A. C. Hayden, Henry Perry, Wm. Goodwin, S. C. Taylor, Geo. R. Healey, Irving J. Totman.—8

North Weymouth, 17; Weymouth, 10; South Weymouth, 8; Pleasant St. Cemetery, 3; East Weymouth, 8. Total, 46.

REV. SAMUEL L. ROCKWOOD'S ADDRESS.

Fellow-Citizens: You have now heard from the Commander of Post No. 40 of G. A. R. the order to the members of that patriotic organization, and the recommendation to us all to assemble to-day and visit the graves of all our beloved soldiers who have died in the defence of their country in quelling the rebellion against the best human government on earth. In compliance, we propose to visit the grave of every one of our fallen heroes of this late war whose remains sleep in this the oldest cemetery of our State save one, and after this, those in each of the other several cemeteries in our town. We do not propose by these ceremonies to consecrate these graves; this has already been done by the heroic deeds of those who here sleep, and in their dying for the country loved. But hereby we would consecrate ourselves anew to our country and the cause of liberty. With prayer and praise to Almighty God; with martial music and the waving of our country's flag (dear and sacred *as such*, but this one made doubly so to you, just presented to you by the widows of some of these fellow-soldiers with solemn charge), over these graves, and strewing with the sweetest and

fairest flowers we could gather from our conservatories, our houses, and our gardens, and the fresh wild flowers from our fields, woods, and sunny glens. This scene is affecting, this music is thrilling, and these flowers are beautiful; but if we except true piety to God, there is nothing on earth more touching, more valuable, more beautiful than true patriotism, that love of country which bore these loved ones to their glorious death. We meet to perform a duty sanctioned by religion, reason, and justice. It has been the spontaneous impulse of the human heart in all ages, to reverence and honor those who have periled life and all, and more especially those who have sacrificed their lives for the good of others. In the present instance, the union of our country preserved, the rebellion crushed, *slavery*, the cause of the rebellion, forever abolished, our land made *free indeed*, we are warranted in remembering and honoring our dead,—those who died for this great and glorious object. We come not to flatter pride by dropping the tear, and laying gently these sweet flowers upon the graves of high officers alone, but to honor alike all—all who loved and died for their country; the humblest private soldier shall have his due, and soon we will record alike all their names on the monument we shall rear yonder. So, to-day, we will pay our tribute of respect to our true hero-soldiers who went to the field of battle and to death, without the ambition of power, the hope of promotion, or the temptation of gain, but simply from a sense of patriotic duty. In honoring such we confer no benefits on them, but we secure untold good to ourselves. And, now, may God's blessing be upon us in the discharge of these solemn and impressive services.

At Gloucester, Massachusetts.

The graves in all the cemeteries in this town and Rockport, except Oak Grove, were decorated in the forenoon of May 30, by deputies from the G. A. R., Post 45, who faithfully performed the duties assigned them.

In the afternoon the services at Oak Grove took place. The members of the Post, numbering about seventy men, together with the Band of Hope, comprising some one hundred and fifty children, formed in procession, under the marshalship of Col. Andrew Elwell, and accompanied by the Cornet Band, proceeded over the route previously announced, to the cemetery. The members of the G. A. R. wore rosettes of red, white and blue ribbon, and carried handsome wreaths and bouquets, as did also the children, and the floral display was the finest ever witnessed on our streets. Minute guns were fired during the march, and

also at the cemetery while the graves were being decorated. Several flags were also displayed at half mast about town.

On arriving at the cemetery, the procession marched in, and the members of the Post proceeded to the several graves, which they profusely decorated, the band playing a dirge, rendering the scene a most impressive one. There was a very large number of spectators present, probably the largest that ever assembled within these grounds.

After every grave had been visited, the procession marched to the grove, where exercises were held, consisting of singing by the Band of Hope; prayer and reading of Scriptures, by the Chaplain of the Post, Dr. J. F. Dyer; and an address by Capt. Fitz J. Babson, Commander of the Post.

CAPT. BABSON'S ADDRESS.

Comrades and Friends: In accordance with General Orders from the Commander of the G. A. R., we have to-day decorated the graves of our fallen comrades with evergreens and flowers. None have been neglected or forgotten, for in the ranks of our glorious dead we recognize those traits of character which prompted the sacrifice they have made for our country, for humanity and for the oppressed of the world. It is peculiarly fitting that from our hands this tribute should come. We know how they died and for what they died. No man who has been baptized in the fire of the rebellion can ever forget the patient suffering, the heroic self-denial and generous fortitude of the men whom we have this day remembered with garlands and praise; and it is a pleasant thought that throughout the length and breadth of our land the comrades of the Grand Army are at this moment engaged in the same patriotic duty.

It is fitting also that the children should come with us to-day, with their hymns and wreaths of flowers, for them more than for all others has the sacrifice been made. To save them from the horrors and barbarism of war, to transmit unimpaired the glorious heritage of the fathers, to vindicate the principles of liberty and equality for all men, we have fought and conquered, and to the enjoyment of a government based upon the eternal principles of truth and justice we invite the children to-day. Let them not forget to whom they owe this debt of gratitude, but may each returning spring see them renew with grateful offerings this simple tribute to the fallen brave.

It is fitting also that the citizens should meet with us around the graves of our comrades. They have seen them go forth blessed with health, strong in the pride of youth and fearless in the cause of right. They have cheered them on with shouts of

praise and promise of reward. They have watched their course and know that they have done their duty nobly. They have seen many carried to their last resting-place, while many, many others sleep in their nameless graves. Shall the memory of their deeds die with them? No! The soldier has redeemed the country, and the citizens will redeem their pledge. The widows and orphans, the maimed and disabled, must ever be a sacred trust, while the example of our fallen ones shall be cherished as the strongest pledge of the stability of the people's government.

To the relatives and near friends of our comrades we offer at this time our heartfelt sympathy, knowing the loss they have sustained is great; for when brave men die many are called to weep. The knowledge that they have fallen in the line of their duty, fighting in the noblest cause men ever were called upon to sustain, carrying with them to their graves the respect and admiration of their comrades, will in some degree allay the bitter grief. With us their memories will ever be green, as we shall annually gather around their graves to remember their virtues and seek to emulate their examples.

To the ladies and members of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions we return our sincere thanks. Many a soldier unknown to you has blessed you. Much suffering has been relieved by your kind care. Without reward, without ambition, or any of those incentives so highly prized by men, you have toiled and labored for our brave boys, purely from the native kindness of your own hearts. The soldier cannot thank you materially, but he has fought, suffered and died. The cause has triumphed, and with you he is proud to divide his honors.

And now, Comrades of the Grand Army, although we have come to this place as mourners, although we remember the multitudes of our comrades who lie unrecognized along the line of every battle-field, where no hand shall strew flowers over them save the gentle hand of Him who letteth not a sparrow fall without His notice, with all their memories fresh upon us, still we feel the work has not been in vain. The cause for which we contended has triumphed. The glorious arch of our Government stands firm upon the everlasting pillars of truth and justice, with each stone cemented by the blood of our martyred ones. The foot of the slave finds no resting-place on our broad domain of freedom. Education is free for all, and the schoolhouse opens wide its doors to rich and poor alike. Manhood is the test of citizenship, and God's image is everywhere recognized as God's child. For this our heroes fought, and for this they died.

No longer will Americans look to Greece or Rome for examples of heroism and patriotism. There is not a village or hamlet within the lines of the loyal States that cannot produce characters worthy of the best and bravest of ancient times; and not only in individuals, but in a proud nationality, has this been developed. We are indeed a nation! The flag of our country symbolizes the power of forty millions of people, strong in the consciousness of duty to be done, proud in the realization of truth and right vindicated. And this stupendous fabric of government, this beautiful temple of Liberty, has for its foundations the simple virtues of the people. The men whom we have this day honored by floral offerings were not peculiarly educated or fitted for a military life; not one of them by profession was a soldier; but they had been taught at their mother's knee that truth was a Divine attribute, and the foundation of every virtue. They had learned in our schools that patriotism and public virtue were devotion to country and loyalty to the Government. They had learned in our churches that self-sacrifice was the true foundation of a Christian life. From these principles, the springs of New England civilization, they imbibed their enthusiasm. Do we wonder that these men shrunk not from the storm of battle? No. They would not have accepted life with a coward's name. Not a mother, dearly as she might love her son—not a wife, sad and lonely as her house now is—not a child deprived forever of paternal comfort and care, would ask for their life, burdened with disgrace. The proudest legacy a soldier leaves is the inheritance of his honor and the glory of his deeds. To you fathers and mothers, wives and children, comes this benediction of glory. In the pride of your approbation he stood, fought, and died.

Thus has it been, comrades and friends, throughout the war. From whatever section our comrades have come, the sweet, gentle influence of home has strengthened and sustained our spirits, kept our feet to the front, and our hands to the work. And when the Government ceases to respect the honor and purity of our homes, then must the people look to their liberties, for the stream must never rise above its source.

Comrades, the ceremonies of the day are nearly closed; we are about to depart from this beautiful spot consecrated by love and affection to the memory of those who sleep beneath its sod; let not the lesson of this hour be lost upon us. We have strewn flowers over the forms of our comrades. Why are we not numbered with them? In the providence of God, death has passed us by. For some purpose we are spared. Is it not that we may witness the universal homage paid to patriotic virtue, and

be thereby strengthened to a still higher and nobler performance of our duty? From every land where liberty seeks to know her children, come the tidings of responsive efforts in her behalf. The example of our heroes, the success of their efforts, has thrilled the heart of every one who bows beneath the oppressor's rod. American liberty is what the world demands. Our duty is to so fashion it as to fully meet this universal cry—to so perform our duties that our comrades' deaths and our own efforts shall not have been in vain, and that our children shall not be obliged to renew the fight we have so fairly won. And when the last taps shall strike for us, and the light of life be extinguished, may we drop asleep, feeling assured that the morning's reveille shall send the old flag to the truck, where the rays of the rising sun shall sweetly welcome it as the emblem of "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

At the close of the address the children sang again, after which the procession formed and marched to the vacant lot near the entrance of the cemetery, which was dedicated to the memory of those fallen in battle who now lie in unknown graves. The Stars and Stripes floated over the spot, and on the halting of the procession, Captain Babson made a brief address, substantially as follows:

Comrades: It was the custom in ancient Greece to gather up the remains of those who fell in defence of the nation, and carry them in richly decorated cars through the public streets, accompanied by their comrades and the people. In the midst of the procession was a car more highly decorated than the rest, yet containing nothing. This was in commemoration of those whose remains could not be obtained, who, buried immediately after the strife, or on the hasty march or retreat, could never be sought out or recognized.

In imitation of this ancient custom we have assembled around this spot surmounted by the country's flag, to strew this ground with flowers in honor of those of our comrades who sleep unknown by every battle-field, hospital, and prison-pen of the South. Spirits of our departed comrades, accept this offering and the service of this day as a renewal of our love, our gratitude, our esteem!

At the conclusion of the remarks the spot was strewn with flowers, and the band played a dirge. It was one of the most affecting scenes of the occasion, and a fitting tribute to the memory of our fallen heroes now slumbering in unknown graves.

At the conclusion of the services at Oak Grove, the mem-

bers of the Post marched to the depot and took the 5 o'clock train for Manchester, where they were joined by some of the citizens, and marched to the different cemeteries, decorating in all fifteen graves.

The following are the names of the soldiers buried in Manchester whose graves were decorated with flowers:

Rosedale Cemetery: Samuel Hooper, George Andrews, George Stanley, John Harris, Isaac Baker, William Twiss.

Old Cemetery: Stephen Ferguson, Samuel Pert, Edward Wells, John Leach, Benjamin Farrow, George Lufkin.

Union Cemetery: Benjamin Allen, Joseph Morgan, Frank Rowe.

At Amherst, Mass.

Post No. 36, Department of Massachusetts, G. A. R., L. J. Winslow, Commander, successfully carried out General Logan's order for the decoration of the soldiers' graves at Amherst. In the absence of their chaplain, Rev. J. L Jenkins accompanied them to the various cemeteries. Visiting first the cemetery at South Amherst, where are the graves of Edward Manley, George Dickinson, Morrison Barton, Benjamin Allen, Charles E. Smith, and Porter Nutting, they were joined by the friends of the deceased soldiers, and many other citizens. The exercises were, a prayer by Rev. Mr. Jenkins; a quartette sang an appropriate piece, "Mourn for the Fallen;" members of Post 36, formed as a military company, preceded by martial music with drums muffled, and followed by the citizens, marched solemnly in slow time past each grave, the commander at the same time announcing the name of the comrade buried there, and the soldiers and others placing upon the graves wreaths and bouquets of flowers. After all of the graves had been thus visited, the company was again halted, and the benediction pronounced.

The next cemetery visited was at North Amherst, where a large number of people had gathered to take part in the exercises, and had brought with them a great quantity of flowers. There are here eleven soldiers' graves, viz.: Norman Roberts, Fred. Clapp, Arthur Sears, Fred. Crocker, Edwin Ball, H. C. Plumb, Charles Smith, Charles Baker, Edward Prouty, Cephas Bolio, and Edward Baxter Dickinson. Ten other soldiers from North Amherst were killed, or died in service, whose bodies were never brought home. After the graves had all been visited, Rev. Mr. Herrick made a few remarks well suited to the occasion.

At half-past 1 o'clock the company was at North Hadley, and, instead of driving directly to the cemetery, by request,

formed near the flagstaff and marched up, where they were joined by the schools and many of the citizens. A gentle rain was falling while here, but it did not interfere with the ceremonies. The soldiers' graves here are Henry Fales, Geo. A. Boice, Fred. K. Russell, and Dwight Marsh, each of which was literally covered with flowers.

The Plainville Cemetery was next visited, at the entrance of which had been placed a banner, inscribed, "In Memory of Plainville Fallen Brave." Not a large number of people were gathered here, but the exercises were much the same as at the other places. Rolin and Silas Cowles, brothers, and both killed in battle or died from their wounds, are the only soldiers' graves in the cemetery.

At a quarter past 3 o'clock the party arrived in Amherst, formed on the Common, and marched in slow time to the cemetery, where they were joined by a large number of the people. The opening exercises were nearly the same here as at each of the other places visited. There are here twelve soldiers' graves, viz.: George E. Cook, George Fitch, Frazier A. Stearns, Samuel C. White, Marshall Cowles, Charles B. Adams, Sylvester H. Adams, Lyman W. Skinner, Chas. C. Smith, John Thompson, Spencer Church, and Ezra Kelsey. After flowers had been strewn upon all of these graves, appropriate remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Jenkins, Dr. Parker, and Prof. J. H. Seelye, after which all joined in singing two verses of the National Hymn, "America." Mr. Jenkins pronounced the benediction, and the members of Post 36 marched to their rooms in the Amherst House. The whole number of soldiers' graves visited and strewn with flowers during the day was thirty-five.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO POST 36, G. A. R., MAY 30, 1868.

Nature is mingling her tears with ours,
As we deck our heroes' graves with flowers;
They perished nobly in battle strife,
And welcomed death, to give the nation life.

In churchyard, and on forgotten plain,
'Mid bursted shell, where bullets fell like rain,
Or horsemen fierce at the bugle's blare
In thunder charged on the steel-girt square.

They lie in their last sleep, 'neath the sod;
And we resigned them, in our grief, to God.
Honor to them! And as the years go round,
With tear-dewed flowers bestrew each sacred mound.

At Uxbridge, Mass.

Report of Post 25, G. A. R., Uxbridge, Mass., of proceedings on the 30th May, 1868.

We raised by subscription among the citizens of the town about eighty dollars ($80) to pay the expenses of a Band and other necessary expenses outside the Post; as our Post is small we did not feel like paying for a Band of music, but if the citizens were willing to pay for it, we would bear the other expenses, which they seemed perfectly willing to do, by their liberal subscriptions.

We procured the services of the Slatersville Brass Band. The arrangements or programme for the day, were made by a committee appointed by the Post, but owing to the lateness of the hour, it was not all carried out. Speeches were omitted.

The Post met at their hall, at four o'clock, which with the band, formed, and marched to the Common, where the citizens, schools, &c., were assembled to the number of about five hundred, were formed in procession, comrade L. B. Willard, Marshal; thus marched to the cemetery, preceded by the band and Post.

On arriving at the cemetery, a prayer was offered, by the Rev. Mr. Barbour, after which, we proceeded to decorate the graves of thirteen of our fallen comrades. Each grave was marked by a miniature flag. Six young ladies were chosen to deposit a wreath and cross on each grave, after which comrades and citizens scattered flowers on each grave. A record, or slight sketch of each deceased soldier was read at the grave. After decorating the graves, a hollow square, as near as possible was formed, and a memorial sketch was read by G. W. Hobbs, Esq., in memory of those departed comrades not buried here.

The names of those buried here, are as follows:

Walter H. Judson, 2d Lieut. Co. C, 4th Reg't. Mass. Vol.; James Taft, 2d Lieut. Co. H, 15th Reg't. Mass. Vol.; Henry H. Legg, Priv. Co. H, 25th Reg't. Mass. Vol.; Hezekiah Hall, Priv. Co. I, 36th Reg't. Mass. Vol.; Wm. H. Seagraves, Capt. Co. K, 30th Reg't.; U. S. C. T.; R. M. Sabine, Priv. Co. G, 42d Reg't. Mass. Vol.; Chas. H. Howard, Priv. Co. K, 15th Reg't. Mass. Vol.; Benj. F. Hall, Priv. Co. I, 36th Reg't. Mass. Vol.; Henry M. Engley, Priv. Co. H, 15th Reg't. Mass. Vol.; Abner Haskell, Private 5th Regiment R. I. Vol.; Prentiss M. Whiting. Capt. Co. A, 1st Reg't. Mass. Vol.; L. W. Murdock, Priv. Co. G, 42d Reg't. Mass. Vol.; James F. Russel, Priv. Co. A, 30th Reg't. Mass. Vol.

Your truly, A. A. Sherman,
P. C. Post 25, G. A. R.

At Andover, Mass.

The services at this place commenced by the teachers and pupils of Abbott Female Academy, and, seconded by the students of the Seminary, and of Phillips Academy, was quite a success. The public services in the chapel of the Theological Seminary consisted of singing national songs, prayer by Professor Thayer, who was chaplain of the 40th Mass. Regiment, and reading of patriotic selections of poetry by Mr. J. W. Churchill, of the Seminary. A procession of four or five hundred was formed, headed by twelve or fifteen students of the Seminary and Academy who had served in the war. Mr. L. Bradley, Jr., of the Academy, who belonged to the 1st Mass. Heavy Artillery, took the lead, carrying the banner presented to the Andover Company by the students of Phillips Academy; the stars and stripes were also borne by Mr. John P. Studely, of the Academy, who was a member of the 20th Conn. Regiment, and accompanied Sherman to the sea, and Mr. James H. Giddings, who belonged to the 2d Mass. Cavalry. The procession visited the cemeteries of the Hill, of the South Parish, and the Episcopal Society, scattering flowers upon the graves of all buried therein, who were known to bear arms in the war.

At Fitchburg, Mass.

A large procession formed at the Town Hall, and marched, headed by the Fitchburg Cornet Band, to Laurel Hill Cemetery, where the ceremonies of the day were performed. A large number of people awaited the arrival of the procession at the burial ground.

The spot on which the procession halted was near the soldiers' monument on the brow of the hill, a beautiful height overlooking the village and river below. The ceremonies were conducted by Post No. 19, G. A. R., and consisted of the singing of an original hymn; prayer by Rev. H. L. Jones, of Christ's Church, (Episcopal); hymn—"There is a tear for all that die;" address by Col. E. P. Loring, and dirge by the band.

At Groton Junction.

The citizens of Groton Junction met at one o'clock P. M., at Union Hall, where a long procession was formed under the direction of Surgeon J. Q. A. McCallister, M. D., chief marshal.

The procession was headed by the Groton Junction Band. Next in the line were the beautiful memorials and decorations, followed by three young ladies, appropriately dressed, represent-

ing the nation and the States, then the public schools, committee of arrangements, and relatives of deceased soldiers and sailors who died in the war—the reverend clergy and invited guests, numerous citizens and others,—the line ending with a large number of carriages.

The procession marched to the Catholic Cemetery, where deeply interesting services were held, and flowers and wreaths deposited upon the graves of the Union dead.

Leaving here the procession marched to the other cemetery, where a floral tribute was paid to the memory of the soldiers "sleeping in glory there."

At the cemeteries brief addresses were made by Rev. Crawford Nightingale, Dr. Hinds, and Abel Prescott, Esq. The prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Phillips.

Thirteen from this village, in Groton, fell in the war, some of whom were not buried here. Appropriate services were held in their behalf. The temporary monument gotten up for them was covered with flowers.

At Waltham, Massachusetts.

May 30, 1868, was well observed in Waltham as Soldiers' Memorial Day. In obedience to General Orders No. 13, promulgated to all the Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, Post 29 of this place made due preparation, and well performed its duty. On the same day the soldiers' monument was dedicated. These services were considered not only as appropriate to, but as part of the exercises of the "flower day." During the early morning the heavy clouds hung low, and wept as if in memory of the fallen brave; later the clouds passed by, the sun shone in beauty, telling of that sunlight that never fades, that land where flowers immortal bloom, that immortality known by the patriot martyr soldier. The call issued by the Commander of the Post for flowers was promptly and generously answered; bouquets, wreaths, crosses, wild flowers in abundance, with the most rare exotics, were sent in in profusion, here and there a bouquet or wreath bearing the name of some fallen soldier friend, but generally sent for the common cause to decorate the graves of those who had fallen in the war, or who returning had since passed away. The only emulation seemed to be who should most aid the returned soldiers in their work of love.

At eight o'clock the procession was formed at the Post Headquarters, consisting of members of the Post, other returned soldiers and sailors, pupils of the public schools with their teachers, citizens generally, accompanied by a full band, (Hall's,

of Boston). Later in the day the procession was augmented by the addition of Waltham Royal Arch Chapter, Monitor, and Isaac Parker Lodges of Free and Accepted Masons all in full regalia, the fire department, literary associations, and citizens.

The line of march was first taken to the old burial-ground where sleep eight fellow-soldiers. Their graves were profusely covered with flowers in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. The line of march resumed the procession took its way to the Catholic Cemetery, where, in the icy halls of death, repose seven of those who gave life willingly that their adopted country might be redeemed from foul rebellion's curse. The graves decorated, the following words were sung by the pupils of the public schools in a feeling and effective manner:

OH! WRAP THE FLAG AROUND ME, BOYS.

O, wrap the flag around me, boys,
To die were far more sweet,
With Freedom's starry emblem, boys,
To be my winding sheet;
In life I lov'd to see it wave,
And follow where it led,
And now my eyes grow dim, my hands
Would clasp its last bright shred.
Chorus: Then wrap the flag, &c.

O, I had thought to greet you, boys,
On many a well-won field,
When to our starry banner, boys,
The trait'rous foe should yield;
But now, alas! I am denied
My dearest earthly prayer,
You'll follow, and you'll meet the foe,
But I shall not be there.
Yet wrap the flag, &c.

But tho' my body moulder, boys,
My spirit will be free,
And every comrade's honor, boys,
Will still be dear to me.
There in the thick and bloody fight,
Ne'er let your ardor lag,
For I'll be there, still hov'ring near,
Above the dear old flag.
So wrap the flag, &c.

Again the line was formed and the procession continued on its way to the New or Mt. Feake Cemetery. Here are the graves of sixteen comrades; here, as was intended, the special decoration services took place; here reposes many a loved one who went forth in young manhood's prime and returned to fill

a soldier's grave. The soldiers forming in front of the graves of several of their comrades, the following words were sung by the scholars:

THE VACANT CHAIR.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him
While we breathe our evening prayer.
When a year ago we gathered,
Joy was in his mild blue eye,
But a golden cord is severed,
And our hopes in ruin lie.

At our fire-side sad and lonely,
Often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of the story
How our noble soldier fell;
How he strove to bear our banner
Thro' the thickest of the fight,
And uphold our country's honor,
In the strength of manhood's might.

True, they tell us wreaths of glory
Evermore will deck his brow,
But this soothes the anguish only
Sweeping o'er our heart-strings now.
Sleep, to-day! O early fallen,
In thy green and narrow bed,
Dirges from the pine and cypress
Mingle with the tears we shed.

Rev. L. P. Frost then followed in appropriate and interesting remarks, of which we give a brief outline.

Mr. Commander and Soldiers: You have assembled to-day in the various burial-places of our town, to remember by affectionate tribute your companions of other days. We, your fellow-citizens, recall the dark hour when the war-cloud was seen first rising from the Southern lands, when the first call was issued for men—soldiers, patriots—to crush rebellion's power, and to raise our country's flag, dishonored, despised, desecrated, trodden in the dust by so many of our own countrymen, to its old, proud, and honored position.

We remember how you gathered round the old flag, and offered your services for the war. We remember how, with full ranks, with firm step, with God-like resolution, you started for the seat of war. We remember the agony of the hour, when on the first battle-field some of your number fell. We remember the first soldier funeral; the tolling bell, the draped church, the words of consolation, the solemn requiem, and the funeral march. * * * *

You to-day remember those who went forth with you, your companions in many a weary march, your companions on many a tented and untented field, your companions on many a battle-field, the companions of some of you in the prison-house, where death rioted.

Beneath these and kindred mounds sleep the decaying forms of those who went forth with as proud step as you. Where are Banks, Miles, Rogers, the Browns, Sherman, Fairbanks, Baxter, Rand, Smith, Durriage, and a host of others? They sleep the sleep that knows no waking. Say rather, they know the life that knows no death. They are not here, they have risen; they tread the shore of a glorious immortality; they will go to war no more.

'Tis well to remember them this day, and cover their graves with flowers, emblems of immortality. True, these flowers will fade, will perish; not so the flowers that form their chaplets, that adorn their brows. Our country's future growth, and future glory, will only add lustre to their deathless names. Whenever and wherever our national banner is unfurled to the breeze, it will add to the glory of their achievements.

It was a happy thought, by whomsoever originated, thus to decorate the soldiers' graves. Let it become a perpetual custom. Come annually, when flowers are most abundant, and drop a tear in kind remembrance as you thus decorate their graves; and as one by one you fall, let the survivors remember each companion in arms. Come year by year, till there shall be but one survivor, bending on his staff, the last of glory's legion. And when the legion immortal is full on the other shore, a willing country will place an unfading wreath on each soldier's resting-place.

At the close of the address, the following hymn was sung by the scholars:

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER.

Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Chorus: Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

Yes, we'll gather, &c.

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

After which Rev. Mr. Frost offered the following prayer:

Almighty Parent, Supreme Architect and ruler of the universe, command thy blessing upon us at this time. As thou didst prove thyself to be our fathers' God, so hast thou proved thyself to be the God of their erring, wandering children. In the day of darkness and peril thou wast with us. When the strength of the strong was weakness, when the wisdom of the wise was foolishness, when great and mighty men trembled and quaked for fear, then thou didst prove thyself to be a God near at hand, and not afar off. We thank thee that thou didst rule in the hour of trial, and that the right triumphed. Bless thy servants who to-day remember in love their fallen comrades. Let their lives be precious in thy sight, we beseech thee. Let them long live to see the prosperity of our country. Re-unite, we pray thee, the dissevered sisterhood of States, and let our land long continue to be Emanuel's land, the Garden of the Lord. Let the restored foundations of our Government be laid deep in the principles of thy word, and in accordance with the higher law of eternal truth. Again we ask thy blessing on these returned soldiers, on our commonwealth, and on our country. Bless us as a community in all the varied exercises of this day, and in all the pursuits of life; and as one by one these thy servants shall be called from the labors of earth, may they be found worthy and well qualified, duly and truly prepared for that rest which remaineth for the children of God. We ask these and all needed blessings through thy Son, our Saviour, to whom with thee and the Holy Spirit be praise evermore. Amen.

A chant was then sung by the members of the High School, and the procession re-formed and marched back to the Post headquarters, where it was dismissed for rest and refreshments.

In the afternoon, the procession was again formed, and after marching through the principal streets of the town, entered a large tent erected for the occasion, capable of holding eight thousand persons. This was filled to overflowing, hundreds be-

ing unable to gain admittance, when a series of the most praiseworthy and impressive exercises took place.

BENJ. THOMAS, *Post Com'd'r.*

G. F. FROST, *Post Adj't.*

AT WORCESTER, MASS.

The soldiers' graves in all the cemeteries of this city were decorated by the soldiers of the Grand Army. In the afternoon a procession was formed, consisting of the State Guards, Highland Cadets, Post 10 Grand Army, Gen. A. B. R. Sprague, Grand Commander of the District of Massachusetts, and staff, and Mayor Blake and members of the City Government. It marched to Mechanics' Hall, where the memorial services were held. Addresses were delivered by Major-General Devens, and others. Governor Bullock, who was expected to address the meeting, telegraphed his inability to be present, saying: "Tender to all my sympathies in the solemn exercises of the day."

AT NANTUCKET, MASS.

Post No. 2 of the G. A. R. of this town organized, and duly celebrated the occasion by the decoration of the graves of their fallen comrades belonging to Nantucket. Early in the afternoon of Saturday the soldiers, and a large number of the citizens and friends, went to the Methodist church, where imposing ceremonies were conducted in honor of the dead.

The vocal and instrumental exercises were of the choicest kind in selection, and were sweetly and tenderly rendered. "Beautiful Flowers," a solo and chorus, was very touching in its spirit of remembrance; there was the solemn chant, moving the heart; while the grand old air, "The Star-Spangled Banner," kindled in patriot breasts a new love for the old flag. Very fitting selections from the Bible, with a most fervent prayer, were sincerely and reverently offered by Rev. Thos. Dawes (Unitarian), who kindly accepted the onerous duties, in the absence of the beloved pastor, Rev. Mr. Starr, and Rev. Mr. Hosmer (Cong.). The address to the soldiers was written and delivered by Arthur E. Jenks, of this town. The scene in the church, during its delivery, was impressive. There was a hush which whispered to each heart: "The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him." There sat men whose memories of conflict and triumph were known only to themselves and to God. There drooped the old flag, fringed with its clustering recollections of victory and unfading glory—a blazing rebuke to the heartless and ungrateful in humanity.

The pulpit was prettily draped with mourning emblems, with a beautiful cross, and with wreaths and bouquets of fragrant flowers.

MR. JENKS' ADDRESS.

Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic: With prompt and respectful regard for the recommendation of your Commander-in-Chief, you have assembled for the purpose of inaugurating a custom which, in the expression of your General Orders, "will preserve and strengthen those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors, and marines, who united to suppress the late Rebellion."

Such service, annually observed by surviving comrades-in-arms, will lay the hand of sacred commemoration upon the graves of heroes gone, above whose honored dust beautiful flowers will breathe their aroma of memory, which shall be your choicest peace-offering at the shrine of patriot valor!

Appropriate, time-honored, even beautiful, this act of yours, which to-day crowns a new era in your soldier-life, while it strews the mounds of your brothers with the Spring's blushing honors. "Flowers are the alphabet of angels," and their speech transcends written language. Life, in all that is sweetest and tenderest, is blessed when then the flowers speak. In early time, we know, the temples of the worshippers were adorned with flowers, and the saying, "Under the rose," was typical of a plighted faith which the young bride held inviolate as the order of the confessional. Flowers lay a more rare than tessellated pavement for the feet of victorious veterans coming home from the war. I have seen triumphal arches, and floral pavilions, bearing on their fronts grander prophecy than the brazen image of Apollo, scatter their white blossoms, and bend above the conquering heroes, whose true swords, early drawn for Liberty and Country, have been sheathed with honor.

At feast and festival the bountiful tables are ever graced by the sweet presence of flowers. And as in life, so in death's hour of sadness and grief, the pretty flowers are Heaven's ministers still. The young are borne to the tomb with white roses in their bosoms; in the moments of our last suffering, the passion-flower, whose stem and petals represent the cross and crown of thorns patiently endured by our Saviour, rehearses to us the story of the Atonement, and we learn to lean on the bosom of our Father and our God.

Nantucket's dead in the war! How they pass in review before us now! We loved them living; shall we not honor them dead? Yes; and for this have we assembled here. We

have not come to them "after the burial," with the misguided poet's wail of despair and unchristian belief, but with *faith* in the Hereafter.

Dickens says it is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched by some tranquil happiness, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life.

And the memory of our dead soldiers buried here, or in other grounds, is with us to-day; it lifts the veil of skepticism, that it may give us but a glimpse of the glory of their appearing through sacrifice.

During the Rebellion, my eyes were arrested by these strange words in a war-bulletin: "A slight skirmish—only a private killed, and six wounded." I confess my blood has been chilled and my heart has stood still when I have listened to cruel words like these: Only a private? Who that lays claim to any human feeling, can taunt a man on account of modest abilities, or his humble place, it may be, among his fellow-men? Let him be ashamed when he shall hereafter stand in the marble shadow of one who "never despised a man because he was poor, or because he was ignorant, or because he was black."

Every private soldier in our army was somebody's son! Mother and sister loved him. To them he was the best of sons and brothers; and all through those long nights of terrible war, while civilians slept in peace, each prayed in agony of spirit, nor closed her weary eyes: "If it be possible, O Lord, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

Was there no sacrifice there? Call you such offering of her first-born on the altar of country common? Nothing in human feeling I know of transcends the emotions of a mother's heart. Recall that sublime utterance of a poor, unlettered woman, after hearing her parish priest relate the history of Abraham: "Oh! God would certainly not have required such a sacrifice of a mother!"

Ah, when we traduce our soldiers, then will we be traitors at heart; then shall we be ungrateful to men who endured, only as the world's great can endure, the fearful suffering and the unwritten barbarism of war. Let me here call the names of the brave and loyal Twenty-six, four of whom are not buried on the island; but there are memorial-stones in honor of two of them. I trust that an early day's declining sun will lay its halo of light upon tablets for those not thus honored: Leander F.

Alley, Ferdinand Alley, Hathaway, Chase, William Gruber, Charles Gruber, Snow, Andrews, Winslow, George H. Swain, John Swain, Moore, Morgan, Hussey, Hiram Fisher, Charles Fisher, Meader, Folger, Rivers, Defriez, Mitchell, Tracy, Macy, Smith, Rogers, and Russell. Those remaining of our island's dead soldiers, whose graves are not here, are peacefully enshrined in historic fields like Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, Antietam, and Fair Oaks. Nantucket has thus lain on the altar of Country sixty-seven young men—fifty-five in the army, twelve in the navy. And Nantucket ought to rear a monument for these, to be placed in some one of the public squares of the town. Such enduring testimonial in marble is due to their lives of sacrifice. Its index-finger would point to their unfading glory, new every morning, fresh every evening. For, in the beautiful thought of Irving, "there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charm of the living."

Reverently let us draw near the hallowed earth that entombs them, scattering our garlands. What a spectacle to men and angels!—a country like our own, stretching from the Atlantic sea, beyond the Western prairies, in every city, town, and village where there is a soldier's grave, in the act of inaugurating a national observance, in the hope that it will be annually celebrated while a survivor of the war lives to honor the life and death of his departed comrades.

Parents, sisters, or friends of our island's dead soldiers, whether lying in the home graveyard or in unknown sepulchre, let not your hearts be troubled by the sneers of ingratitude in the ranks of humanity. No cross, no crown! Be of good cheer; and to-day, while your tears fall as you think of the vacant chair, or some kind deed *he* performed, bind, like an amulet upon your beating heart, the royal truth of that beautiful couplet,

> "Only those are crowned and sainted,
> Who with grief have been acquainted!"

No! we will not forget them, our slain defenders, who fought and died for principles, not policies. I am aware that it is bad to make an unnecessary show of high principles; but it is far worse not to have any high principles to show. Our peace has been purchased by the privations and death of our soldiers on land and sea. In our prosperity shall we ignore the dark days of their adversity?

Standing as American citizens, in the protection of restored peace, our congratulations ought to testify for the triumph of truth over error, and not for aggrandizement of party. Treach-

ery of men, infidelity, or neglect of our bounden duty, ought not to hide from the light the heroic deeds of our Union soldiers. No testimony of ours must tell to coming generations that Nantucket was recreant to the memory of her benefactors, or that she laughed at the cost of blood and treasure which redeemed our Republic from a fatal plunge into the abyss of anarchy and ruin; or that she did not remember, while decorating the graves of the fallen heroes, the martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, so cruelly murdered by the demoniac foe. The name and deeds of the great ruler and emancipator to-day lie very near the hearts of his countrymen. It is at the shrine of our purest faith, where we bend the knee in respect for one who lived "with charity for all, with malice toward none." There is a flower of memory for Lincoln, watered by Liberty's tears, and its bloom is eternal!

Let us be glad indeed, that out of the smoke and horrid agony of the battle-field came not the vulture to pluck out our eye of faith in the Right. No, no, thank Heaven! God mercifully permitted us to receive from the quivering lips of dying patriots His message, that He would bless us with the gifts of peace. What a legacy they bequeathed to us!

Forget them? Oh, ignoble heart,
Thus to be false to those most true!
Methinks their whitened bones would start,
Like Macbeth's ghosts, confronting you!

Like Barbara in old Fredericktown,
Ye held your standard high in air;
And never that free Flag came down,
But seemed a benediction there!

Our Country's Flag! Ye bore it on!
Ye were the walls of our defence;
If ye were poor or lowly born,
In glory ye departed hence!

Recognition, in this country, of moral worth in a man, dignity of character—in one word, manhood—is the keystone of our civil life. The classic Greeks and Romans supplanted an idea so eminently Christian; therefore the splendor and refinement, if you please, of their pagan economy, became corrupt beyond St. Paul's language to depict, and the miserable empire crumbled and fell! If we would save ourselves from a mistake so fatal, we ought to trust in God and obey His commandments. Then, I believe, our country's peace will be in His keeping, and not at the mercy of imperialism on the one hand, or suicide on the other.

To you, Soldiers of the Army of the Republic, survivors of many a hard-fought field, what shall I say to add one cubit to your heroic stature? It would be fulsome to attempt. You have passed into History, and a more faithful and powerful pen than mine has already recorded your triumphs. You have written what you have written. Your scars are all numbered, and Loyalty pays tribute to your brilliant achievements. Nantucket honors you, and will ever hold you in grateful remembrance. In the sensible words of your invincible leader, General Grant: "Of your rectitude in the performance of public duties, men will judge for themselves, by your record before them." And those words are true of the citizen as well.

We must remember at this time, that woman's hands have plucked and arranged the flowers which you will so soon place over the remains of your fellow-soldiers—the same willing fingers that picked the lint, and wound the soft bandages, and bound up the bleeding leg or arm.

Noble, self-sacrificing women of the war! Ye were not the Aspasias or Cleopatras of America! It was woman's virtue in a good mother that gave us a Lincoln, and not a Julius, for a President; and, for the great Chief of our armies, the reliable Grant, and not a gifted Antony. Our legions of soldiers did not wait for him in vain. Antony lost Rome and empire by the intoxication of a silly woman's caress. Grant remembered God and duty, and the destiny of nations, and saved the Republic. Nelson, of Trafalgar, became the willing slave of a Court lady. A worthier object, another vision, arrested the eye and heart of the hero of Mobile, while lashed to the rigging of his battle-ship. Because our soldiers and naval heroes were men, true to themselves in the day of their trial, they unconsciously command now the homage of "fair women and brave men."

Whatever is good in the character of this nation, by the grace of God, has been moulded by our American women of virtue and Christian fidelity. No one familiar with the history of the world will deny the influence of woman. By it, when on the side of truth and religion, man acts wisely and well; by it, when leagued with error and guilty ambition, man becomes a fiend. Think of him who shed the blood of thousands of Huguenots to gratify her passion! If education has placed woman high, the Christian religion has done more for her. She now looks back with pity upon the wasted years of her sex—in a more dazzling age, perhaps days of lute and love-song, when crazy troubadours or infatuated knights sat lisping at the feet of weak, irresolute women, all untutored in the realms of mind and heart-culture. Blessings, then, the choicest in God's gift,

for man's sake, upon all institutions and all privileges that will ennoble, and not degrade her. What a gulf between her who made Nero what he was, and the benignant Isabella of Castile, whose virtue of inspiration and love for the purest knowledge encouraged the daring adventurer, and made Columbus discoverer of a New World. It was the name of a poor orange-girl that was last on the lips of a dying king; so, too, among the dying words of greater than kings and princes, our expiring patriots, woman's name was breathed last—mother, or sister! And where these were not, that of some kind-hearted hospital nurse.

You will soon march in procession, bearing your wreaths with you, to yonder churchyard, the resting-place of your companions in battle and bivouac—our sons and brothers whom an unkind tongue dared to call "common soldiers," but whom God and History, this hour, crown with the hero's laurels and the martyr's name. You will not fail to weave in the evergreen of your memory the sweet forget-me-not for him who, during the furnace-heat of our political peril, guided the affairs of this Commonwealth. Side by side, in this quiet hour, alike repose the Governor of Massachusetts and her thousands of loyal defenders. Patron of knowledge, lover of God and his fellowmen—John Albion Andrew!

> While History paints the camp-fire's glare
> That flickered through the Northern gloom,
> Who reads, will breathe in silent prayer,
> Above thine honorable tomb!
> Thy words, pure messengers of grace,
> Clothed like a prophet's golden speech,
> Held armies in their dreadful place,
> Or cheered them in the deadly breach.
> For this our holy altars burn
> With incense sacred to thy name;
> More eloquent than marble urn,
> Or cenotaph of worldly fame!

This your memorial service over, you will return to the business of life. May you bring to the pursuits of peace the patience and manly energies which nerved your hearts and tempered every sinew of your being in time of war. To-day, and now, this country calls for young men like you, with hearts and hands like yours. To acknowledge God in all things, while you labor for the American Government (not forgetting the "irrepressible conflict"); to make yourselves eligible to the higher destiny that awaits you; hereafter to work with the untiring zeal of enterprise; to freely and manfully discuss all topics of social or national importance; to open up every avenue to in-

telligent intercourse and successful thrift; declaring like men in earnest, that for every man and for every woman, black or white, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, the ways of Freedom are God's ways, and that Labor knows no distinction;—these are some of the duties to be performed by the young men of our time. Who then will cry, "There is nothing to do"?

Governor Andrew's words are the utterance of the hour, and with these I close: "Patriotism and Christianity unite the arguments of earthly welfare and the motives of heavenly inspiration, to persuade us to put off all jealousy and all fear, and to move forward as citizens and as men in the work of social and economic reorganization—each one doing with his might whatever his hand findeth to do,"

"To stay the ruthless hand of crime,
And awe the rage of lust and fear;
The fruits of Nature and of Time,
Again to ripen, and to rear:—
Our Country's rankling wounds to heal,
By faith supreme, with tender pride;
And guard, with consecrated zeal,
The cause for which her martyrs died!"

After the church services were concluded, the soldiers formed in procession in front of the armory on Main street, and bearing their wealth of floral treasure, they marched to the several grounds where their soldier-friends lay buried. The sun gave them his smile of benediction, as with muffled drums and fifes they moved to the graves. Here their ceremony brought tears to many eyes. They left no grave uncovered; over each one the flag hung low, and the triple roll of the drums told how they all were loved. At the Unitarian ground, Capt. I. H. Folger made a few remarks, after which the ceremonies closed with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Dawes.

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN FOLGER.

Fellow-Comrades: It is with great pleasure that I greet you here on this occasion, after the inauguration of what is, I believe, in the future to be a yearly custom throughout the country—that of placing flowers on the graves of our fallen brothers. I am glad that this has commenced, though at a late day and by the veterans themselves, and trust that its continuance will be kept up as long as there remains one of us to carry out the design, that the memory of those who fought to maintain the Union of the United States may be bequeathed to our children, who will carry fond recollections of their fathers' service as green as the wreaths which we have this day left at the graves of those gone before. The custom originated in the Southern States, by the ladies there placing the choicest flowers of Spring

on the graves of the Confederate dead. Not to those who were offered up as a sacrifice to lay the corner-stone of an oligarchy whose riches were to be drawn from the toil of an unfortunate race, but to the sacred memory of the dear ones lost in a mistaken cause. It has been a suggestion to us worthy of adoption. While much has been said and done by the country and this town for our returned veterans, we have been too lax in our memory of those who now are lying near us in nameless graves, and, so far as I know, are only recorded in the memory of those of to-day, to be forgotten by coming generations. Is this as it should be? The service of our Army and Navy, with its privations and hardships, is too little realized and appreciated. The extravagant promises made during the war by politicians have, in a small measure, been carried out; but how little, after all, has been accomplished. "The Union must and shall be preserved!" was the cry; but now that the tocsin of war has ceased its alarming peal, our endeavors to maintain the Union, and the whole Union, are being gradually forgotten and passed over as an unpleasant dream; but we, who together bore the hardships and privations of that life, will never forget what we have endured. It would ill become me as a soldier to make boast of our achievements; but though our fame is written in lines of blood by land and sea, and will never be forgotten by a grateful nation, still these unmarked graves remain to us a lasting reproach; and if others forget and grow indifferent, we should never do so, but see that their memory is carved in granite as enduring as their fame. This town, the banner-town of the State in furnishing recruits for the service, appears to remain in a wonderful apathy on this subject. When the war broke out, it was said "Nantucket had no fighting men." How is that answered? Over sixty of our townsmen are sleeping their last sleep, while a large number of widows, and pensioners on the bounty of the General Government, walk our streets, and silently, but with a sad, expressive eloquence, refute that assertion. Her sons have fallen in nearly every general engagement, and a nation mourns their loss. It is the endeavor of the Government to place at the head of our veterans' graves, when none others do so, a neat, durable head-board, with their name, regiment, or ship, and time and place of decease. Too many, alas! are designated "unknown." But what excuse can be offered here for those who are buried among friends? The attention of the public has, from time to time, been called through the medium of our local press; but though a constant agitation might produce gratifying results, the writers, as if abashed at their own temerity, have, after writing one or two

articles, left it with a moral protest to themselves, that they have performed their share of this duty, and thus left it as every one's business. This is something that should be rectified at once, as it is a tribute, nobly earned, that we owe to their memory; and I trust that immediate attention will be given to what has already remained too long in silence. Our veterans have now taken this matter in hand, and I hope that persistent, manly efforts will bring an honorable recognition of this claim. The moral feeling of this town is against display of any kind; but when it was a national question of unity or discord of States, then we remembered that we owed an allegiance to our country, and that the Constitution of our fathers, bequeathed to us at the cost of precious blood and life, should be maintained and passed down intact to those who come after us, even if a like price must be paid: and those whose bodies formed the breastworks of defence for the preservation of that Constitution and Union alike dear to all, should receive, at the hands of those who were benefitted by their sacrifices, the undying record, that those services are appreciated by their grateful townsmen —grateful they should be in the fullest sense, because by their endeavors the Union and Constitution were preserved, and they enjoy the happiness of peace. *Words* do not show sincerity. "By their acts ye shall know them;" and a few lines by one of the American poets of the day, seem peculiarly appropriate for the occasion:

"Wut's words to them whose faith and truth
On war's red tech-stone rang true mettle?
Who ventered life, an' love, an' youth,
For the gret prize o' death in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolts of men
That rive the rebel line asunder?

'Ta'n't right to hev the young go fust,
All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,
Leavin' life's paupers, dry ez dust,
To try an' make b'lieve fill their places.
Nothin' but tells us wut we miss;
Ther's gaps our lives can't never fay in,
An' thet world seems so fur from this
Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in."

But that they are still unhonored even by a plain slab commemorative of their services, I trust will, ere another year passes, be rectified, and when we again come to freshen our memory, we shall find that they are not entirely forgotten.

Fellow-citizens, I congratulate you on your hearty coöpera-

tion with us on this, our memorial day, and on the return of its anniversary, I feel sure I shall see a mass of patriotic faces, when looking at a monument reared to the memory of our honored dead. Every man's heart should swell within him as he remembers that this great inheritance of liberty is his, and, as received from our revolutionary fathers, is transmitted to his hands, to be held in trust for future generations.

While the procession was on the march, the bells tolled, and guns were fired at intervals. Thus closed the new day of commemoration.

At Marlboro, Mass.

At noon of May 30, nearly every shop and store was closed out of respect to the memory of the dead heroes. In the west part of the town all the shops and stores were closed. A flag was suspended across the street from the headquarters of the Post in Boyd's block, and quite a number of the places of business displayed flags at half mast. The weather was cloudy, but the air was very sultry. A large number followed the procession, and through the whole route great interest was manifested by our citizens.

The procession formed at the Town Hall at one o'clock, P. M. under the marshalship of Commander C. F. Morse, in the following order:

Marshall and Aid; Westboro' Band; Post 43, G. A. R. under command of Capt. Parsons; Disabled Soldiers and invited guests in carriages; Torrent Engine Co. No. 1; Okommakamesit Engine Co. No. 2; Union Hook and Ladder No. 1.

The order of march was from Town Hall through Main street to cemetery near house of John Chipman, from thence through Main and South streets to Catholic cemetery, thence through South and Main streets to cemetery near Gates House, thence through Main and Pleasant streets to cemetery on Pleasant street, thence through Pleasant, Lincoln, Prospect and Main streets to Town Hall.

The names of those buried in town, and the places of interment are as follows:

At cemetery near John Chipman's, Myron Balcom, Theo. Herbert Goodnow, Chas. Edward Goodnow, Andrew J. Goodnow, William L. Knight, Stephen H. Phelps, Sylvester H. Rice, Rufus C. Rice, Zimri Whitney, Edward N. Welch; in Catholic cemetery, Michael Clark, Thomas Gallagher; near the Gates House, Benj. S. Russell, John M. Russell, Wm. F. Brigham; in Pleasant street cemetery, J. Henry Brigham, Aaron A. Brigham, Major Henry O. Brigham, Alfred Howe, Henry H.

Perry, Chapin Rice, Geo. Henry Stowe, Wm. Frank Brigham,—twenty-two in all.

Prayer was offered at the cemeteries, and at the first and last ones visited a hymn was sung. All the graves were tenderly strewn with bouquets, wreaths and flowers, and large gatherings of friends and others were present at each place to participate in the interesting ceremonies.

The march was long and the sultriness of the air made it somewhat tedious. The procession arrived at the Town Hall a little past five o'clock, too weary to listen to any addresses, and were dismissed with prayer.

Delegations from the Post visited the cemetery in the easterly part of the town, and the one at Robin Hill in the fore part of the day, where they were met by the friends of the deceased soldiers, and strewed the graves with flowers.

At Woburn, Mass.

Here the ceremonies were in charge of Post 33, Col. Grammar, commander. The Post and the Returned Soldiers' Association and citizens formed a procession at 3½ o'clock, and marched to the cemetery, where addresses were made by Rev. Messrs. Lansing and Dennan.

The services were held near the soldier's lot containing 19 graves, and these and 7 other graves were decorated.

Eight graves at the Catholic cemetery in East Woburn were decorated by a detachment of this Post.

At Stoneham, Mass., a procession composed of citizens and children, was formed in front of the Town Hall at 10 o'clock, and, headed by the Stoneham Band, proceeded to the cemetery. The exercises opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Byington, an address was delivered by Rev. Mr. Fairchild, and Rev. Mr. Parkhurst pronounced the benediction. The graves, twenty or thirty in number, were strewn with flowers, and the procession re-formed and marched to the Town Hall, where a dismissal took place.

At Medford, Mass., a procession was formed at 2 o'clock, under the direction of Col. Godfrey Rider, Jr., consisting of Co. E and Co. F, Fifth Regiment, and citizens generally.

The procession was headed by a band of music, and marched to Oak Grove Cemetery where the impressive ceremony of decorating the soldiers' monument and the graves of heroes in this cemetery was performed. The ladies of Medford contributed large quantities of flowers.

Deerfield, Mass., strewed the graves of her fallen heroes,

and gathered about her soldiers' monument and listened to short addresses from Rev. Dr. T. H. Hawks and others.

There was no public ceremony in Greenfield, Mass., but the graves of soldiers were covered with flowers by their friends.

In Dedham, Mass.

In this town, in accordance with the programme prepared by the Committee of Arrangements appointed at a public meeting of soldiers and citizens, flags were displayed throughout the day, and in the afternoon business was generally suspended. Under the direction of the Floral Committee, the Allin Congregational church, in which the exercises were to be held, had been beautifully decorated with flowers, evergreens, and other appropriate emblems, the entrance to the cemetery surmounted with a graceful arch of hemlock, beautifully entwined with flags and flowers, and the graves of the soldiers appropriately marked with colors.

Shortly before 4 o'clock, P. M., the detachment of returned soldiers, to the number of fifty, bearing the American flag, and preceded by the Bates Cornet Band, marched to the church, where they were received by the Floral Committee, and each presented with a bouquet of choice flowers. Entering the church they took the pews in the center aisle directly in front of the pulpit, which had been reserved for their use. The remaining slips were filled with the pupils of the public schools and citizens.

At 4½ o'clock, the services commenced, and were conducted in the following order:

Voluntary, by the Bates Cornet Band.

Invocation, by the Dedham Musical Society, under the direction of Mr. E. C. Daniell, Mr. Charles J. Capen presiding at the organ.

"But the Lord is mindful of His own;
He remembers His children.
Bow down before Him, ye mighty,
For the Lord is near us!
Yea, the Lord is mindful of His own.

Selections from the Scriptures, and prayer, by Rev. S. B. Babcock.

"American Hymn" by the Choir.

Who, when darkness gathered o'er us,
Foes and death on every side,
Clothed in glory, walked before us,—
Leading on like Israel's guide?
'Twas Jehovah! He appearing,
Showed His banner far and wide.

When the trump of war was sounding,
'Twas the Lord who took the field!
He His people then surrounding,
Made the strong in battle yield:—
To the nation roused from slumber,
He was armor, strength, and shield.

In the God of armies trusting,
'Mid their weakness, void of fear,
Soon they felt their bonds were bursting,—
Saw the dawning light appear.
Clouds dissolving in the sunbeam
Showed the land of Freedom near.

Hark! we hear, to heaven ascending
From the voices of the free,
Hallelujahs, sweetly blending
With the song of Liberty.
Power Almighty! we the victory
Ever will ascribe to Thee.

Lo! the dove, the olive bearing,
Plants it on Columbia's shore!
Every breast its branch is wearing
Where the buckler shone before.
Praise th' Eternal! He is reigning!
Praise Him! Praise Him evermore!

General Thomas Sherwin, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, then made a brief and appropriate address to his fellow soldiers, and concluded by introducing Rev. Jonathan Edwards as the orator of the occasion.

MR. EDWARDS' ADDRESS.

SOLDIERS, WHO HAVE WON US PEACE, AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: When one common sentiment possesses a whole community, but few words are necessary to express it. It is thought and felt, rather than spoken. The assembling of a multitude like this, speaks. The music, sublime and sweet, of voice and instrument, speaks. The readiness with which men have left their usual business, speaks. The loving interest of so many mothers, and wives, and sisters, speaks. The lifted flags, the bloom and fragrance of flowers, gathered with so much taste by so many fingers of old and young; the silent memory, peopled with the forms that make us at once sad and proud; the tearful eye; the exulting smile; the long procession; the garlanded graves; the presence of so many who cheerfully offered, though they were not called to lay down their lives for their country; the knowledge that this same ceremonial is animating our whole land to-day—these things speak. Yet it has been deemed

fitting that a few additional words be uttered. All classes of our population are here. All might be well represented by two. Soldiers and children together, within the church's walls, give a new meaning to the words—

"*Strength and Beauty are in the Sanctuary.*"

It has sometimes been said that "Republics are ungrateful." Such days as this disprove the assertion. This entire scene is the assurance that we are grateful—first, let us hope, to the Lord our God, by whose heavenly providence we are led—but then, in their measure, profoundly grateful to those, to all of those, who were willing to hazard their lives that we might have a country, a whole country, a free country. Of our soldiers, *some* fell for a land in which they were born. They made their own graves by the side of those of their ancestors, perhaps of many generations. These had everything to lose by enlisting in the war; of ease, and inheritance, and an already established place. But they were ready to resign all their own, in order to save it for others. Noble men! They sacrificed themselves for the common good. Their country will ever guard their memory beside that of the founders of the Republic. The towns out of which they went forth, cherish the light their deeds reflect upon family names of generations past. This State points to many—this ancient town to some such,—as the select product of its long cultured institutions. Precious fruit of household gardens, planted years ago in this congenial soil! Fit inheritors of such as that Capt. Daniel Fisher, of Dedham, who, two hundred years ago, was the first in the neighboring city to beard the Colonial Governor who had become a tyrant!

But a peculiar interest warms in our hearts towards *another* class of our soldiers. They themselves sailed like our own distant progenitors, across the great and wide sea that separates us from the old world. These came here that they might find quietness and a home. They came that they might lay the foundation of new homes in what they fondly hoped would here be a land of plenty and a land of peace. They had seen enough of strife elsewhere. Many of them had left parents, brothers, sisters, or even wives and children, upon the other side. Or they had just succeeded, by incessant painstaking and changeless generosity, in bringing them over. They were busy with new wants, and new cares, as well as new hopes. Some of them could scarcely yet speak the dialect of their adopted country. Yet these, abandoning all, were among the foremost to swell the ranks of the National army. The bugle of freedom they could understand. They risked all their new-born anticipations to

rescue America. They could comprehend the words of our great martyr, when, on the field of the Gettysburg Cemetery, he stated the aim of the conflict to be, that a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, need not perish out of the world. On no graves shall more fragrant wreaths be laid than on those beneath whose sod reposes the dust of men, who, born in Europe, died for the free United States. And from no hearts more fervently than ours shall go up the prayer that every land from which these, our adopted comrades came out, may yet taste the perfect blessings of liberty.

Most of the friends we lament to-day fell in their youth. A long life which they had in prospect was lost. Yet was it lost to either their country or their kindred? Nay! these lost lives have moved us more than any other. They are eloquent in the dust. They crowd about us with all the memorials and all the incentives of honor and heroism. They will live as long as we live. They survive in rebuke to every low aim, in impulse to every high resolve. They survive in our admiration, in our love. But we deeply sympathize with their lonely relatives! Those who expected to lean upon them—the parent, that lost his boy, the brother, sister, and dearer still, parted from their treasures—we weep with them. Many of these relatives are here. We fervently commend them all to a higher than any human consolation. Let us not forget, let them not forget, to be truly thankful that their resting-places *are* with us, and not with that 15,000 whose graves—no! the *trenches*, where their skeletons lie—are just outside the awful stockade at Andersonville! Even those trenches, monuments of what a devotion, will be decorated to-day. The colored race, enfranchised through their murder, does not forget its benefactors. A race that has earned the blessed title—"The Soldier's Friend,"—will see to it, if no others do, that flowers, and tears, and the heart's warm homage are laid on the burial spots of those through whose death has come their emancipation. We thank them. But how glad we are that these graves are *at home!*

But there are those whose residence was never with us, and who only left their ashes in our trust. It is a feature of touching beauty on this pensive gala-day, that so many strangers will be remembered here. The hospital camp near by brought them to us. Beneath the monument we shall presently surround, as you may see by reading the inscription, lies the mortal part of about sixty soldiers. They are made our brothers by the common cause. We hang flowers there for the kindred who are not here to do it. Fellow-citizens, our soldiers in this great war of the Republic, were either consciously or unconsciously, we now

know, working out the infinitely benevolent plan of the infinite Ruler. Many of them were conscious of this. It was what gave them their dignity, and their courage, and their fortitude, and their persistence to the triumphant end. On Him may we still rely.

Friends, of the battalion of returned Soldiers and Sailors:— When, a few years ago, you gave yourselves to your country, and went hence, our hearts beat over you with mingled anxiety and approval. When we heard of your deeds of renown or of suffering, our hearts trembled towards you in sympathy. When you came back to cheer the homes you had saved, and to adorn the country you had preserved, our hearts leaped towards you with salutations of the warmest welcome. While we honor with you, this day, your comrades who are no more, we fervently thank heaven for you that remain. May you be as great a blessing to your country in peace as you have been in war. May not one of your just expectations for the glory of your land be disappointed. May you who served so well under an earthly banner, be good soldiers of a Divine Captain.

I must not detain you much longer from the central tribute by which you are to mark this floral day. It is the soldiers' day! Our thanks for the immense service our soldiers have rendered can be shown, first, in our care to keep the honor, and the purity, and the usefulness of this whole nation, which some died to preserve. But next, we will not forget those *widows*, those *orphans*, whom they are here no longer to protect. Deprived of their natural guardians, these are now the country's wards. Four centuries and a half before Christ, it was pleaded for such:—"They are deprived of those who loved them, but who, preferring virtue to every connection, have left them fatherless, widowed, and forlorn. We shall best honor the dead by befriending the living. We must assist and defend their widows, protect and honor their parents, embrace and cherish their orphans." If these things were said in heathen Greece, how much more should they be *done* by us. It shall be done. We congratulate you that, in addition to the flowers which, though so beautiful will fade so soon, you have so far learned it is blessed to give that you mean to supply from the bounty collected this week, the material wants of families whose departed you honor.

Go then. Commend our country to God. Sprinkle flowers. Comfort and assist the bereaved. Rejoice in the spared. And may the benediction of the Highest rest upon it all.

At the conclusion of the address, which was listened to with the deepest attention by all present, the Requiem

"Peace to the memory of the brave,
Tranquil may their slumbers be,"

was sung by the Choir, after which Prayer was offered by Rev. Geo. G. Fairbanks, followed by the grand old Choral—"A Mighty Fortress is Our Lord," by the Choir.

"A sure stronghold, our God, is He,
A trusty shield and weapon:
Our help He'll be, and set us free
From every ill can happen.
A crowd of deadly foes
Our onward way oppose,—
Base follies, fears, and cares;—
And sin doth spread her snares;
How shall we flee from danger?

"Through our own force we nothing can,
Straight were we lost forever;
But for us fights the proper Man,
By God sent to deliver.
Ask ye who this may be?
Christ Jesus named is he,
Of Sabaoth, the Lord,—
Sole God to be adored,—
'Tis he must win the battle."

The services closed with the benediction, by Rev. J. W. P. Jordan.

At the conclusion of the exercises in the church, a procession was formed under the direction of General Sherwin, consisting of the returned soldiers, committee of arrangements, invited guests, pupils of the schools, and citizens, which, preceded by the Band, marched to the cemetery, where the graves of the soldiers from Dedham were visited in succession and appropriately decorated by their late comrades, friends, and the children. The procession then proceeded to the State Lot, where lie buried the remains of sixty-four soldiers, who died in the camp at Readville, whose graves were all appropriately and thoughtfully remembered. The exercises of the day were closed here with the singing of America by the whole congregation, with the band accompaniment.

At Stoughton, Mass.

In Stoughton the children of the Universalist Sunday School and others, met at the Town Hall at 5 o'clock, P. M., when a procession was formed and marched to Evergreen Cemetery, with flowers, wreaths, etc. A short address was made, and prayer offered by Rev. Mr. Chambre, the pastor, formerly a chaplain in the army. The children and friends then joined in

singing a hymn, after which the procession proceeded to decorate the graves of fourteen of the fallen heroes whose dust reposes in that quiet place. They had but just finished when the Easton Post with the Stoughton Village Band arrived, having performed a similar service in Easton, and now come to lay their offerings on the graves of three of their comrades here interred. The dirge was played, prayer again offered, and the crowd dispersed to their homes.

Although it was a sort of impromptu affair, hundreds participated; many eyes were wet and many hearts sad, as we thought of our brethren here, and on many a Southern field, and of him who went down with the ill-fated Cumberland, and of our three martyr graves at Andersonville.

Ceremonies of the same general character took place in the country towns throughout the State. In Barre, the principal services took place near the soldiers' monument on the Common, which was erected in 1866, but has never hitherto been formally dedicated. Addresses were delivered by Rev. William Crawford, Mr. J. W. Grosvenor, and others, and little girls hung the monument with wreaths. Parties of returned soldiers were then detailed to visit all the cemeteries in the different parts of the town, and decorated the graves of the soldiers there buried with flowers.

At Essex a procession was formed at the North Church, under the marshalship of Lieut. Edwin A. Howes, and proceeded to the Spring Street cemetery. The procession consisted of discharged soldiers and sailors, Town Officers, Good Templars, children of the public schools, and citizens generally, accompanied by Procter's and Story's band. The exercises at the cemetery were quite interesting, consisting of prayer, singing, and an address by Rev. Mr. Bacon, after which a committee, appointed for that purpose, visited and decorated the graves of our deceased soldiers who were buried there. This being done, the procession was again formed and proceeded to the Old Burying-ground, decorating the grave of one soldier who was there buried.

The ceremony of strewing flowers was fully carried out at Ashland, Mass., by Post No. 18, G. A. R.; the number of comrades participating was forty-five; cemeteries visited, two; and number of graves decorated, thirteen. A eulogy was pronounced by Rev. George B. Potter, and the exercises were closed by singing "America," and a benediction. The citizens, generally, aided in the memorial ceremonies.

At Holliston, a procession was formed at the Town House, and marched to Lake Grove Cemetery, where the graves of the

soldiers were decorated. Reforming, the procession returned to the Old Burying-ground, where, after the graves had been decorated, the hymn, "Toll the bell! the brave are sleeping," was sung by the quartette. An address was then delivered by the Rev. Mr. Best, after which the following original hymn, written by Prof. E. I. Cutler, was sung:

In the south alone and far,
Or beneath the northern star—
Wheresoe'er our soldier keep,
Scatter flowers upon his sleep.

In his death victorious
He gave all the world for us.
Guard his name from growing dim;
Dear to us, the dear to him.

The exercises were closed with prayer and benediction.

At Wilmington, North Carolina.

According to orders from the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, the graves of the gallant men who died to save the nation were decorated, and a proper tribute of respect paid to their memory.

This was rendered the more impressive, as the National Cemetery had not been dedicated, and this ceremony was consequently performed.

The procession started from the City Hall at about half-past two o'clock of May 30th, in the following order:

Evans' City Band; Co. I, 6th U. S. Infantry, under command of Lieut. Murdock; hearse and pall-bearers; carriages; Grand Commander and Staff, G. A. R.; No. 3 brass band; Marshal; mounted officers; drum corps; Post No. 3, G. A. R.; civic societies; citizens.

The procession marched down Princess street to Front, down Front to Market, and up Market to the cemetery. Arriving at the cemetery, the procession marched around the graves and halted, when the following services were performed:

Dirge by No. 3 brass band; prayer, Chaplain Greene; dirge, Evans' City Band; firing three vollies, Company I, 6th U. S. Infantry; reading General Order No. 11, G. A. R., Major Schenck.

ORATION BY GEN. JOSEPH C. ABBOTT.

Officers and Members of the Grand Army of the Republic, Officers and Soldiers of the Army of the United States, and Fellow-citizens: While any effort of the body or

of the intellect may attract to itself admiration and applause, every effort of the mind or body receives its character from the nature of the effort itself. If the act be meritorious in its purposes and in its results, then it should gather to itself all the commendation of a deed inherently good. But if the act be wrongly purposed, and evil in results, it ought to receive merely the natural tribute bestowed upon muscular exertion or intellectual power. This language is, indeed, axiomatic, and to utter it is but to iterate truisms; but these distinctions are too often forgotten in the honors which men pay to the living and to the dead. Therefore it is, that in the opening sentences to be uttered over these green mounds, I think it proper to indicate this distinction between the deeds of men, so that, in respecting the natural ties of humanity, we may bow at the shrine of patriotism—so that we may recall, not merely the brave soldier whose martial figure strode over the battle-field, and fell in the combat, but that we may bring here, with these fresh wreaths, the full volume of homage to the sacredness of law, of liberty, and of justice.

Honor, then, to the fallen heroes of the nation! Gathered from distant States, following the fortunes of great armies, they sleep here at last peacefully within this consecrated enclosure! Distant from homes where their memories are still fresh in saddened hearts, the paternal hand of the nation has gathered them to this last repose, beneath the ever-waving folds of the nation's emblem. Ye, who fell on Fisher's flaming ramparts! Ye, who moistened yonder forests with your blood! Ye, who from the accursed pens of Andersonville were borne hither, haggard with famine, but to die! Brethren with us in arms! Companions in a great struggle for the preservation of a nation! Soldiers of the yet invincible Republic! Prouder than the sepulchres of kings are the graves in which ye sleep!

To-day under that military escort which the exigencies of war had not permitted, to the slow measure of the dirge, we have performed these funeral ceremonies. By solemn prayer, and the vollies of musketry, we have committed these dead anew to the earth, and they now sleep in soldiers' graves.

In the winter and Spring of 1865, the bodies now deposited in this cemetery began to collect in this vicinity. The first expedition against the fortifications at the mouth of the Cape Fear left but a few. The second expedition, which was the last and successful one, furnished probably nearly a thousand from Terry's Tenth Corps alone. Soon after the fall of Fisher, and, in consequence, all the other fortifications at the entrance to this port, the Twenty-third Corps, under Schofield, arrived, which

also furnished its quota for this phalanx of the dead. On the morning of the 22d of February, Terry's column entered the city of Wilmington, while Cox had already appeared on the Brunswick side of the river. Early in March Sherman's army struck the Cape Fear at Fayetteville, and sending to this place his sick and wounded, passed on rapidly to the bloody fields of Bentonville and Averysboro', and thence to Goldsboro' and Raleigh, from which places the sick and wounded also reached this city. Previous to this, however, nearly ten thousand Federal prisoners had been exchanged at this point, who had been collected from various Confederate prisons, many of them in the last stages of starvation and disease, and more than a thousand of whom were unable to walk. The military hospitals were filled to overflowing. Pestilence, and disease, and death, held high carnival, mocking alike at the skill of surgeons or the care of nurses. Five of the medical corps fell before the deadly pestilence. Meantime the scenes at Appomattox Court-House and Durham's Station transpired, and the dissolving armies of Lee and Johnston scattered homeward. The struggle was ended. Its victories and its defeats were behind us, and the stern visage of war relaxed. But the pestilence still kept its sway, and the dead-cart still bore constantly to the common grave those who, having escaped the battle-field, had famished in prisons until they were ripe for disease.

Thus it was that there were at that time centered at this then military post, officers and soldiers from nearly every army of the United States. There were those who, inspired by the first enthusiasm, had mingled in the anticipations and disasters of the first Bull Run. There were those who had advanced with McClellan, on the Peninsula, and told stories of Seven Pines and Malvern Hill and the Chickahominy. Old soldiers who had fought with Joe Hooker and Sumner, and who marched with Meade to the victorious height of Gettysburg, recounted adventures with those who charged in the fearful assault at Wagner. Also, there were the bold and daring Westerners who remembered the early days in Missouri, who boasted of Shiloh, and Vicksburg, and Chickamauga, mingled with those who coursed through the valley of Shenandoah with Sheridan, and afterwards encircled Richmond and Petersburg with Grant. Many of these soldiers of the Republic, after an experience which we cannot now definitely know, were scattered, some on the sands of Federal Point, some in the pine woods on either side of the Cape Fear, near where each might have fallen, while others were collected in the long trench within the limits of Oakdale. The Government, with a tender re-

gard for those who served it, has prepared this last resting-place, and within it has collected all the remains which could be found. This the Government has done, not so much in care for the perishable earth which they have become, as in recognition of the services rendered by these men to their country, and as a testimony, which shall be imperishable, to fidelity and loyalty. To-day we dedicate to this sacred purpose this National Cemetery. These hallowed precincts shall ever hereafter be protected by the national flag and the national power. Sacred to heroism and to patriotism, no sacrilegious foot shall tread these paths or breathe this air, but it shall remain like a national altar, which each patriot may in all future time find unpolluted. And in some long distant day, when posterity shall read of these bitter times as we now read of King's Mountain, and shall recall the name of Sherman as we now recall that of Greene or Sullivan—when this slender shrubbery may have become an overarching shade of majestic trees, and these slopes peopled, may be, with statuary which shall image the deeds of the men who rest beneath the turf, shall have become sacred from clustering memories, then still may its green retreats be the resort of those who are worthy to be called the sons of the Republic.

He is justified who speaks thus at the present time, because these graves were not here, this occasion would not have been, had not a portion of the American people ignored the plainest and simplest duties of citizens, and joined in armed resistance to that authority which demands of us, by its own right, obedience. If that resistance to this authority was right, then we ought to make this an occasion of lamentation over the follies of the men whom we this day honor, or of regretting that they were the deluded tools of tyranny; or, if government is a farce, and, as some seem to believe, with no more foundation than a game of chance; if—which follows logically—all our late miseries were but horrid and sanguinary amusements, then these men are entitled merely to the respect due to the fallen gladiator. But if this nation had a right to its own integrity and existence—I do not mean merely the conventional right derived from custom, or the stronger right of compact, but the profounder right in which was involved the highest interests of men, the maintenance of natural and inherent rights among men, which indeed is the basis of the Government itself—then every grave around us becomes that of a nation's defender and of a people's champion. Nay, it becomes that of the champion of the highest principles of equity and justice.

This is said thus emphatically, because few wars arise from so profound a cause as ours. It was not a wrangle between two

monarchies for territory or power, or to avenge a fancied insult of a sovereign. It was not a war for plunder, nor to preserve the balance of power. But it was a collision between two antagonistic principles in society, wherein one was being gradually worn away by attrition with the other, until, as if inspired with life and infuriated by the abrasion, it sprung up in resistance. Whosoever imagines that our controversy of arms arose from any other cause, has not read aright. I therefore draw a deep and broad line between combatants of such a character. There is a deep gulf fixed between them. We have no right, now that the struggle has ended, to pretend to be ignorant of these distinctions, or of the nature of this contest. We are hypocrital, and were, while in armor, mere mercenaries, if we do not claim for the Union dead that softer repose which comes from superior virtue.

Nor were it necessary for me to press this point so bluntly, were this cemetery located in another latitude. But here, where Treason still lurks in different guises, where its insidious poison still festers in society, and where to have been a soldier *against* the Republic is esteemed a merit, it would be unmanly and disingenuous in him who drew his sabre for the protection of the Republic, to have withheld these expressions. While I say this, I desire to throw no contumely upon the graves of the gallant dead who composed the armies of the insurgent States, nor even to impugn improperly the motives of the living; but I mean that forever hereafter, so far as my influence may go, there shall be no fame, however lofty and unsullied, which shall not blacken if yoked with Treason; and no man who can raise his parricidal arm against the Republic which is the common parent and protector of us all, and not sink into ineffable and irretrievable infamy.

And now, beneath these fresh laurels, we leave these silent comrades within the Nation's enclosure. Sadly we move away from this great companionship. We have again seemed to look upon the deep lines of blue, upon the floating standards, and upon the arms flashing in the sun. Their last march is ended. They participate no more in the pageantry of war. Here, where neither tablet nor obelisk records their deeds, they will sleep until the great reveille sounds for all men, but above them shall continually gather the affections of a grateful people.

At the conclusion of the oration, a hail-storm burst upon the vast crowd of spectators, and they dispersed rapidly, with the exception of the societies, who formed ranks and marched home under a discharge of hail-stones, with the step of tried veterans as they are.

The hearse was decorated with flags and crape, and bore on its sides the following motto:

WE HONOR
OUR NATION'S DEAD.

It was drawn by six dark horses, trimmed with rosettes, and led by six members of the G. A. R. Each member of the G. A. R. carried a cross covered with evergreens and flowers, at a shoulder, which were placed at the heads of the ranks of graves. The cemetery is a large enclosure containing between two and three thousand graves, arranged in columns and ranks as they shot—shoulder to shoulder. Eventually it will become an ornament to the liberality of the Government which does not forget its dead. Lieutenant Gibbs, of the 8th U. S. Infantry, deserves great credit for the taste and skill displayed in the arrangement of the grounds. The mound in the centre of the cemetery was adorned with the names of many of our fallen generals, whose heroic deeds will ever live in the hearts of the American people. Among them were McPherson, Sedgwick, Berry, Kearney, Baker, &c.

Major Upham, Post Commandant, contributed much to the occasion by his advice and assistance. The following order was issued by him, which was generally observed. Much of the shipping displayed their colors at half-mast, as a proper tribute of respect. Many private buildings were also adorned in like manner.

WILMINGTON, N. C., *May* 29, 1868.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 40.

I. The 30th of May having been designated for the dedication of the National Cemetery at this Post, in tribute of respect for the nation's dead, all military duty, except the usual police duty of the garrison, will be suspended during that day. County and municipal offices will be closed for the transaction of public business, except those pertaining to necessary police duties.

Masters of vessels are requested to display the National colors at half-mast, from sunrise till sunset.

II. Company I, 6th Infantry, will act as escort to the funeral cortége, and will be paraded on the Company Parade Ground at half-past 1 o'clock, P.M.

J. J. UPHAM,
Brev't Major U. S. A., Capt. 6th Inf'y, Commanding Post.

AT RALEIGH, N. C.

In pursuance of the programme, the procession was formed at the south front of the Capitol, at 2 o'clock, P.M. Gen. Nelson

A. Miles acted as Chief Marshal, assisted by Col. Richmond Price, Col. Andrew Geddes, Maj. C. B. Whittemore, Maj. John D. Black, Capt. Louis E. Granger, and Maj. O. J. Sweet. Preceded by the band of the 40th Infantry, the members of the Grand Army, and other citizens, marched to the cemetery, where the exercises were commenced at about half-past 3 o'clock.

The flag of the 1st North Carolina Volunteers was borne in front of the procession.

The order of proceedings was announced by Maj. T. A. Byrnes. After an eloquent and impressive prayer by the Rev. T. B. Fiske, and the singing of an ode appropriate to the occasion, by the large assemblage, the following odes, written by request for the occasion, were read by Geo. O. Spooner, Esq., in the order in which they appear:

BY MISS CARRIE HALEY.

With Nature's fairest gifts we come,
To deck these silent, solemn mounds;
And though the flower's lips be dumb,
Yet speak they love, that hath no bounds.

They show that those who bravely stood
In truth's defence, in loyal might,
Though for this cause they've shed their blood,
They live in hearts that love the right.

The Flag they bore through conflict's rage—
The Flag that o'er their dear dust waves—
Oh, hallowed Flag! may history's page
Ne'er tell thou'rt gone from o'er these graves.

Oh, sacred dust of those who fell
In gory strife's appalling hour,
Remembrance of their deeds shall well
Within our souls with searching power.

Our Father! aid us well to love
Our land, and its defenders true;
Teach all in faith to look above,
And give us strength the right to do.

BY MRS. W. R. RICHARDSON.

Dead heroes, sleep! a nation's tears
Flow o'er thy mouldering dust;
All loyal hearts, all future years,
Will praise thy battles for the just.

'Twas thine to strike, thy land to save
For all that man holds dear—
In battles fierce, on ocean's wave
To smite the traitor's heart with fear.

Thy work is o'er—the country's free!
A grateful people deck the graves,
That tyrants through the earth may see
The tributes paid our fallen braves.

Sleep on, brave freemen—sleep thy last,
Till from thy gory beds
Jehovah's trump shall sound the blast,
And heavenly wreaths shall crown thy head.

THE UNION DEAD—BY W. W. HOLDEN.

A nation saved weeps o'er the brave,
Who, faithful to its life and laws,
'Mid march, and siege, and suffering, gave
Themselves unto its holy Cause.

On rugged mount, in sylvan shade,
By murmuring stream and sounding deep,
'Neath soil their valor classic made,
The heroes of the Union sleep.

To future Time's remotest verge
Let votive offerings deck each grave,
And sacred eulogy and dirge
Lament them, bravest of the brave!

The flag still soars towards the sun:
The Union fears no traitor now:
Freedom for all at last is won,
And Glory crowns the nation's brow.

Half mast the flag!—the minute gun
Roll forth its heavy note of woe!
Their fame is safe,—the work is done
Of those who calmly sleep below.

War may again his havoc make,
New actors fill their allotted part,
Yet still these memories, fresh, shall wake
Their echoes in the nation's heart.

The oration was then delivered by Dr. H. C. Vogell. At the conclusion of the oration, and after benediction by the Rev. H. M. Tupper, the people dispersed through the grounds to decorate the graves.

The number of graves is estimated at 1,180, and the bouquets laid upon them were not less than 2,500. The number of persons present was not less than 4,000.

Among other persons present not above mentioned, we observed Gen. Clitz, Commander of the Post, Gov. Holden, Hon. Thos. Settle, Hon. John T. Deweese, C. L. Harris, Esq., Wm. M. Coleman, Esq., Prof. W. C. Kerr, Maj. Dewey, Col. T. P. Johnston, and Maj. Lynn.

Nothing occurred to interrupt the proceedings or to mar the appropriately solemn feeling that pervaded the large assemblage. It has been stated that the procession "consisted mainly of colored persons." This is true. But it is no reflection on the gallant dead, and not at all discreditable to the occasion that the loyal people were not backward, as others were, in showing their respect for the occasion.

The fine band (colored) of the 40th Regiment was present, and by its superior performances added much to the interest of the occasion.

ORATION BY DR. H. C. VOGELL.

I am persuaded that a common feeling of respect for the memory of the dead has influenced this assemblage to-day. It is a tribute none should withhold, who are interested in the subject, complicated with those who lie within this enclosure. If any class of men, living or dead, deserve the consideration and respect of their fellow-citizens, it is the patriot soldier who has periled or lost his life in the cause of his country. Men may build cities, and endow institutions of charity, and die remembered for their beneficence, in which they have sacrificed no personal inconvenience or comfort, while the soldier leaves all that makes life valuable, and submits to the danger and privations found in camp and field, and becomes the safeguard and defence, not of a city but of a nation; a government in whose existence cities and charities are vested. These constitute the soldier's claim while living, and his demand, when dead, to the consideration and respect of every loyal man. When the people cease to be grateful to those whose strong hearts and muscle proved the bulwark of defense, when their interest and liberty were at stake, and danger threatened the final rupture of a united and prosperous government, then may the grass grow rank and long on the graves of its victims, and human gratitude become a myth of the past, and sympathy a satire upon humanity.

Kind acts like "kind words never die." They will live in their influence when generations have passed away, and like a ripple on the wave, they will wash the sand on either shore of mortality. True, the dead may not feel the act of to-day in garlanding these graves where their bodies moulder. There is, however, a sympathy linking living minds in the memory awakened by the flowers which wreath the place of their entombment It speaks a silent eloquence which reaches the heart, no flourish of rhetoric or metaphor can attain, and forces upon us the feeling—"Blessed are the dead."

It is not merely what we see around us to-day which makes this spot hallowed ground. It is not the flowers strewn around and over these graves which swells the heart with emotion. The attraction is not found in ornamenting these walks and avenues. There is something more involved than the mere parade and show of bringing garlands of flowers to lay upon a stranger's grave. These bones are the nation's trust. They became so under circumstances that will render their graves a special interest and care, when we shall have passed away, and will go down to coming ages, a memorial of a disaffection, as causeless as it was sad and disastrous to the public interest and national pride.

This cemetery is a striking comment on the wide-spread desolation which had nearly made the existence of a Republic a nullity, and wiped out the result of our fathers' blood and toil, in throwing off the yoke of a foreign despotism, and would have reduced the confederation of States to a feudalism. But for *this*, these graves would not have been made, and thousands of valuable lives might have been saved to their country and their friends. It is often found that blessings long continued, become ineffectual in producing contentment. Desire becomes rampant for change, and under the whip and spur of excitement men rush inconsiderately into the conception of imaginary evils which a little time and patience would have overcome. There are appropriate remedies for *every* wrong. Wretchedness and ruin follow in the wake of a causeless strife. There is a time for men to think; an hour when they should "ponder the paths of their feet." That time and hour has been, and is *now*. A voice comes up from these graves and from thousands of others whose homes have been made desolate, and could it be heard to-day, it would cause the hills and vales surrounding our once quiet and happy homes to echo, and each ear tingle through the length and breadth of the land with the cries of agonized mortality.

Men of North Carolina, think! Men of the country, think! Not upon a single blessing lost. Not upon homes made desolate by mistaken strife. Not upon the flattering speech of demagogues. Think for yourselves, your wives and children. Think for posterity, in combining a true loyalty and patriotism, with industry and persevering toil; and although it may not restore your dead to your homes and your firesides, your positions will become elevated, and your possessions will again grow green under your fostering care, and your homes happy and prosperous under a restored confidence in yourselves and others, with a government saved from the wreck of internal broils.

That man who is constantly harping upon technicalities, and confines his patriotism and loyalty to what was, or has been, is at fault, and is no less untrue to his country than himself. It is not the men whose sinews breasted the smoke and strife of battle, who keep up this strife and discontent among the masses, but the loungers at home, whose sensitive nerves evaded the smell of gunpowder and the tasting of death. Such men may make fair speeches, and call you cowards, for your disinclination to follow their lead, but you have faced the deadlier aim of the shot and shell of the battle-field, and need not fear to meet them in a war of words. The advancement of intelligence and the exercise of forbearance with a close application of the means of relieving the necessities, the past few years have inaugurated will soon cover the breaches. Leave these "by-gones" with their cause and origin, and seek the recuperation of wasted fortunes and the establishment of a true loyalty and patriotism on a foundation so broad and deep, that future generations may find no cause for a breach of their fealty. Then may the symbol of our nationality rest secure and undisturbed in its majesty and pride on its pinnacle, and the dome of freedom reflect the glory and power of her institutions, and unfurl her banner to the world without the absence of a single star.

The sacrifice of human life is terrible to contemplate. It was a fearful price to pay, and every section of the country is overshadowded by the gloom of the retrospect. If there is any power in a general sympathy arising from similar causes of distress and suffering, to reunite and consolidate suspended interest, then each and all who have become alienated from circumstances have the panacea at hand, for the whole land groans under the burden, "Joseph is not." Surely this cemetery has become a favored spot where affection lingers over the graves of the loved and lost, and where reflection is awakened to the uncertainty of earthly hopes and prospects. This is one of the great life lessons we *have* been, or are to be taught, that the tendency of progress, and all with which we have to do, *is to decay*.

> "What does not fade? The tower that long has stood
> The crush of thunder and the warring winds,—
> The flinty pyramids and walls of brass,
> Fall by the slow but sure destroyer, Time:
> Achaia, Rome and Egypt moulder down,
> And all these worlds that roll around the sun.
> The sun himself shall die."

We little know what is before us. The past is ever with us —the future never. The place of the birth and burial are often

widely apart. Here lie the representatives of nineteen different States, whose homes have been made desolate, if they are not abandoned. Who can tell the days and months of anxiety and watching their absence has caused? Who can portray in colors sufficiently vivid and striking the wretchedness and want which have followed their protracted absence? The widowed and burdened heart, the wail of helpless orphanage, the whitened locks and bending forms, occasioned by the pressure of an anxiety which marks the *uncertainty* of expectation and hope deferred; all this and more is involved in the death of the occupants of these graves.

Here is a large field, in which imagination may grow weary in the vagueness which environs the history of those on whose tombs affection is not permitted to shed a single tear. A solemn and painful interest is thrown around this burial plot, from the consideration, there are none to watch them, who have a personal interest in it. They died far from home and kindred. None to soothe them in their last moments. None to close their eyes in their final sleep. None to receive the last thoughts from all else withheld. Strange hands administered to them the relief their necessities required. Strange voices were around them. Amid the din of battle, or in the discomforts of a soldiers' hospital, they passed to their final home; and now the strife of conflict is over, the government in whose interest they fought and died, have disinterred and gathered their remains from the unavoidable isolation of a first burial, and having recased them, they have placed them permanently in this cemetery under a compensated guardiancy to await the trump of the archangel, in the final resurrection.

What matters it, though no obelisk points its shaft to heaven; though no broken column, emblematical of the quiet sleeper; though no sculptured rose drooping on its shattered stem, representing the death of the young and ardent; though no stately monument lifts its gorgeous pile within this enclosure, reared to rank and greatness; this shall be none other than hallowed ground, where others than ourselves may come, and receive instruction in the silent and modest appeal of the soldier's grave. The sun shines, but they hail not its light; the wind blows, but they feel not the breeze; the seasons revolve, but they heed it not; the voice of business and pleasure is as loud as ever, but they hear it not; the voice of mercy is proclaimed and the song of praise sung, and the cry of prayer presented, but they know it not. Thus hushed in death's last sleep lie the former bone and sinew of the nation's defence.

Their graves have become a legacy around which precious

memories cluster. Their epitaphs are written on tablets which conflagrations or inundations cannot reach. History may not deal in individuality, according to each their sphere or place of action, in camp and field, but when the record of the fearful struggle of the last seven years is written up, full justice will be done the rank and file of the armies of the Republic, and a halo of glory will wreathe the memory of those who shared the toil and danger of the achievement—or fell in the contest.

The best Generalship in the world (and ours was second to none), could not have been substituted for those who backed the knapsack and carried the musket, persevering through mud and dust on the weary march, or breasting the combat, firmly and unflinchingly contesting the advance or pursuit, or recoil, and at hazard of life and limb, bearing the old flag back to its original position. Their devotion to the cause was equal, if not more than equal to the history of ancient or modern warfare.

Instances of the most thrilling interest were witnessed. Said a man wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg, "Boys, I am shot, don't wait for me; just open the folds of the old flag, let me see it once more," and while the film of death was on his eye, he caught it in his hand, pressed it to his lips, and under the booming of cannon and fire of musketry, the noble spirit of Captain Perry sought a fairer, purer sky.

"He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again."

Among the 1,178, who are entombed in these grounds, consecrated by the government as a soldiers' cemetery, 545 are unknown. No trace is left to mark their birth-place or parentage. No human power can trace their history—all is a blank, *unknown*.

"Like dew on the mountain,
Like foam on the river,
Like a bubble on the fountain,
They are gone, and forever."

They were doubtless the pride of *some* mothers' hearts! They were probably the stay and staff of a father's hope. Around them loving arms were entwined in wifely or sisterly affection. The burden of their absence lies heavily on some mind. Where—where, in the universe of God, was the place of their abiding? Tell me! Oh tell, ye spirit of the slumbering dead, What is thy name, and where is the bosom that nourished thee? Break, break the deathly silence of thy tomb, and unravel the painful mystery involved in thy death and burial. Speak! thy country calls thee to thy reward. Speak! this is the nation's memorial day, for her buried dead, her

slaughtered millions. *They do not answer.* "After life's fitful fever, they sleep well." Wrapt in the mystery of the grave, all speculation is unavailing. We must leave them in the dead quiet of their graves, until the sea yields us her quota with the earth, and the "dead, small and great, stand before God." Of them and their friends it may be said:

"The heart, the hearth is desolate, the fire is quenched and gone,
That into happy childhood's eyes, once brightly laughing shone;
The place where mirth and music met, is hushed through day and night,
O, for *one sunny* face of all that there shed light."

In your prosperity and enjoyment of peace, forget not those whose plaintive notes went up around the camp fire and from the battle-field, "Who will care for mother now?" Speak kindly of the soldier. Infuse cheer into the home he has left desolate. Let not your eyes look coldly on the vacant chairs the war has occasioned; give your influence and patronage to those who were the means of preserving your country. Unnumbered generations must pass away before these will cease to invite your kindest regards. Because a soldier is maimed and crippled, it is no reason why he should be cast aside. Give to him some business, where one arm and one leg will serve him in obtaining a subsistence.

To deck these graves with flowers is a very small affair, and only a trifling tribute to the memory of the dead. If our sympathy is limited to the acts of to-day, it will be a poor return for periled life. It would be a sad comment upon humanity, should any withhold such a contribution to a stranger's grave, and more sad still, if any should wish to mar what death has left of frail mortality, and carry out the instinct of the hyena in attacking defenceless bones to satisfy a sectional prejudice. The innocent cause of such a feeling can well afford to do without a flower grudgingly withheld. Can such a spirit succeed by engendering strife and recrimination? Will such a spirit bear the scrutiny of offended justice? It is a burlesque upon humanity and civilization. "From such a spirit, angels and ministers of grace defend us!" Oh, that God would open for the nation a Bethesda in which this moral leprosy of the people might be cured! O, for the spirits of a former day. Where are the Clays! and Websters! and Jacksons! and their cotemporaries, whose firm integrity and indomitable courage rose above the strife of conflict and party or sectional prejudice?

"Their words were bonds, their oaths were oracles,
Their love sincere, their thoughts immaculate,
Their tears pure messengers, sent from their hearts,
Their hearts as far from fraud as heaven from earth!"

There is such a thing as "withholding more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty." Those of narrow minds and limited conceptions, are rarely capable of sufficient self-denial and self-sacrifice to maintain and labor for the public good.

The men of a former period knew a dearer name than self, and owned a greater fear than death. When the anthem of the free is lost in the clank of new-forged chains, how that clarion of '98—that blast for universal freedom will ring over the years, and over the graves, and over the silence of ten thousand nights, along the corridors of half a century! They who aforetime stood hard by the helm of the Ship of State have gone aloft, but the tones of the lookout come down to the rocking deck, like light from the solemn stars.

Consecrated and devoted in their eloquence and power to the general interests of the country, they rose above the limit of sectional prejudice and party lines, and bent their whole energies in maintaining reciprocity of feeling and union of action. These are the spirits now demanded, who would not stoop to a mean act to gratify a personal pique, or subvert the dignity of a true humanity to cultivate animosity and hate. Men may honestly and conscientiously differ in their religion and politics, without cultivating exclusiveness, and shutting out the kindlier properties of heart and mind:

> "Great God! when the spirit of freedom shall fail,
> And the sons of the pilgrims in sorrow bewail,
> Their religion and liberty gone;
> Oh, send back the forms, that shall stand as they stood,
> Unsubdued by the tempest, unmoved by the flood
> And to Thee be the glory alone."

The true and false intermingle in society like clouds skirting a clear sky, and the selfish often become spots on the feast of charity. With such, the best motives are impugned, and the purest objects which can ennoble and dignify humanity, are treated with scorn and contempt. Wherever this element exists, under whatever garb, the influence is disastrous, and fatal to the best interest of society. There is no better maxim for the practical purposes of life, than that uttered centuries since,—"A soft answer turneth away wrath." "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." "There are six things doth the Lord hate; yea, seven are an abomination unto him: A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood; a heart that deviseth wicked imaginations; feet that be swift in running to mischief; a false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren." In moulding our spirits after this model, and in yielding ourselves

to its teaching, our influence will become reformatory in checking the turbulency and restlessness of misguided passion; and the gold of the refiner will not be purer than its effect upon the public mind.

On a dark night, when a storm was on the deep, and dark clouds "hung thick athwart the sky" and settled with increasing gloom where, lone and cold, the brave hearts of centuries were entombed, a vessel had long been struggling to gain a place of safety. The starboard and larboard tack had been made without success. Weary and worn, the occupants of that reeling craft were about yielding to the inevitable doom to which their helplessness consigned them. Hope had well-nigh yielded to despair, and there seemed nothing left to that exhausted band, but to throw aside all thoughts of human safety, of home and friends, and prepare for that long-dreaded moment, *a grave;* the waves were opening for them, the storm-cloud for their mantle, the winds for their vigils, and they seek for their fainting spirits, far starward, a home in the great Pacific of God.

By one of those strange interpositions by which the Divine mind provides for the extremes of human weakness, a cry from the lookout brought hope and joy to the fainting crew. They were saved. It was the light reflected upon the foaming surge, from the tower erected on that dark and treacherous coast, warning the unwary, and pointing to a place of safety. On bended knee and with grateful hearts, on that night of storm, the crew blessed God for the light so opportunely sent to meet the crisis, if not to quell the power of the storm.

What the light-house is to the sailor amid the perils of his outward and homeward bound, humanity is to man in the exercise of its sympathetic and social properties. It is this which conduces to smooth the roughness of the way we tread, and straighten the crookedness of human paths. The pressure of the storm is lessened by the sympathy accorded us in passing through it. The social properties of the heart, like oil cast upon the angry waves, breaks the power of the life-struggle to the tempted and tried. There is power and majesty in the sympathy of a well-disciplined humanity in blunting the keenness of disappointed hope, and in alleviating human wretchedness and sorrow; taming the rage and thunder of human passions, and in quelling the spirit and power of anarchy and despotism. Human sympathy well regulated and properly directed, constitutes for society and the country,

> "Nature's storm-proof fortresses,
> By Freedom's children trod,
> Man's invulnerable walls,
> The Masonry of God."

It is pleasant to the eye, and grateful to the heart, to behold the light of a single star, on a dark and stormy night. It is the promise of Hope; but Hope bursts into a reality, when the rainbow spans the heavens, reflected from the dregs of the passing storm. So does the Great Architect of the universe make the wrath of man contribute to his praise, causing truth to sparkle and brighten under the prejudices that bound it, and break forth into noontide splendor and meridian glory. Truth gathers strength from the pressure, as love warms into life, and the social and domestic relations tighten, under the impediments which environ it.

The intrinsic value of Faith is in the trial, and being "well-founded, fears no danger." The country has had her days of darkness. Clouds have settled upon her prospects, her progress has been retarded, her very existence threatened, yet above the din of conflict she rose, and the spirit and heart of the Republic sought refuge in a purer atmosphere. Faith ascended with the violence of the storm. Hope nerved the heart to breast the conflict, while charity spanned the Heavens in robes dipped in sunlight.

The rolling cloud, the sulphurous glare, the howling storm, are passed, and the capitol of the nation stands forth in its strength and beauty, bright and glittering, with dome and shaft and architrave lighted by the rays of the morning sun, while the truth and principles of her foundation is marching step by step to the eternal skies.

> "Long may it live and every blast defy,
> Till Time's last whirlwind sweeps the vaulted sky."

At Newbern, North Carolina.

The procession was formed on Broad street, right resting on Craven, at nine o'clock in the morning.

General James E. Fleming, who had been selected as Chief Marshal, was assisted by the following officers.

The DivisionCommander:

1st Division, Col. Stephen Moore; 2d Division, Maj. A. R. Dennison; 3d Division, Capt. J. H. Porter. The Aids and Staff Officers: Col. Thomas B. Hunt, Col. R. P. Smith, Maj. A. Coats, Surgeon J. K. Fleming, Surgeon Jno. B. White, Surgeon Henry J. Menninger.

Capt. John F. Rulifson, Capt. H. H. Hitchcock, Lieut. Sidney Tuttle, Capt. E. C. Tunis and Mr. F. M. Pierson acted as aids to the division commanders.

The procession moved down Craven street to Pollok, up

Pollok street to George, and up George to the Cemetery, in the following order: Chief Marshal and Aids; Staff Officers mounted; Reverend E. M. Forbes, Chaplain; Hon. W. H. S. Sweet, Orator; His Honor, Major Wm. L. Palmer, Mayor.

First Division.—Band; Company C, 40th U. S. Infantry, under command of Capt. Walter S. Long; officers and soldiers of the U. S. army; officers and men of the U. S. Marine, coast survey, and revenue service.

Second Division.—Ex-officers and soldiers of the army; ex-officers and sailors of the navy; patriotic organizations.

Third Division.—Ladies in carriages; wagons containing flowers, wreaths, garlands, crosses and other decorations; citizens.

The procession was large and imposing. From the head of the column to the long array of carriages, a space of over half a mile was occupied. The colored people followed the procession in great numbers. It is estimated that there were between two and three thousand persons in line. Many of the mounted citizens carried Guidon flags furled and draped in mourning, making a beautiful effect. A number of the carriages in line carried the following mottoes, lettered in gold upon blue silk:

"Enjoy, but forget not the price of Liberty."
"Remember the Gallant Dead."
"Our love of Country stronger than our love of Home."

As the procession passed the camp of the 40th Infantry, the garrison flag was lowered to half-mast, where it remained until after the completion of the ceremonies. Arriving at the cemetery, the head of the column halted until the ladies had alighted from the carriages. The gentlemen dismounted, after which the procession passed into the enclosure. The work of decorating the graves was then commenced.

Twenty-one minute guns were fired by a detachment of the 40th Infantry, under command of Capt. Hargous. The number of guns corresponds with the number of States having representative dead in the cemetery:

Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New-York, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Maryland, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Kentucky.

THE DECORATIONS.

At the entrance to the Cemetery an arch was erected,

covered with evergreens, and bearing a motto in box-leaves upon dark ground,

"UNION DEAD."

There being over three thousand graves, it was impossible to decorate all the individual ones.

Twenty-six crosses had been constructed, wound with evergreens and flowers. One of these crosses was placed over each one of the lots occupied by the dead of the aboved-named States, and over those of the regular army, the navy, the signal corps, the Quartermaster's employees, and the construction corps. A large reverse of each cross bore upon its cross-arm the name of the State, in white letters, upon back scroll. Besides these general decorations, many of the graves received individual attention of mourning friends and relatives, prominent among which was an arch erected over the graves of the 3d N. Y. Cavalry, bearing the well known and appropriate inscription:

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

On the south side, and opening upon the cemetery, a large platform and a number of canvass shelters had been erected for the accommodation of the assemblage.

The decorating of the cemetery and graves being over, the meeting was organized, and opened with prayer by the Rev. E. at M. Forbes.

Doctor H. J. Menninger then introduced Capt. W. H. S. Sweet, who spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen — *Friends of the Union Dead:* It has been said that the sense of justice is so strong in the human breast, that no form of law or institution can long remain unchallenged, if it does not conform to the demands of this perpetual Dictator over civil governments; that each generation beholds the enormity with new indignation, and enters fresh protest against it, until finally Wrong goes down before the moral force of Right. Humanity, perfected in justice, is the consummation of human government.

It is the sad reflection of this occasion that the adjustment of our laws to a practical recognition of this truth should have demanded the outpouring of an ocean of fraternal blood.

Seven years ago, the peace of our country was rudely disturbed by the shock of civil war. The beautiful constellation upon our national banner was suddenly obscured by the lowering cloud of rebellion — rebellion so thoroughly organized, militarily and politically, that ten States, embracing a large portion of our national domain, and one-third of our entire

population, were torn from their moorings in the Union before we were fully awakened from our dream of a future as peaceful, prosperous and glorious as had been the past.

A long rumbling sound, like the roll of a muffled drum, is said to precede and announce a volcanic eruption; but this people were hurled into the seething maelstrom of a terrible civil war almost without premonition. It seems that in this precipitation of the conflict a kind Providence designed to magnify our national trial, in order that self-government might be more conclusively vindicated against open and secret foes at home and abroad.

The war of the American revolution settled the theory of self-government. This theory has been nearly a century in ripening into a tangible, consistent fact. During this transition period, there militated against this theory of self-government, as enjoyed by one portion of our people, an antagonistic practice as endured by another portion of our people. This theory was, and is, based upon the broad, enduring basis of humanity. It recognizes brotherhood in the human family. Just as an object cast upon the bosom of a placid stream becomes the centre of concentric ripples, each reproducing itself in enlarged proportions while the inner are dying away, so the lump of clay, animated with the breath of God, and cast by His hand upon the bosom of the stream of time, is the centre extinct of concentric circles of human existences sustaining, each toward the other, the relation of cause and effect. Radiating, ramified lines of descent bind centre to circumference. If there could be a simultaneous and successful effort on the part of every family in the land to trace out their lines of descent, their departing footsteps would echo along converging pathways tending to a common centre, and thence to the throne of God. As with our forefathers, so with us, this thought of universal brotherhood enlarges our conception of the whole duty of man by giving prominence to the idea of the unity of the human race in our great family. Our forefathers were philanthropists.

The coexisting antagonism to which we have adverted, unfortunately survived our revolutionary struggle, and insinuated itself into the new Government; because might, ever tenacious, never concessive of power, temporarily withstood moral force, and finally it arrogated to itself the very perversion of the Government from its original character.

Tame, craven submission, or patriotic, bloody resistance, were the dread alternatives.

I have thus merely adverted to some of the phases of our earlier history, so as to revive your recollection of the circum-

stances under which one and a half million of patriotic young men sprang into arms in defense of their country.

As our forefathers secured the theory of self-government by the bayonet and bullet between Lexington and Yorktown, so, by the bayonet and bullet between Sumter and Appomattox, have their descendants secured the embodiment of that theory in all the ramifications of our Government.

After four years of bloodshed and carnage, of agony and gloom, our people joyfully beheld the smoke of battle floating away, and our beautiful land once more bathed in the glorious sunlight of peace.

The painful alternations of the public mind between the buoyancy of hope and the depression of despair—untold wealth dissipated as the morning dew—and, far above and greater than all, an unnumbered host of dead—these represent the cost, mental and material, of effecting this happy issue out of our national troubles.

National patriotism, when inspired by the magnetic influence of human sympathy, is the noblest of enthusiasms.

We have assembled here to-day to commemorate the valor and patriotism of the heroes whose dust has been piously gathered from the battle-fields of eastern North Carolina and deposited in this cemetery consecrated to them by the Government for whose salvation they laid down their lives. They rescued our fair fabric of Government, created by the purest and most patriotic men of any age or clime, not only from a well-organized and powerful rebellion, but, under Providence, from the humiliation, degradation, and subjugation sought to be imposed upon us, in the dark hour of our struggle, by our ancient and common foreign enemy.

When Napoleon marched his army into Egypt, he urged his troops to deeds of valor with the appeal, "Soldiers, forty centuries look down upon you from these pyramids."

This precious slumbering dust, when animate, leaving the peaceful pursuits of life, sundering the tender ties of friendship and love, and assuming the habiliments of the soldier, incurred exposure, hardship, fatigue, danger, death, inspired by no such love of glory, but rather by the consciousness which animated the hero of Trafalgar—"Our country expects every man to do his duty."

When the Lydian king inquired of the great Athenian philosopher who was the happiest among men, his response was, that "No man should be pronounced happy till his death." Thrice happy, then, he who incurs death because his love of country is so broad as to embrace humanity.

This inclosure was purchased pursuant to act of Congress ratified February 22d, 1867, the 135th anniversary of the Father of his Country, and consecrated for all time to the patriotic and Christian purpose of interring Union dead. All that was mortal of 3,380 patriot soldiers, representing twenty-one States of the Union and every branch of the service, has been gathered here; and here, patriots will repair and mournfully linger as long as exalted patriotism and valor can command the unbought homage of the heart.

Our comrades who here sleep their last sleep have fallen at the threshold of life, in the vigor of early and promising manhood. Each of these numerous mounds represents a vacant chair—a desolate hearth-stone—an afflicted father—a broken-hearted mother—an affectionate sister or a loving wife, the depth of whose sorrow no human consolation can reach.

While we would not disturb the repose in which the patriot soldier sleeps, our sympathy for the afflicted and surviving kindred is as deep, as strong, as ineffaceable as is our regret that so costly sacrifices were rendered necessary to preserve our Union undivided, and our starry flag undimmed in its lustre.

In the presence of this sacred dust we involuntarily think of the events connected with the occupants of these silent tombs. The reluctance with which parental love yielded to love of country and consecrated a son to its salvation—the suffused eyes which looked a "good-by" which the tongue could not utter, as the manly form of the youthful hero parted with loved ones at home—the perfecting of military discipline and drill—the hurried march to the front—the bivouac—the exposures and hardships of forced marches—the exchange of fire on the skirmish line—the general engagement—the rattle of musketry and the thunderings of artillery—the death wound—such, doubtless, is the history of most of those who sleep within this sacred inclosure.

Their earthly career is ended. No reveille disturbs the quiet in which they repose. Peacefully commingling with the dust of their foes, each "lies like a warrior taking his rest."

May we who survive gather from this a lesson of wisdom. Refraining from crimination and recrimination, may we all, representing as we do every shade of sentiment in the deadly conflict of the recent past, exercise the Christian virtues of forgiveness, and doing good unto those who despitefully use us.

We have not the power of rolling away as a scroll the great curtain which hides the future from the present. We are profoundly ignorant of what events of gladness or sadness lie athwart our national pathway. But should our country ever

again be precipitated into the clash and conflict of arms to preserve its integrity against foes, foreign or domestic, may Almighty God continue His kind, beneficent favor toward us as a nation by supplying the places of our departed patriots who slumber in the national cemeteries, and whose patriotism and valor and virtues are this day being commemorated in every section of our country where they repose. Let us, on the occasion of this floral tribute of respect to their memory, by fair hands, re-dedicate "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor" to the cause for which unnumbered hosts so recently sealed their devotion with their life's blood.

Ceremonies in Pennsylvania.

at glenwood cemetery.

About half-past 4 P. M., Post No. 8 appeared marching in procession, accompanied by the Washington Band. The ceremonies were opened by a number of young ladies from the vicinity of Twelfth and Oxford Streets, who marched over and between the graves, chanting a mournful dirge. The Rev. J. Walker Jackson was then introduced, and made the following remarks:

I felt, a few days ago, when asked to make some remarks upon this solemn occasion, as if it would be a work entirely unnecessary. I felt, as it was said of a beggar a little while ago, who was sitting by the wayside, uttering but few words, but stretching out his maimed arm toward those who passed by in silence. Some one said: "Why don't you ask for what you want? Speak!" He lifted up his arm, and said, "So I do. My rags speak; my wounds speak; my crutches speak; my crooked limbs speak—every thing about me speaks!"

I feel at this hour as if every thing about us speaks. These graves speak to us of sacred suffering, of silent and heroic endurance. These graves speak to us of men who, being dead, yet speak to us of the great work accomplished for us. You know, as you enter Laurel Hill Cemetery, there is a beautiful picture in stone that will entrance you. At the very entrance of the city of the dead a great artist has put there in marble an incident that gave Sir Walter Scott a name for one of his novels, in which he immortalized Robert Pattieson, of Scotland, under the name of Old Mortality. There is Old Mortality, with the animal that carried the implements standing by his side, and Sir Walter Scott talking to him, while he is renewing the inscription on the tomb of some old Cameronian hero who fell in the wars of that land.

We are meeting here to-day with Old Mortality brightening the names and heroic sacrifices of those heroes who fell in the greatest struggle known for ages. You are bringing their names back with the name of Abraham Lincoln, that great man, who grows greater as the days, weeks, and months roll into years, since that terrible night of his taking away from us, when the country lost the purest of its statesmen, the wisest of its rulers, the most magnanimous of its men of State. He said, at Gettysburg, while looking on the graves of the soldiers dedicated there: "It is not for us to dedicate this spot. The brave men who fought here, and who fell here—the brave men who bled here—have consecrated this place. It is left for us to consecrate our lives to the service of proving that the Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the face of the earth."

We are not here only to decorate these graves, but to dedicate our lives to their unfinished work, and resolve that all men, from the rising to the setting sun, shall be free now and forever. We meet here for that purpose. I speak the name of that great General, of whom all present will say he is the grandest captain of the age, and say for ourselves that we mean to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer, until the whole land is free.

As I stand here, my mind goes back to the past. I think of the 14th day of April, 1861, when, in this city and all over the North, in every village, town, and hamlet, there was a great uprising when the flag was insulted in Charleston harbor, as it floated over the walls of Sumter. When the news came that the flag had been surrendered into the hands of rebels, all rose as a man to put the rebellion down, and it is now known in our history and perpetuated by their sacrifices. The rebels fought by making trinkets of the bones of our prisoners, by starving them to death at Andersonville and Libby, hunting them with bloodhounds, and shooting them down in cold blood. The people rose all over the land, and a result followed that was only foreseen by a few far-sighted persons. This rebellion unfettered every slave, and made him free. Glory to the Lord of hosts! Let us give glory to God the King—the Saviour who spoke, and the people were free.

We meet here to strew these graves with flowers. Men die indeed who die in a bad cause. None search for their graves to strew them with flowers; but those who die in a good cause, live. They who have died in this good cause, live in the hearts of the people. Those who die in this cause, grow with the years and grow bright in the memories of those who remember the service they rendered in the good cause. They redeemed

the country, and will live in the history of the country. Tablets will preserve their memories. Their children will talk of them hereafter; younger brothers will speak of the death of their brothers, and speak with reverence when they say, "He was a soldier."

Their orphans are now and forever the children of the Republic. They hover around us by night and by day. They speak louder than we can do that universal language that touches all hearts, thrills us to the soul. Here golden images will be placed. Here some one else's mothers, children, brothers, or sisters are meeting around the graves of your fathers, children, or brothers, that died that all families might live—that died for the universal brotherhood of man, that it might live over the whole land.

Whilst we honor these, will we not honor the wounded who live?—who speak in our streets—who say to us, We have been wounded; we, too, have suffered in that great cause? There will come a time in the history of the country when a wound will be brighter than a star upon the breast of a soldier. When the mountains are worn out and the rivers cease to flow, the names of these men will be kept fresh in the book of the national remembrance. Honor to the mothers, fathers, and children of the slain! Brave men! they look down upon us, and brave men catch the inspirations of the dead who look down.

When Mr. Jackson had concluded, the choir of Green street Methodist Episcopal church sang a dirge for the gallant dead, and the ladies present took the flowers, of which a large quantity were on the ground, and, opening the bunches, strewed them over the graves at the lower end of the cemetery. The band played a dirge, after which the procession re-formed, and marched to the upper end, where lie about two hundred and fifty other graves. The ladies again marched around, singing, "My country, 'tis of thee."

The ladies then strewed the flowers, when Rev. J. Walker Jackson said: It is not necessary for me to speak here again. All soldiers who fell in defence of the flag are made sacred to us by the great struggle through which we have passed. Though dead, they still speak to us, because we feel the sacredness of the cause. We feel that there should be a public sentiment inspired and kept alive, and the fires of patriotism kept burning on the home altar. It still burns. This land is dear to us all. It is made doubly dear by the precious blood of our companions who died to redeem the land from bondage.

The Rev. John Clothier, formerly chaplain of the 88th Pennsylvania Volunteers, then said: How precious it is for the

mothers and sisters of the dead to have the spot marked where they can come and shed sympathizing tears! These men died nobly in defence of the country and the land which held their homes. May it teach us to feel how dependent we are upon the Lord. May we live in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ, and be thankful to Him that He has preserved those who have survived the great peril. May Jesus Christ guard us all hereafter.

Rev. Mr. Jackson then delivered the benediction.

Each grave was marked with a miniature flag, and many were surrounded by those to whom the deceased had evidently borne close relationship. Some were weeping bitterly, while others wore an aspect that tears would have much relieved. The solemn scene seemed to impress every one; even there the most reckless and gayest at times felt its saddening influence. The words of the speakers fell with great force on the sombre multitude, and many could not resist, but were compelled to give way to their feelings; even strong and brave men wept, as perhaps they had not for years before.

Many a veteran felt the tears rolling down his bronzed cheeks as he looked upon the simple headboard that bore the name of a comrade near and dear to him, with whom he had beguiled many a weary hour of the camp, and perhaps suddenly missed from his side in the smoke and clangor of battle, with the shrieking shell and deadly minie howling and whistling over his head. Many were present from curiosity, and were as much affected as the relatives of the dead; for it is a hard heart indeed that does not have some sympathizing feeling in the midst of such scenes as these.

At the head of each grave stands a simple pine headboard, without paint or ornament, with the name and regiment of the deceased soldier rudely cut in with a knife. These boards cannot, in their present condition, long withstand the encroachments of the weather, and should at least have several coats of paint. There are men in this city, noble and generous philanthropists, who were foremost in lending a helping hand to the soldier when alive; and surely they could now step forward and see that such an act of true Christian benevolence is attended to. Many of the men interred at this place are from other States, their bodies resting far from the place of their homes, in a strange city, and the time may arrive when relatives will come in search of them, and, if this duty is not attended to, find no record to mark the spot where lie the dear departed ones.

A portion of the G. A. R. visited the Lafayette Cemetery, where the bodies of the brave soldiers who died at the hospitals

of the Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon were interred. The ladies associated with the Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, assisted by ninety young ladies and gentlemen, committee of the Refreshment Saloon, together with the Soldiers of the Republic, decorated with flowers the graves of the brave departed who are buried there. A number of speeches were made, by the officer in command and other gentlemen.

At Lancaster, Pa.

The ceremonies in this city proved very solemn and interesting. The day was very beautiful—clear and bright—one of the pleasantest of the new summer. At 1 o'clock the bells of the various churches commenced tolling, and continued until the close of the ceremonies. At about the same hour, Post No. 84, Grand Army of the Republic, one hundred strong, under the command of Post Adjutant J. K. Barr, and preceded by the City Cornet Band, entered the Court-House, where they received the crosses, wreaths, bouquets, and decorations from the hands of the ladies who had arranged them. The Post then marched to Orange street, literally covered with flowers with which to decorate the graves of their dead comrades. The procession immediately passed into the graveyard of the Episcopal church, where it filed around the graves of Capt. Thomas B. Barton, of Company B, 1st Pennsylvania Reserves, and Capt. Robert M. Jeffries, Company F, 115th Regiment, P. V. While the wreaths were being placed upon their graves, the members uncovered. The procession then returned to Duke street, where it was joined by the Junior American Mechanics, delegations from several of the senior lodges of the American Mechanics, and also delegations from the American, Hook and Ladder, Friendship, and Sun Fire companies. The procession moved up Duke street to the Lancaster cemetery, the several fire companies on the route displaying their colors at half mast or draped in mourning. On approaching the cemetery the band performed a funeral march with a peculiarly sad effect. Long before the procession had arrived, however, many hundreds of people had preceded it, and the scene was both sad and brilliant. The procession filed around the lot in which rests the remains of Maj.-Gen. John F. Reynolds, who fell at Gettysburg. Col. Milton Weidler, who served under that gallant soldier up to the time of his death, entered the inclosure and placed a cross, exquisitely adorned with flowers, against the monument; two other crosses, of smaller size, were also placed on the grave, one on each side of the larger one. During this ceremony the band

performed a solemn dirge. The graves to be decorated had each previously been marked by a small American flag, and in casting the eyes over the cemetery, these little flags were seen fluttering in every direction. Many friends and relatives of the dead heroes were present, and sad memories were called up by the scene. The procession then passed from grave to grave and performed the mission for which they were deputed.

The cortege then proceeded to St. Mary's Catholic Cemetery, and from thence to Woodward Hill Cemetery. At both of these places the graves of the soldiers were decorated. Zion's Cemetery, adjoining Woodward Hill, was also visited, and the following graves decorated: John McCracken, Co. —, 1st P. V. R. C.; Jacob Kiel, Co. I, 21st Pa. Cavalry; Abram Groff; George Presterly, 79th; Frederick A. Weller, Co. E, 1st Pa. Artillery; Jacob Coonley, Co. H, 122d; William Hoffman; John Veagley; Herman Bechler. The procession next proceeded to St. Joseph's Cemetery, in St. Joseph street. The bell in the church tower tolled solemnly as it approached, while flags, draped in mourning, hung from the windows, as well as from the windows of adjoining houses. The ceremony of decoration was again gone through with over the graves of the following soldiers: Lieut. Matthias Hart, Co. A, 203d, killed at Fort Fisher, January 15, 1865; Corporal Joseph Delzeit, Co. C, 99th, killed at Gettysburg, July 3d, 1863; Frank M. Flur, Co. K, 77th; Frank J. Schmied, Co. K, 79th; James J. Hawkesworth, Co. K, 77th. The next and last place visited was Shreiner's Cemetery, corner of Chestnut and Mulberry streets, where the graves of John Jones, Co. G, 99th, and Edwin M. Shreiner, the only two soldiers' graves in the place, were appropriately decorated. The procession then disbanded, each of the organizations taking part separating for their respective quarters. In the evening, at 8 o'clock, a large number of citizens assembled in the Court House to listen to an address by Rev. J. Isidor Mombert, of St. James' Episcopal Church. The address, which was a very able effort, occupied about an hour in its delivery, and enchained the audience by the graphic descriptions given of many of the most prominent scenes of the war. The speaker referred, at the opening, to the significance of the ceremonies performed during the day, and then proceeded to a history of the organization of the crude volunteer forces in 1861, and their gradual transformation into accomplished and brilliant soldiers. The address abounded in many striking passages, and also touching eulogies on some of the heroes.

At Carlisle, Penn.

Col. William M. Penrose was announced to open the ceremonies at 2 o'clock, with an address, and at that hour the Court House was filled to its utmost capacity. The officers, soldiers and band from Carlisle Barracks, the clergy of our town, the Union Philosophical Society of Dickinson College, the public schools, together with Post No. 114, G. A. R., and a large number of ladies and gentlemen, constituted the very large and intelligent audience. After an earnest prayer, by the Rev. W. R. Mills, pastor of the M. E. Church, Capt. J. D. Adair introduced to the audience Col. Penrose, who proceeded to deliver a very able and interesting address, showing the peculiar fitness and beauty of the ceremony about to be inaugurated, and calling upon all patriotic citizens to aid by precept and presence in its observance. The address concluded, the procession was formed in the following order: Members of Post No. 114, G. A. R.; clergy; Carlisle Barracks Band; officers and soldiers from Carlisle Barracks; U. P. Society from Dickinson College; the public schools; the public generally. The procession first moved to the Old Grave Yard, the band playing a solemn dirge and the church bells tolling during the entire march. Here the graves of the dead heroes were decked with the choicest and most fragrant flowers of the season. Many an eye was moistened, and many a bosom swelled with emotions, alike of sadness and pride, at this touching testimonial that the Nation's Heroes are held in most grateful memory. After similar exercises at the Catholic Church Yard and Ashland Cemetery, the procession returned to the Court House, where Gen. R. M. Henderson delivered the closing address. Gen. Henderson's remarks were of a character most appropriate to the occasion, and were delivered in a most eloquent manner. The Divine benediction was then pronounced, by Rev. Wm. C. Leverett, and the audience dismissed.

At Jersey Shore, Penn.

In compliance with the request of the committee of arrangements, those of the citizens having flags in their possession displayed them at 8 A. M. There was a large flag stretched across the street from the headquarters of the G. A. R. A salute was fired, which was continued, at intervals of fifteen minutes, until 1 o'clock. At 2 o'clock, the church bells were rung for the assembling of the citizens, large numbers of whom were already assembled. The procession was formed as follows: 1st. band; 2d. soldiers' widows and orphans; 3d. members of G. A. R.; 4th. clergy and invited speakers; 5th. soldiers, not members of

the G. A. R., and citizens. Arriving at the cemetery, the procession halted, and a most beautifully appropriate prayer was offered by Rev. J. H. Grier. Order No. 11 was read by James Jones, after which the procession visited each soldier's grave in succession, strewing flowers, garlands, wreaths, &c., upon each one. It was stated that the G. A. R. designed to pay equal respect to each soldier, but that relatives and friends of the deceased might pay such additional honors to them as they saw proper. These ceremonies having been concluded, every grave having been visited, the procession halted at the mound, and the following exercises took place:

Singing, by the Glee Club,

Nightwinds are mournfully sweeping,
Whispering oak branches wave!
Where your loved ashes are sleeping,
Forms of the true and the brave!
Silence reigns breathless around you,
All your stern conflicts are o'er,
Deep is the sleep that hath bound you,
Trumpet shall rouse you no more.

Sweet and serene be your slumber!
Hearts for whose freedom ye bled,
Millions, whom no man can number,
Tears of sad gratitude shed.
Never shall morn brightly breaking
Enter your chambers of gloom,
Till the last trumpet awaking
Sound through the depths of the tomb.

At the conclusion of the singing, the Rev. W. W. Meech, A. M., pastor of the Baptist Church, late a chaplain in the U. S. Army, proceeded to deliver the following—

ORATION.

The Cemetery where we are assembled is a fit place for the burial of our citizen soldiers who were brought home from the fields of their glory to rest with their kindred. This May day is a fitting time for us to come to their graves with our floral offerings. The reflections suggested by the occasion of such honors paid to their memory, are eminently becoming and profitable.

The landscape spread out before us is rich in the combination of natural beauties; and rich in its historic associations. It combines in one view the Bald Eagle mountains on the right, and the Muncy Hills on the left, both stretching far away in the distance, and almost at our feet glide the waters of the west branch of the Susquehanna, with its green banks spread into beautiful fields surrounding our homes and the borough of Jersey Shore, itself on the very spot where the early settlers put

to flight the rude savages in the days of the Revolution. Antes Fort, just across the river, is a reminder of the heroism of Colonel Henry Antes and his little band of militia, who built in the summer of 1776, and from it protected the settlers against the incursions of the wily Indians, then incited to hostility by the British.

This fruitful valley you now behold had long been a kind of paradise to the aborigines. The red men in their native simplicity built wigwams in its shady dells, roamed through its primeval forests, hunted game on its mountain sides, danced before the Great Spirit to the music of their war songs, and paddled their light canoes over the crystal waters of the gentle Otzinachson.* But another race was to occupy it. The hand of industry was to change the wild wood to a scene of cultivation. The waters of the Otzinachson and its tributaries were to become a power for human industry. The canal, the railroad, and the telegraph, were successively to be introduced as indices of progress in the facilities of living, moving, thinking beings, till populous towns and villages now mark their courses.

Our present position and prosperity are not the results of a day nor a year, secured without toil and privations. It has required many long years of patient labor and suffering in sunshine and storms to attain the blessings and privileges we this day enjoy. Our fathers exhibited a self-denying patriotism that created us a nation. In prayers, and tears, and blood, they laid its firm foundations; and in departing, they committed to us the care of the noble superstructure of a State proclaiming as its religious creed the doctrine "Soul liberty," and as its political thesis, "All men are created free and equal." Under the working of these principles in religion and politics our land has become an asylum for the oppressed of all lands, the hope of republicanism throughout the world.

We learned in the days of childhood to revere the memory of the patriots of that mighty struggle which made us an independent nation. In our youth we admired the specimens of their eloquence in behalf of civil and religious liberty, to secure which they pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. From year to year, we have met on the ever glorious 4th of July to celebrate our independence, and, with hearts aglow with gratitude and gladness, we have recounted their toils, their trials, and their triumphs. Many long years passed ere their hope of a free and prosperous country was a full and crowned reality. But it came, when by the ordering of an all-wise Providence it would be most secure. It requires but a glance

* The Indian name of the West Branch.

at the history of nations to see that our past is without a parallel in the increase of population, in the development of all the resources of material prosperity, in the progress of scientific research, in the production of literature, in the embellishments of art, and in the perfection of their civil institutions.

Within the memory of our oldest inhabitants we have increased from 13 to 36 States, and from 3,000,000 to over 30,000,000 of inhabitants. Many years, from immigration alone, we have increased over a thousand a day. With most marvelous rapidity we have leveled forests, and tunneled mountains. Villages and cities have sprung up as by magic, and valleys vast as empires have been turned from a wilderness to beautiful fields, to "bud and blossom as the rose." Our mountain streams have been made a power for mills and factories, and then to bear on their bosoms to the ocean the products of our industry, and the fruits of our land. We have dug from the bowels of the earth a mineral wealth of untold value. For our aid in all the departments of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, we have created facilities by the fertility of our inventions that lessen much of our toil. By the increase of our channels of intelligence the school-boy of to-day may compete with the sages of antiquity. With every demand for statesmanship we have found the men to conduct us in our onward progress, till high above all the evidences of our wealth and power, above all the beauties and benefits of our country and climate has towered up this crowning fact, that the teeming millions of our people are the freest, happiest on the earth; and that they enjoy in larger measure than the world has ever before known the privileges and prerogatives of true manhood.

In an evil hour the spirit of disunion spread its blighting infection through the South. The doctrine of State rights was proclaimed, and efficient measures adopted to weaken the sentiment of nationality so strong at the North. The plan proposed by Calhoun in his time, was adopted, to "fire the Southern heart" with the determination to secede from the General Government, and set up a Confederacy of their own. But when they adopted the Montgomery Constitution, and actually inaugurated war upon the U. S. Government by the bombardment of Fort Sumter, the loyal masses of the North awoke to the importance of the crisis, and rushed to arms for the protection of their Capital, and the preservation of the Union established by their patriot fathers. After eighty years of unparalleled prosperity, the Government was called on to defend its life against "States discordant, belligerent." The national flag was dishonored by men who had solemnly sworn to defend it. The

American Congress was beleaguered by an armed force of rebels, while assembled to adopt means for the salvation of the country from the parricidal hands of its own misguided children. Well do some of us remember looking in on that Congress on the fourth of July, 1861, as they met in solemn and determined counsel to devise ways and means to suppress the rebellion. It was a stern lesson for us to learn. But the course of the rebels in arms soon taught us that if we had peace again it must be secured by an inglorious surrender or a victorious prosecution of the war. The whole people were aroused. The response to the first call of the President for troops exceeded all expectations. Like the old heroes and heroines so justly celebrated in history, our fathers and mothers freely gave up their best beloved on the altar of their country.

> "Then said the mother to her son,
> And pointed to his Shield;
> Come *with* it, when the battle's done,
> Or *on* it from the field."

In the issues thrust upon us, we were made to feel that we were so forced into the conflict that we could not avoid the war without unutterable dishonor; that if we failed to subjugate the rebels with the men and means at our command, we should justly expose ourselves to the contempt of all nations. In short, we believed that no army ever fought in a more just and righteous cause, and that every battle would add value to our national history. But for this conviction of the righteousness of our cause, how could we comfort the many mourners who sent forth the very jewels of their households to die that the nation might not perish?

We fought, not for empire, nor for power, nor for the love of martial glory, nor for the gratification of a vindictive passion, nor even for the abolition of slavery—that great system of wrong which underlay the education of caste, and fostered an oligarchy that would never rest till it culminated in the rebellion. We fought simply to preserve our own from destruction, that the Union might live. But God included in the results the liberty of the bondmen, of whom he said by his providence, "Let my people go that they may serve me." Accordingly he gave little success to our arms till emancipation was proclaimed, not only as a measure of military necessity, but as an act of justice. Regarding the situation, and the use our enemies made of these bondmen, a soldier said: "We are not fighting to free the negroes, but we are freeing the negroes to stop the fight."

While we fought to preserve our nationality, the Divinity

that shapes our ends determined the result should embrace as *one* people, living under *one* government established by the people and maintained *for* the people, the whole territory from the chain of lakes on the North, to the great gulf on the South, and reaching from the Atlantic wave to the Pacific surge; and that this whole country should be called the United States of America. With the guiding hand of Providence so manifest in our national history as it has been from the time when our ancestors landed on Plymouth Rock or planted the settlement at Jamestown, we could but go forward, appealing to the God of battles, pouring out our treasure and our blood till a restored Union spread the protection of our flag from East to West, from North to South. The first year of the war a patriot poet wrote of that flag:

"All nature sings wildly the song of the free,
The red white and blue float o'er land and o'er sea:
The *white* in each billow that breaks on the shore
The *blue* in the arching that canopies o'er
The land of our birth, in its glory outspread,
And sunset dyes mingle the stripes of the *red*.
Day fades into night and the red stripe retires,
But the stars on the blue light their sentinel fires;
And though night be gloomy with clouds overspread,
Every star keeps its place in the arch overhead:
When the storm is dispelled and the tempest is through,
We shall count every star on the field of the blue."

Our democratic institutions demand an equality of rights for all the people, especially their rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." These can never be enjoyed except as the requirements of the Constitution are fulfilled, guaranteeing a republican form of government to every State of the Union. It is true, that since the last armed force of the rebels surrendered to our victorious army, the Ship of State has been tossed on a stormy sea. But our faith in the Constitutional Republic, as a ship of safety, must never waver so long as the star flag waves from her mast-head, and she is manned by so many brave and true men. In our weal and in our woe, may God be our help.

"Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State.
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging, breathless, on thy fate.
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel;
Who made each mast and sail and rope;
What anvil rang, what hammers beat;
In what a forge, and what a heat,

Were spread the anchors of thy hope.
Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock:
'Tis but the flapping of the sail;
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights, on the shore,
Sail on! nor fear to breast the sea:
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee."

God teaches men and nations by His word, and by the voice of His providence in accordance with that word. Many lessons are never learned till experience teaches them by its stern processes. When the war was upon us, we felt that it would be a reproach to our courage, our patriotism, our intelligence, and the high moral tone of our community, if we did not our utmost to maintain the righteousness of our cause. It is still a time for the deepest convictions of the heart to find full expression. Men must be what they seem. Their acts must be approved or condemned as they accord with our sense of justice. Motives of self-interest or mere worldly prudence must give place to the majestic duty of the hour. The blessings of a free Government must be handed down to the future generations who are to people this vast country.

Excellence comes from patient thought and persevering labor. Sufferings are antecedents of success. Our Saviour "for the joy that was set before him endured the cross and despised the shame" of his humiliation. Recognizing the Divine relation of hardness endured to victory secured, let us pay due honors to the memory of the patriots of 1861 to '65, who by their sacrifices preserved the Union founded by the heroes of the Revolution in 1776 to '83. Let it be seen that the living men and women of to-day "embalm their names with equal honor and a common love;"

"And they who for their country die
Shall fill an honored grave;
For glory lights the soldier's tomb,
And beauty weeps the brave."

I never see a returned soldier in the army blue but I think of him as a comrade in arms. I never see the maimed hero on his crutches or with his empty sleeve, but my sympathies are stirred for a companion in perils. I never see the wife made a widow and the children orphans by the patriotic devotion of a husband and father, without my heart being moved to sympa-

thize with them in their loss. Well may the soldier's orphans prize the names they inherit, and the Government their fathers died to save make them the pensioners of its bounty. They are the children of the Republic. God has made the nation their guardians. We are the trustees of the fair fame of their honored parents. What a trust! Let us honor them in their patriotic devotion, in the hardships they endured as good soldiers for their country, in the death they died as martyrs to freedom, and in the graves where rest their mortal remains, many of them far from the graves of their kindred.

Fellow citizens, the returned soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic are with you here to-day, to pay just honor to the memory of their fallen companions. We are here to strew flowers on their graves, to recall their heroic self-devotion to their country's service in the hour of its peril. We are here to honor the trust they left us as a rich legacy, to perpetuate the glory of their names in our nation's history; and to get our hearts reimpressed with all those patriotic excellencies that so much adorn humanity. In his address delivered at the consecration of the soldiers' cemetery at Gettysburg, Everett said: "It was appointed by law in Athens, that the obsequies of the citizens who fell in battle should be performed at the public expense, and in the most honorable manner. Their bones were carefully gathered up from the funeral pyre, where their bodies were consumed, and brought home to the city. There, for three days before the interment, they lay in state, beneath tents of honor, to receive the votive offerings of friends and relatives,—flowers, weapons, precious ornaments, painted vases (wonders of art, which after two thousand years adorn the museums of modern Europe)—the last tributes of surviving affection. Ten coffins of funeral cypress received the honorable deposit, one for each of the tribes of the city, and an eleventh in memory of the unrecognized, but not therefore unhonored, dead, and of those whose remains could not be removed. On the fourth day the mournful procession was formed; mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, led the way, and to them it was permitted, by the simplicity of ancient manners, to utter aloud their lamentations, for the beloved, and the lost; the male relatives and friends of the deceased followed; citizens and strangers closed the train. Thus marshalled, they moved to the place of interment in that famous Ceramicus, the most beautiful suburb of Athens, which had been adorned by Cimon, the son of Miltiades, with walks and fountains and columns; whose groves were filled with altars, shrines, and temples; whose gardens were ever green with streams from the neighboring hills and shaded with trees sacred

to Minerva, and coeval with the foundation of the city; whose circuit enclosed

> "The olive grove of Academe,
> Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird,
> Trilled his thick-warbled note, the summer long;"

whose pathways gleamed with the monuments of the illustrious dead, the work of the most consummate masters that ever gave life to marble. There beneath the over-arching plane trees, upon a lofty stage erected for the purpose, it was ordained by law, that a funeral oration should be pronounced by some citizen of Athens, in the presence of the assembled multitude. "Such were the tokens of respect required by law to be paid at Athens to the memory of those who had fallen in the cause of their country." It is no less appropriate, that we as Americans, native and naturalized, come to these graves of our citizen soldiers in this solemn procession, and with appropriate services adorn their low graves with our floral offerings.

The custom of decorating graves with flowers prevailed among the Greeks and Romans. Simonides wrote for Sophocles' epitaph,

> "Wind gentle evergreen to form a shade
> Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid,
> Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs and intertwine
> With blushing roses and the clustering vine;
> So shall thy lasting leaves with beauty hung,
> Prove a fit emblem for the lays he sung."

This custom is still observed in England, Wales, Germany, and the United States. It is a custom full of eloquent appeals to the hearts of sorrowing survivors, and is fraught with such associations as induce an elevation of sentiment, and a poetry of feeling adapted to modify our grief and invest the sepulchre with the kindly emotions of hope and immortality.

> "On the earth, the thorns and roses are blending
> And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

The bridal and the burial have alike sought their richest emblems among these fairest symbols of beauty and decay. The old Romans not only used flowers for personal decoration but made them the accessories of religion. These delicate emblems adorned their priests, altars and sacrifices. Their statues were crowned with them. Hence Venus was represented wearing roses, Juno with the lily, and Ceres with her hair entwined with wheat and poppies. With cypress they decked the dwellings of the dead, because if once cut down it will not

spring up again. It had a true significance with them, because they held death to be an eternal sleep. With a more cheering faith, we plant in its stead the evergreen and those redolent flowers, whose roots being buried rise again.

"The little flowrets raise their heads,
And bloom as gayly on the grave,
As if reposing on such beds,
As nature to her children gave."

Our minds are involuntarily disposed to pensive musings when we stand beside these mounds decorated with the floral emblems of affectionate remembrance. We dwell in fondest recollections on the excellencies that adorned the character of the loved and lamented. But the highest hopes of this life are often like the brightest of earth's flowers, the soonest faded. The rosy light of youth's soft cheek is gone, the mystic charm is broken, the vital tide ceases to flow, and the idols of our hearts, "the warrior and the son of song," are laid beneath the sod. The song of joy is changed to dirge-like strains. The heart-strings are swept by mournful emotions. The eye is dimmed by tears of sorrow; and sadness fills the home of the bereaved. Then do we invoke the symbolic language of Flora, as the most eloquent of all tongues, and with her oratory of perfumed silence tell alike of a mother's love or a sister's affection. No word spoken can rival the delicacy of sentiment expressed by this vocabulary.

"In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears."

The flowers on the grave, bright and fresh, or faded and withering, speak to the heart in language too plain to be misunderstood, and tell of the changing nature of all things here, where "we all do fade as a leaf." The words of men die away and are forgotten. The tones of the minstrel and the cadences of the orator are fleeting as the song of summer birds. But the great truths which God has written upon the flowers with which we deck these graves, are everlasting.

On the eve of triumph, Nelson flung to the breeze from the mast-head of his ship this memorable signal, "Westminster Abbey or Victory." It was an appeal to the deep sanctities of the human heart, for there rested the ashes of their heroes. When our fallen braves said, "Give us *liberty* or give us *death*," they too appealed to the highest instincts of humanity. Let this cemetery where their sacred dust is entombed, by the sweet

gliding Otzinachson, be our Westminster Abbey. Hither may we come from year to year, as on this May day when the earth is in its richest sunlight, and the beauty and bounty of nature unite to impress us with the fitness of all God's handiwork —here may we come, laden with the bright, beautiful flowers, and as we strew them upon the graves of our heroic dead, repeat the story of their self-sacrificing devotion. Let us recount their services and their virtues. The eye shall kindle at the remembrance. The lip shall quiver at the thought. The heart shall leap with the emotion. And from these and other soldiers' sepulchres shall go out a succession of patriot heroes, that shall perpetuate their virtues while they immortalize their glorious names.

"They never fail who die
In a great cause: the block may soak their gore,
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates or castle walls;
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overspread all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom."

May He who gave to our fathers a Washington, and to us a Lincoln, make us all worthy of his favors. May He preserve our country through all coming time as an asylum for the oppressed of all lands; and make us worthy of the patriotism by which our liberties were secured and maintained.

"Let Spain boast her treasures that grow in her mines,
Let Gallia rejoice in her olives and vines;
In bright sparkling jewels let India prevail,
With her odors Arabia perfume every gale.
'Tis Columbia alone that can boast of the soil
Where the fair fruits of virtue and liberty smile."

After the conclusion of Mr. Meech's oration, a song was sung by the Glee Club. After a very brief address by Rev. B. F. Stevens, and music by the band, the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Sherlock, of Baltimore, and the party retired from the cemetery.

At Huntingdon, Penn.

The procession was organized at the Court-House. It was preceded by the Huntingdon Silver Cornet Band, followed by the Officers of the Post and others with appropriate badges of mourning, the clergymen of the place, and a large portion of our citizens, and to the music of the muffled drum, the band

playing the dead march, and the mournful tolling of the bells from every church-tower in the place, the solemn and impressive march was taken toward the city of the dead.

On arriving at the cemetery, a prayer was offered by Rev. J. W. Plannett, after which a brief address to the assemblage was delivered by Hon. John Scott, substantially as follows:

Soldiers and Citizens: When called upon, an hour or two ago, to deliver a short address to the people assembled here to-day, my answer was, that upon such an occasion I could not say "no;" and I almost felt as though I ought not to say "yes." But, upon reflection, perhaps it is as well that he who addresses you to-day should not have been called upon to think —for really, what is to be said is more a matter of feeling than of thought; and the struggle with me is to suppress that feeling, and find words to give utterance to appropriate thoughts on this occasion. We are met as citizens, at the request of the surviving soldiers, for the purpose of doing honor to the memory of their comrades who have given their lives as a sacrifice on the altar of their country, and in the sentiment, if not in the language of the address read in our hearing, as "the price of an undivided Republic." And is it not fitting to thus assemble? is it not recognizing a feeling that has animated every people and every nation that has ever been worthy to claim and enjoy a place and a name amongst the people and nations of the earth? When we look abroad, we find that England has her Westminster Abbey, where her honored dead, in literature, in arms, and from every condition and walk of life, find an honored place; and when we cross the Channel, we find the streets of Paris adorned with the statues of those whose names have been rendered famous by fighting the battles of their country. There trophies of victory are cast into monuments to hand down to posterity the names of those who have achieved those victories, and thus serve to indicate the gratitude of the nation even after the nation itself has gone down to dust; while the citizens who love their memory gather annually to strew flowers upon their tombs. Is it not right that among the boys and girls that surround me here to-day, the feeling be inspired, that if their country needs their services, they go to the discharge of a high duty —an honored one if they survive it, and a glorious death if they fall? Is it not right that the boys here to-day be taught this sublime sentiment, as they stand around the flag with those who scatter flowers on the graves of those that have died in defence of that flag; and can it be possible that there are any who are unwilling that it should be so taught? I do not believe that any are. It is proper—it is right. We come here to-day, not

so much to mourn over the dead, as to inculcate their example and give encouragement to those who survive. Oh, the price we have paid for the peace we this day enjoy! How long since trembling hearts, now in the enjoyment of security and peace, were listening for the roar of hostile cannon to come up through the gaps of our mountains from the Shenandoah and the Potomac? We are now in the enjoyment of tranquillity and peace; and to whom do we owe it? Can you believe it—I could not, till told, a few minutes ago, by one of the surviving friends—that twenty-seven of the young men who went out from our midst a few years ago, to stand between us and the enemy, this day lie sleeping in this cemetery? What would we say to-day, if asked to offer up twenty-seven of the living who stand around us as a sacrifice for any earthly object? And when you scatter this all over this broad land, from every village and every hamlet and every city; when you multiply the great host that have gone down to the city of the dead, that we to-day might stand here in the enjoyment of the liberties for which they fought, oh, how great the sacrifice! Is there not a lesson of encouragement to their surviving comrades; and is there not a lesson of endurance and patriotism to those who are enjoying the fruits of the sacrifices and toils of the dead? These men have buried their comrades; they are here to-day to do them honor. There are those around us who have buried sons, brothers, and husbands; and oh, what a price have they paid for this security! And ought it not to be a shame, a blistering shame, when we look at the price that only one of those bereaved ones have paid in dropping a tear over the graves of the departed dead, ought it not to be a shame for any man to grumble when called upon to pay a small tax in dollars and cents to support the Government for which these men died? This is another lesson which should sink deep into the hearts of the boys here to-day, that if another war should come in defence of the old Flag, that the race of soldiers is not run out. We come to learn this lesson and to pay this tribute of respect and reverence to the memory of the dead; and while we mourn that they are dead, we come to do them honor, not merely to mourn for them, although the flag is clad in mourning, and a badge of sorrow is on each soldier's arm. These men have gone down as soldiers; and there are some, too, who have gone down as soldiers, whose remains are not here—some, who went away buoyant with life, but whose friends have not even the poor consolation of knowing that their remains are here; but although their mortal remains are not here, they are here in spirit to-day, and we are here to do them honor, too. Oh, there is many a battle-field,

every turf of which, to borrow the language of another, is a "soldier's sepulchre;" and as the people come to strew flowers over the graves of these that are here, they are now planting laurels all over the Wilderness and the battle-fields of the South, that will bring forth fruits of patriotism in the future, when this shall be, as it will be, an undivided Republic. No, we come not to mourn these men.

> "They have been mourned as brave men mourn the brave,
> And wept as nations weep their cherished dead—
> With bitter, but proud tears; and o'er their heads
> The eternal flowers, whose root is in the grave,
> The flowers of fame, are beautiful and green,
> And by their grave's-side pilgrim feet have been,
> And blessings pure as men to martyrs give,
> Have there been breathed by those they died to serve.
> They lived as mothers wished their sons to live;
> They died as fathers wished their sons to die;"

and having done so, we are not here simply to mourn their loss, but to reverence their memory and to honor them for their deeds, with the desire that the Government which they lived and labored and died for should long continue to recognize the debt of gratitude it owes them, and those they have left behind them; and in this spirit, fellow-citizens, let us come and offer "flowers, sweet flowers," over the graves of the departed. When God made man, He placed him in the Garden, and the first book from which he read God's love was the pure leaves and bright foliage of the flowers; and when He drove him out from the Garden and from His presence, He gave as a compensation those bright flowers which come up everywhere to bud and blossom and open toward heaven. Let us now go and scatter these sweet memorials over the graves of our honored dead, that their fragrance may, mingled with our prayers for the land they died to save, ascend heavenward.

The list of fallen soldiers interred in the cemetery was then announced by Mr. M. S. Lytle, Senior Vice-Commander, as follows: Valentine Dearing, Co. F, 125th P. V. I.; Alfred M'Allister, Co. H, do.; Ulrich Paul, Co. F, do.; Benjamin Williams, Co. C, do.; Leonard Moebus, Co. K, do.; George Africa, Co. C, do.; William Friedley, Co. F, do.; William Corbin, Co. H, do.; James D. Cunningham, Co. B, do.; William K. Rohm, Co. B, do.; Col. J. Blanchard Miles, do.; G. Alfred Westbrook, Co. D, do.; David Lamp, do.; William H. Long, Co. B, 147th P. V. I.; William Glazier, Co. B, do.; J. H. Thompson, Co. D, 5th P. V. I.; Edward K. Nash, do.; Maj. William H. Russell; John Fletcher, Bat. D, 1st P. V. Art.; Wilbur H. Kinsley, 145th P. V.; George D. White, Co. I, 5th Pa. Reserves;

Surgeon H. K. Neff, 8th, do.; John M. Beamer, Co. A, 110th P. V. I.; Joseph Leffard, Co. D, 148th, do.; Jonathan Morgan; John Corbin; William P. Anderson, U. S. A.; William Barrick; Fred'k Snyder, Napoleon's army; Maj. D. McMurtrie. After which the procession of soldiers was re-formed, every soldier's grave visited in turn, and every funeral mound garlanded with a wreath of laurel and bouquet of wild flowers.

At Washington, Penn.

The soldiers of the G. A. R., and other soldiers, formed immediately at 1 o'clock P. M., in front of their hall on Beau street, and, preceded by the Marshals, the brass band, and martial music, proceeded to the two graveyards situated in the limits of the borough. On arriving there, the graves were, under the direction of General Hall, one of the Executive Committee, and Capt. J. S. Stocking, in command of the company, properly decorated with flowers and pine wreaths. After which, a salute of three rounds was fired over the graves by the company. During the decoration, while the soldiers in line were marching from grave to grave in pursuance of their sad duty, the band discoursed appropriate music. The ceremony over, the procession marched back to the Court-House, when it was joined by the Union Literary Society of Washington and Jefferson College, and citizens. Each soldier in line having been presented with a beautiful pine wreath and bouquet, the whole procession now marched for the cemetery. On arriving there, the exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Brownson.

The ladies then sang a beautiful song.

Rev. Dr. Davidson delivered the following speech:

Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, and Fellow-citizens: In accepting the invitation to address you on this occasion, I imposed upon myself a task, to the adequate performance of which I now find I am wholly incompetent. Its demands have proved to be far greater than I had anticipated. Moreover, I am painfully conscious that what I may say will fall far short of meeting the expectations which are necessarily created by the novelty and importance of the occasion, and the solemnity of the place. I must therefore earnestly ask your indulgence, and beg you to hear me with clemency. First of all permit me to say, that the place of our assembling to-day is not only peculiar, but it is well calculated to peculiarly impress us, to make us more than ordinarily serious and thoughtful. We are here, in this quiet and beautiful cemetery—this lovely, consecrated resting-place of the dead. We dare not be trifling

if we would. Every thing here is inviting us to the observance of the strictest decorum—is bidding us both speak and hear with gravity, with reverence, and with awe. Above us is the deep blue vault of heaven, down from which the all-seeing eye of Jehovah is looking directly upon us; and other eyes also, perhaps. Around us are these mute yet loudly speaking monuments and remembrancers of our own frailty and mortality. Beneath us is the very ground in which the graves of some of us will shortly be dug—graves around which our friends will mournfully and weepingly gather, while over our bodies, then cold and silent, will be solemnly said, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." How, then, can we be otherwise than serious and solemn? But the object of our assembling is also peculiar. Never before were we here, in an associated capacity, for a similar purpose. On other occasions when we came, it was to bury the dead; now we are here to revive and honor the memory of those already buried—those over whose sleeping-places, in most cases, the green grass has now been growing for more than one summer. We are here, actuated, we trust, by the spirit of true patriotism, to scatter flowers on the graves of Union soldiers—the graves of our nation's martyred heroes. Those brave and noble men who fought and bled in freedom's cause; men who cheerfully and heroically laid their lives as a sacrifice on their country's altar; men who, when they saw their country's flag smitten down and trailed in the dust by traitors' hands, impelled by the same spirit of patriotism that fired the hearts and nerved the arms of our Revolutionary fathers, sprang to arms, and rushed to the field to rescue that flag; and there, amid the smoke and thunder of battle, did rescue it, and, lifting it up, once more planted it on the ramparts of Freedom, where it now waves more gracefully and proudly than ever before,

> "O'er the land of the free,
> And the home of the brave."

It is to do honor to the memory of these glorious champions, these immortal heroes, that we are here to-day. By the simple act we perform, chiefly through the patriotic and tasteful ministrations of fair hands—by this appropriate, expressive, happily-conceived ceremony, we purpose, not only to make beautiful and render fragrant the graves in which these heroes sleep, but to so revive and enshrine their deeds and memory in our hearts, that we may be able to cherish them there as long as we live, and then transmit them as a rich legacy to our children after us. What we here do, then, is not only peculiar, but it is

commendable — highly commendable. It is the plain, the obvious dictate, not only of humanity but of religion. It is but the fitting tribute of an enlightened and sanctified patriotism. It is not political, but patriotic; it is not partisan, but national. It must, therefore, commend itself to the cordial approval of every truly loyal citizen of the nation, no matter to what section of the country he belongs, nor with what political party he stands identified. It challenges our credulity to the utmost, to believe that any one, save a rebel by name, or a rebel in heart, can disapprove of what we here do. Who that loves his country, who that prizes constitutional liberty, who that honors the "dear old flag," does not reverence in his heart of hearts the memory of those heroic men by whose valor, and blood, and life, we to-day have a country to love, constitutional liberty to prize, and the "dear old flag" around which we may yet, thank God, rally; around which we do rally; around which we will ever rally. Lives there a man among us, who from hostility to the cause for which our brave men gave their lives, refuses to join us in the ceremonies of this day? who will not bring his garland of flowers to decorate their graves? Lives there such a man? If so, God pity him, God pity him. Verily he deserves not the name of an American citizen. I was about to say, and I will say it, that man is "fit for treason, stratagems and spoils—trust him not." The liberties of the country are not safe in his hands; not safer than is the life of a man in the hands of the midnight assassin. Such an one deserves not to share the benedictions of this glorious land—he ought to be expatriated. And if there be one spot on God's footstool more barren than another; if there be one country in which despotism and anarchy reign in their most fearful forms, 'tis there he deserves to live, and there he deserves to die. We now repeat it, the object for which we are assembled is a commendable one—highly commendable. It must command the cordial approval of every loyal heart in the country. Our nation is indebted for its existence, under God, to every loyal State in the Union; but to none more deeply than the good old Keystone State of which we are proud to be called citizens. As from the beginning, Pennsylvania has had the honor of being the Keystone of that beautiful arch on which the Federal Union, has thus far, so securely rested, so now she has the additional honor of having been, during our late national struggle, the wall of adamant, the wall of fire, beyond which the armed host of secession could never pass. Twice they tried it; but twice they failed. The God of battles seemed to have said to them, "Thus far shall ye go but no farther, and here shall your devastating march be

stayed." Gettysburg proved to be the fatal Waterloo to the Confederate armies. There victory turned on the side of the Union cause; there freedom throttled despotism, and there liberty triumphed gloriously. On that famous battle-field, now transformed into a national cemetery for Union soldiers, it was decided, by a three days' sanguinary struggle, that "the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the face of the earth." Gettysburg is henceforth to be immortal. But Pennsylvania was not only the wall of adamant, the wall of fire, to the Union cause; not only furnished the soil on which the great decisive battle of the war was fought; but she also furnished her full quota of both men and means to prosecute the war. Of her record in this regard, she may be justly proud. No officers in the whole army were more gallant than hers; no soldiers more brave. They fought hard and well. They made for themselves an honorable record. Their deeds of valor are inscribed on a scroll that is imperishable. Their fame is destined to be perpetuated as long as American Independence endures. And God grant that may be while the world stands. But in all this glory of Pennsylvania, our own patriotic county claims no meager share. Her men and her means were freely given. She sent, in all, more than twenty-five hundred men; the equivalent of two full regiments and a half of her best sons to swell the ranks of the Union army. These did brave work; heroically endured the fatigue of the march, the privations of the bivouac and camp, and stood by their colors in the fierceness of the battle. Many of these, through God's kind providence, lived to see the cause for which they fought triumph, and to return in peace to their homes and friends, bearing on their brows the laurels of victory. Most of them remain with us. A goodly number participate in these ceremonies. Not a few bear about with them the visible marks and scars of their valor and daring. Honor to them all, immortal honor! And Heaven's richest benedictions be theirs now and forever!

But, alas! alas! many of her twenty-five hundred never came back. Poor fellows! some of them fell in battle, some lingered and died in hospitals, and a few perished in those accursed Southern prisons—in all, not much short, if any, of eight hundred. Only think of that! Eight hundred of our noblest citizens sacrificing their lives to save the country—to save the country for us! Immortal honors to these immortal heroes! Some of them sleep in these graves here before us; some in other parts of this cemetery; and others in various burying-grounds throughout the country. It is on these and similar

graves all over this great Republic that a loyal people to-day scatters flowers. We gladly join these loyal millions; and while we make beautiful and render fragrant the graves of our sleeping heroes, we would at the same time catch the inspiration of their sublime patriotism, and swear eternal hostility to treason and rebellion, in every form and in every place. Here would be a fitting place to close these remarks, but a few words more must be added. When the brave ones fell at whose graves we to-day gather, many a heart was made to bleed; many a father and many a mother uttered bitter lamentations; many a wife was doomed to the darkness and desolation of widowhood; many a child to the helplessness of orphanage. To all these let our profoundest sympathies be extended. And may the day never come when the gratitude of this nation shall allow these widows or these orphans to want for any thing. The flowers we strew to-day will soon wither and die. To-morrow they will be gone. We need, to perpetuate the memory of our heroic dead, something more enduring—something that the summer's sun cannot consume nor the winter's frost destroy. That something is a beautiful monument or memorial chapel, erected on that eligible spot in this cemetery appropriated to that purpose. All that is needed is the money. That the people of the county have. A part of it has already been secured. Four thousand dollars have been collected, and are invested in Government bonds. Two thousand more are subscribed, and can be had when needed. But these six thousand dollars are little more than half enough to build such a monument or chapel as your committee think will be worthy of the object contemplated, or will satisfy the wishes of the people of the county. A cheap one can be erected with the money already secured; and, we are authorized to say, it will be, unless measures are promptly inaugurated to increase the fund. If this is done we shall all be sorry; we shall be heartily ashamed of ourselves. Will not some one move again in this cause? An earnest appeal to the people is all that is needed. The money will be forthcoming. We commend the subject to all concerned, but most earnestly and confidently to the soldiers of the G. A. R. If they undertake the work in good earnest, it will be done. Then, on some May-day a year hence, if we live, we shall gather here again, not only to strew flowers on the graves of our heroic dead, but to dedicate a monument on which, or a chapel, on the tablets of which shall be inscribed the name of every deceased Union soldier of the county—a monument or a chapel on which we ourselves may look with pleasure and pride; and on which generations coming after us may also look with pleasure and

pride, while they contemplate it as the tribute of the hearts and the work of the hands of their patriotic ancestors.

And now, peace to the ashes of all the soldiers of the Union who sleep in their graves; and to all who still survive, prosperity and happiness here, and glory immortal hereafter. And thou, "dear old Flag," around which we rally, still beautiful with thy stripes and bright with thy stars, wave on, wave on, peacefully and proudly,

> "O'er the land of the free,
> And the home of the brave."

After Dr. Davidson closed, the ladies sang another song, and the decoration of the graves was proceeded with. The number of soldiers' graves decorated was forty, one of the graves being that of Lieut. Joseph Irons, of the 1st U. S. Artillery (an officer on General Cadwallader's staff at the battle of Churubusco), who fell August 19, 1847. Lieutenant Irons was as brave a soldier as ever drew a sword, was known everywhere as a daring man, beloved by officers and men, and it was fitting to strew his grave with flowers. A beautiful motto, "Honor their Memory," the letters being covered with pine, was placed over the Cemetery gateway. A most beautiful banner was placed over the gate of J. S. Young, Esq., photographer, who lives on the cemetery road. It consisted of a picture of Mr. Lincoln draped in mourning, surrounded by festoons of flags and ribbons. The soldiers, on passing, saluted it with appropriate marks of respect. A cannon placed in the cemetery was fired every five minutes during the march of the procession, and while the decoration was proceeding in the borough graveyards.

At Shippensburg, Penn.

According to the programme, at half-past 5 o'clock, P. M., the procession was ordered to move. In a short time subsequent, the Chief Marshal, assisted by Captains Baughman, Landis, and Snow, formed the procession in the following order: Band; officiating clergymen; twenty-seven little girls with flowers, wreaths, decorations, &c.; colors of 130th and 202d Regiments; soldiers; citizens. The procession first visited the Public Graveyard, where rest the remains of R. C. Moore, Co. K, 201st Pennsylvania Regiment. After decorating the grave, the band played "Pleyel's Hymn." Prayer by Rev. Mr. Hassler. The procession then moved to the Lutheran graveyard, where the strewing of flowers was again gone through with upon the following graves: Samuel Golden, Co. H, 3d Pa. Cav.; William

Culp, Co. A, 7th Reserves; George Brenizer, Co. D, 130th Pa. Inf. Prayer by Rev. Mr. Price. Music—Dirge, by the band.

The procession then proceeded to Spring Hill Cemetery. The church-bells tolled a mournful requiem, while at regular intervals a gun was discharged, as the procession moved along. The entrance to the Cemetery was artistically festooned with wreaths, flowers, and drooping flags. The graves to which the honors were to be paid had been previously marked with miniature flags. On arriving at the centre of the Cemetery, and after an impressive and eloquent prayer by Rev. Mr. Glessner, the committee of arrangements divided the little girls into squads, and proceeded to place the wreaths and flowers upon the graves previously designated, during which ceremony the band performed a requiem. The following soldiers are buried in the Cemetery: Capt. Samuel Speese, Co. F, 13th Pa. Cav.; Lieut. William Duncan, do.; Capt. David Harper, 4th Iowa Inf.; Lieut. W. W. Harper, Co. K, 7th Pa. Reg.; Lieut. Samuel Patchell, Co. D, 130th Pa. Reg.; George M'Lean, do; Henry Miller, do.; Joseph Matthews, do.; William Grabill, do.; Nicholas Lenhar, do.; Jacob Coover, do.; George Fry, Co. B, 107th Pa. Reg.; David Shugars, do.; George Koser, do.; William Mariner, 75th Pa. Reg.; Abner Trone, Co. H, 3d Pa. Cav.; Josiah Gamble, do.; W. S. Seavers, Co. F, 17th Pa. Cav.; Samuel Speese, Jr., Co. F, 21st Pa. Cav.; Robert M'Farland, Quartermaster's Department; James Mifflin, do.

The Rev. Mr. Houck then addressed the vast assemblage. His allusions were well-timed, and proper tribute and words were spoken in memory of the fallen heroes. Most solemn, indeed, were the exercises, and there were but few who did not drop a tear over the resting-places of the loved and lost martyrs to Liberty's holy cause. The band played "Old Hundred," after which the exercises were closed with Divine benediction, when the audience retraced their steps to town, where they were dismissed.

At Reading, Penn.

In Reading, the decorative ceremonies were witnessed by at least six thousand people. For hours the roads leading to the cemetery were lined with men, women, and children. The day, too, was beautiful, though the morning augured an unpropitious afternoon. At precisely 1 o'clock the procession moved in the following order: Guard of Honor, uniformed and equipped, bearing the American flag draped in mourning; members of Post No. 16, G. A. R., each bearing a wreath, bouquet, and

cross; soldiers and sailors generally; ambulances with crippled and maimed soldiers; Perseverance Council, U. A. M., preceded by a large American flag carried by twelve boys; Ladies' Committee in carriages; citizens. The procession moved up to the head of Penn street, where it divided into two or three parties, each of which was designated to visit the cemeteries in that direction. The graves therein having been visited, the line was again formed, and the entire procession marched to the Charles Evans Cemetery, where the ceremonies were solemnly impressive. After a prayer by the Rev. J. F. Meredith, and a dirge by the band, the vast audience was addressed as follows:

REV. J. F. MEREDITH'S ADDRESS.

My Friends, Comrades, and Fellow-countrymen: It is some embarrassment to me to arise in this presence to speak on this never-to-be-forgotten day—a day which inaugurates a custom not to be neglected while the American people appreciate patriotism or breathe the spirit of liberty. I could desire that the choice of the committee of arrangements had fallen on some one more able than myself to discharge this duty. But being invited to speak on behalf of my former friends and comrades in arms, I am here to do the work as best I can.

I congratulate you, my countrymen and comrades, on the auspicious dawning of another national holiday, to take its place with the 4th of July and the 1st of January. The 30th day of May will be looked forward to in coming years as the 4th of July is now, only with other feelings, deeper and more profound. We now hail the summer holiday as the anniversary of the nation's birth—the day when the Continental Congress declared that the Colonies, of a right, ought to be free, independent States, and to secure that result they (the signers) pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. This spring-time holiday will remind the nation of those hundreds and thousands of the best and bravest of the nation's sons, who poured out their blood like water that the nation might not only *be*, but continue to live through all coming time. The summer holiday reminds the nation that there is one shrine—the old State House in Philadelphia—around which the national heart's tender affections twine; and who does not feel inspired with a deeper love of liberty as he looks upon the room and its decorations where the immortal Declaration was first announced? This spring-time holiday will remind all that there are more than five hundred thousand shrines, each as precious as the hall where the Declaration was born, at which the nation loves to

bow. These shrines we to-day, for the first time, consecrate to the cause of human freedom, by decorating them with evergreens and flowers, in the name of the survivors of that grand army which settled the question (for the present century at least), that the American people ought all to be free and have the right of self-government. Two hundred thousand green graves, two hundred thousand altars, two hundred thousand sacrifices as offerings to human freedom, to the great cause of all time, the cause of oppressed humanity, the cause of human rights, the cause of truth, purity, honesty, justice, and progress. We come to-day with music and banners—with garlands of sweet and beautiful natural flowers, woven into wreaths and bouquets by the delicate hands of honored and lovely ladies, to decorate and embalm the graves of the precious dust of those we knew, those we honored, those we loved, those who stood up in the great fight of the ages, those who went forth at their country's call to defend their country's cause, to defend that beautiful and glorious flag from the insults thrown upon it by foul traitors' hands. There is scarcely a grave of a fallen soldier who was interred within the Union lines, that has not been at some time honored with flowers; but it was done by private hands, and by some loved one who wept in silence and loneliness. But to-day the great body known now in history as the Grand Army of the Republic, and destined to be more extensively known and felt, comes forth to do honor to the memories of the heroic dead. And what more fitting could they do? They might erect monuments of marble, iron, and of brass, that would stand through coming years as evidences of power and appreciation, but these would not show that tender love for these persons, their deeds and their memories, as these fresh and fragrant flowers of May. This is a *national act;* this is an *official act.* This shows the thousands of widows and orphans of the land that their dear ones are not forgotten by their living comrades, and that their death was not in vain. No, my countrymen, their death was not in vain. They died that you and I might live—that we might live in peace, and quiet, and happiness—that our children, and their children, on through future generations, might have a free school, a free church, and a free Bible. Suppose they had refused to die; suppose that those hundreds of thousands who are with us—who are now here—had refused to sacrifice life, and had at once surrendered to the rebels, as that large class who stayed at home during the war and did all they could against the soldier and his cause, wanted they should; suppose they had accepted the dogma of the sage of Wheatland—that we had no right to coerce a State to do

right—that all the States had a right to go out, and that we could not compel them to stand by the Constitution;—suppose, I say, that those thousands had refused to resist with their lives this dogma, what, to-day, would our country have been? What should we have been? Our Stars and Stripes would have been swept away, and the "Stars and Bars" would have floated in their stead. Our free schools, and free Bibles, and free pulpits, and free ministers, and free people, all, all would have been gone—gone to chains and a vassalage worse than that of ancient Egypt, Babylon, or Rome; and to-day, instead of decorating the graves of our comrades fallen in glorious and honorable battle, we should have been weeping in silence at the *grave of Liberty herself*.

When we look at our vast country, with all its resources of wealth and power, at our system of free government, with all the appliances for further advancement in greatness and intelligence, reaching as it does from ocean to ocean, with its fields, and mines and streams, its hills and valleys, smiling in the sunlight of freedom, inviting the poor and oppressed of all lands to come and occupy them, to plow and reap, to build, and grow and be happy—when we look at all this and think what we would have been had the rebellion proved a success, we feel that our comrades did not die in vain, and we feel that this is but a small token, indeed, of the love that we ought to show their memories. What tender emotions are awakened to-day in our minds as we bend over the silent, yet eloquent mounds, where the American soldier sleeps his last sleep.

My comrades, we remember the dark days of the rebellion; we remember the march, the camp, the bivouac, the battle, the hospital, the burial. All these things come fresh to us to-day, and with these, the familiar faces, and voices and songs of those whose death we lament to-day even as much as the day they fell at our side. Many of those who sleep in these graves that have just been visited and garlanded were personally known to me, and most of them to you, and may I beg your indulgence while I refer to some of them, for time would fail to mention all.

Here lies the dust of the brave and noble BRENHOLTZ, who went forth in the youth of his manhood to battle for the right. The Union cause had no warmer friend nor more earnest advocate, and could he have been spared to his country and the army, he would have risen to high distinction in both, for he was both brave and eloquent, qualities which are popular with soldiers and citizens. Here, too, sleeps CLEVELAND, the generous, the cheerful youth, who, in the darkest day and on the most difficult

and dangerous work, had a kind word and a bright smile for all. He was loved by his men because he loved them in turn. Green grow the grass and bright bloom the flowers over the graves of such youthful heroes. Here slumbers McIlvain, who fell at Sulphur Springs, Virginia, while guarding the passage of the army trains from the guns of Jackson. He was accomplished and prepared to have taken high rank among the young soldiers of Pennsylvania, but while discharging his duty he fell for his country. Here repose Knoderer, and Andrews, and Gries, and Lantz, and Tothero, and Finnly, and many others, whose names I have not time to mention, all as noble and as worthy as those names I have called, men who, on the fields of the war, stood up for the holy cause of truth and against falsehood and violence.

But who will place flowers on the graves of McLean, and Parker, and Rush, and that long list of those who were buried in the sands of the distant South on the field of their glory, and, in consequence, their graves unknown? We cannot visit them to-day; we cannot formally decorate them; but we do it in our hearts, and the surviving friends of those of our comrades who thus fell and whose resting-places remain unknown will be pleased to know that we include them in this day's celebration. We mean to honor the graves of all, from the highest rank among the officers to the humblest drummer-boy of the army, nor will we be circumscribed as to nationality or condition. It is enough for the Grand Army to know that the sleepers fell in defence of our country and her flag.

The survivors of the American army which has saved this country have come home to the peaceful walks of business with broader minds and higher views of life and duty than they had when the war broke upon us. There were many great questions which we had not thought much upon before the war. Among those questions was human rights. That was the question, the main question underlying the struggle; and that was the great question which was settled. The war declared that all men who live on this continent shall live freemen and not slaves; that the few shall not govern the many, but that the majority shall rule; and that no man shall be deprived of his natural and God-given rights because of his nationality, religion, or color. And as an organization, we repudiate all such narrow views as those advocated by the soldiers' enemies — I mean those men who stayed at home during the war and slandered those that were in the field, and refused to give them the right to vote, because they were fighting the battles of their country —those who went prowling around whining, "This is a white

man's government." My comrades, we, to-day, at the graves of our fallen brethren, hurl our rebuke to all such narrow-mindedness and unfairness, and declare that we believe in the largest liberty for all men, irrespective of nation or color. We say that this country is a government of the people, by the people and for the people, and we mean all the people. We do not mean—if we can prevent it—that any particular class shall rule. We—the American soldiers—are opposed to class rule: we mean that the people shall rule; we mean that the ballot-box shall be the free and full expression of the people—here the people are to speak and their expression here shall be the supreme law of the land, "accidental Presidents" and faltering Senators to the contrary, notwithstanding. We want all the great national issues decided here. We, the soldiers, are not afraid of the people—we can trust them, for we know that those who stood by us during the dark days of the war will not desert us now.

We have been disappointed in the past—our country is not yet what we have reason to hope it would have been by this time. There are thousands of our comrades who are in suffering circumstances—many men without feet and without arms are seen every day in our large cities grinding at hand-organs or carrying heavy burdens, who ought to be provided for by the National Government, and who doubtless would have been looked after if our great Lincoln could have been allowed to live,—but the slave power put him to death—and the same power spared the life of his successor that it might once more, through him, get possession of the National Government, to be used in behalf of the fallen fortunes of the rebels. That has been done. Jefferson Davis could not have done us any more harm in the White House, with the present Congress at his back, than Andrew Johnson has done—and perhaps not as much—because we should not have looked for any mercy from him, and should therefore have been prepared for the worst. Look at what Johnson has done. He has repudiated Congress, violated the plain enactments of the House and Senate, refused to admit the rebellious States back again unless the rebels and traitors could have the power, has insulted and degraded Sheridan and Sickles—two of the bravest generals of the army. He has tried to so complicate the way of the General-in-Chief of the army that he could destroy the confidence of the people in him, and so break down his chances as his successor; he has pardoned and patronized the vilest counterfeiters of the land; consorted with the vilest and most wicked secessionists; has refused to use his influence and prevent the murder of innocent

Union men and returned Union soldiers; in short, he has used all his power and patronage to undo all the Grand Army did for the country and humanity during the five years of war. In Andrew Johnson we have been disappointed and most shamefully betrayed; but that was not the worst. We have been disappointed and betrayed in the United States Senate; the soldiers have been outraged, and the graves of these, our own dead companions, have been dishonored, the day that those seven men, whom we thought were with us and for us, refused to condemn Johnson for high crimes and misdemeanors, for which the whole world declared he was guilty; the graves of Ellsworth and Greble, and Baker, and Lyon, and Reynolds, Sedgwick, Sumner, Mansfield, Stevens, Reno, Smith, Foote, and Lincoln, and the hundreds of thousands of the rank and file, were dishonored and condemned. If Andrew Johnson is right, and if those Senators voted right, then we were wrong, then the war was wrong, then the rebels were right, and our men died useless deaths. We have been disappointed, but we are not in despair; we have been cast down, but we are not destroyed; we are to-day, as the Grand Army, more than five hundred thousand strong, fully drilled, tried and trusty; we have the invincible Logan at our head, who has never been defeated on the field or forum; we are in harmony with the citizens of all the States; we have inscribed liberty and equality on our banners, and we expect to succeed; we look for success because we are in sympathy with the spirit of the age, because we are on the side of justice and truth, and, above all, because God has blessed our cause—is blessing it, and will bless it in the future.

And now, my comrades and countrymen, we have much to do; our work is only beginning; we must not rest nor lay our armor by until all our disabled comrades are completely provided for beyond the reach of want and care. These men deserve this at our hands. These brave fellows with armless sleeves, and legless pantaloons, who now have to almost beg for their living, ought to be provided for by the Government with comfortable homes. And if the Government could collect the whisky tax, of which it has been defrauded during the present administration, it would be sufficient to make all such soldiers and their families comfortable for life; and then there are thousands of orphans—orphans of soldiers whose fathers fell in battle, or died in some Southern prison pen, like Andersonville or Belle Isle. Their children ought to be educated by the Government, and for this purpose we must provide schools and homes. Our work then is not done. No, my countrymen, not until the old flag floats in peace and quiet from every flag-staff, from ocean to

ocean; not until the citizen soldiers have all their just rights granted them; not until the principles which underlie our Government, and for which our comrades died, and for which we periled our lives, are triumphant on this great continent; we must now buckle on our armor anew, and go into the coming contest, resolved that our great leader, who has jut been selected as the soldiers' standard-bearer, shall be overwhelmingly elected to the Presidency of the country which his genius and bravery saved. There is a bright future before this nation; it was necessary that we should be tried in the furnace of civil war; it was necessary that our institutions should be thoroughly tested in all points. And it is encouraging to know that after having been thus weighed in the balance, we have not been found wanting. We have come out of the war a stronger Government than we were at its commencement. We have seen most of the weak places in our Constitution, and have been able to improve them. Our Government has now proved itself able to resist foreign invasion and civil rebellion; we have proved that the National Government is paramount to State Rights, and that Congress must be equal to the President; and we have proved that the people are capable of impeaching an unworthy and wicked Chief Magistrate, when he does violate the laws. Thus we have reached the climax of a republic, and have shown the world that the United States Government is not a failure. And now, having removed out of the way of our national progress the great burden of domestic slavery, and opened the Southern States to the millions of free people that will come to them from all land, we are ready for a President in whom the people can trust, and who shall be in harmony with Congress. Then will the people arise and spring forth as the grass; business will burst forth into new life everywhere; and the country will witness such a course of prosperity as has not been seen since the birth of time. Soon will the iron track be finished which spans the continent, and the wealth of the far-off Indies will be poured upon our golden shore, and roll eastward, helping to develop the resources of the great valley of the Mississippi, which is destined to be the home of millions of free, happy and powerful people. Such is the future of our country, if we can only have a peaceful and successful administration of our Government, and we hope to have after the 4th of March next.

The Grand Army of the Republic, aided by those patriotic citizens that stood by them during the war, will put into the Presidential chair Ulysses S. Grant, one of our comrades, and the General of our Armies, and the greatest Captain of this age. Then will such men as Sheridan, and Sickles, and Thomas,

and Meade, the hero of Gettysburg, have a friend who will recognize and appreciate their distinguished services; then will the one-armed men, and the widows and orphans of soldiers, have a friend in the White House; then will corruption hide itself from public places; then will sober men be selected for the general offices; then will the people respect the high office of President; and then shall we have peace and quiet and plenty in all our land; then shall we be proud of the past; then will be realized the true glory of Donelson, Vicksburg, Atlanta, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Petersburg and Appomattox; then shall we love the memory of our fallen heroes more than ever, and year after year we shall come to re-deck their sacred shrines; and I predict that the custom will continue as long as the American people shall hate treason and love human freedom. And, my comrades and fellow-countrymen, what more need be said? These flowers will speak more eloquently, as they wither and dry on these graves, than any human tongue possibly can.

The address was listened to with the profoundest attention; its patriotism breathing, as it does, an ardor of genuine, outspoken loyalty. The different graves were visited, at the conclusion of the pastor's remarks, and decorated each with a cross, a wreath and a bouquet,—the solemn dirges of the band accompanying the ceremony. On behalf of the soldiers, the Committee of Ladies accompanying them were designated to pay similar honors to the grave of Mrs. Rosa C. Nicolls, which was accordingly done. This was a just tribute to the memory of a noble-hearted, generous, patriotic Christian woman! The ceremonies were concluded about 4½ o'clock, when the procession moved to the city and dismissed.

At Pottsville, Penn.

Post 23, of Pottsville, made preparations to decorate the graves of Union soldiers on the 30th of April, and also invited Rev. Franklin Moore, D. D., pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Pottsville, to deliver in his church on Sunday morning, May 31, a sermon commemorative of the beautiful and touching ceremony.

On Saturday, 30th, amid the tears of many of the surviving relatives of the dead heroes of the Republic whose remains lie buried in the cemeteries of Pottsville, Post 23 carried out the order of Gen. Logan, and on Sunday attended the Methodist Episcopal Church, where services of the most impressive character took place.

SERMON BY THE REV. FRANKLIN MOORE, D.D.

GEN. XXXV. 19, 20. — *And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day.*

II SAMUEL, i. 19. *The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places; how are the mighty fallen!* NEHEMIAH, ii. 5. *And I said unto the king, if it please the king, and if thy servant have found favor in thy sight, that thou wouldest send me unto Judah, unto the city of my father's sepulchres, that I may build it.*

The text is a spiritual mosaic; the truth couched in every block is beautiful, while the combined effect is in harmony with the tender memories and solemn thoughts which possess our souls this morning. Yesterday, gentlemen of the Grand Army of the Republic, it was your mournfully pleasant privilege to hang wreaths twined by affectionate hands, upon the monuments, and to scatter fresh flowers upon the graves of your dead comrades-in-arms. To-day you are assembled in the sanctuary of God, to hallow the solemn ceremony so recently performed by sacred thoughts, and by the appeal of prayer to Him who is the Father of mercies and the Father of nations. There are three thoughts which flow out from our composite text, and to each one of them, we will devote our attention with the hope that, although slightly expanded in the discourse, the thoughts themselves may linger in our souls as the attar of roses will cling to the pure walls of an alabaster vase. It is cheering to know that, as yesterday, many sympathetic hearts clustered around you while your ministry of love was done upon the graves of the brave dead, so now, your fellow-citizens are here in the house of the Most High, to share with you in the lofty fellowship of noble thoughts, fervent prayers, sweet affections, and softly-flowing tears.

The memory of the dead is a sacred treasure of the human heart. To remember those who have departed out of this life, is the instinctive action of the soul. It is not merely an exercise of the intellect, but an irrepressible passion of the heart. Passionate memories of those whom we knew intimately and loved sincerely, spring up in the soul as a plant leaps from the bosom of the earth, as leaves and flowers burst from encasing buds. It is natural and reasonable that such memories should enthrone themselves within us. They are an attestation of man's immortality. Yes, my hearers, human affections laugh at the narrow confines of earthly years, and at the ravages of death. Death may hush the living voice, break up the conscious fellowship of the present time, and resolve the body, that goodly and stately tabernacle of the soul, into damp mould and loose dust. Still, when all his havoc is wrought, and hearts and homes are lonely, and the light of loving eyes is dimmed with

tears which will not staunch at the word of persistent command, yet a scene is witnessed evermore which proclaims, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Crowds of human souls line the sullen river of death on either shore, while their affectionate remembrances and yearnings span the gloomy river with more brilliant than rainbow arches; with arches which pledge even out of the shadows of death, eternal life and eternal re-union, to all who are submissive to God's plan of Salvation. This faith in immortality which generates a precious memory of the dead, is a heritage of the race from its origin—men grasped the blessed truth either by intelligent faith, or by spontaneous feeling, and acted accordingly. Jacob, of whom it is recorded, that at the close of his pilgrimage, "he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people"—the company of those who had gone into the land of life before him, heartily believed in the future existence of the soul. It was this faith which nurtured his love when Rachel was dead, and so in blended faith and love, "he set a pillar upon her grave." In after years, as he drew near his own death, he remembered and spoke tenderly of Rachel, whom now he doubtless expected to greet again, and be with her forever. Heathenism, half-believing, half-doubting, yet irresistibly concedes by action, the fact of our immortality.

Without some faith of the heart in it there never had been the care for the remains of the dead which was manifested. The ashes of the illustrious Roman, Pompeius, were hastily deposited on the margin of the sea, on the shore of Egypt. Of this event an eloquent historian of our own day says: "Lucan bewails the disgrace of the illustrious remains, still confined to their wretched hole in the sand, and surmounted by a fragment of stone on which the bare name of Magnus had been traced with a burnt brand." If the dead were not invested with the majesty of an endless existence, humanity, both in heart and action, would soon accommodate itself to the appalling fact. It would then be indeed "out of sight, out of mind." The dead would be to our minds much as our favorite animals are; as the handsome horse that bore us bravely up the hills and through the valleys, or, as the dog that has fawned upon our hands and lovingly served us in his humble offices. We would remember them as we do the instruments we employed during the passing hour to serve our various purposes, and which having accomplished their ends, we fling them aside and think of them no more. But now that our dead were not only lovely and pleasant in their lives, but in death have only changed places and modes of existence—still live grandly on, and will live on for-

ever and ever, we will fondly cherish their memory, and we will spread the slab or erect the pillar over their graves. Aye, and we will often visit those graves, sometimes to weep, and sometimes to rejoice there. When the murky winter is overpast and spring plumes the hills with blossoms, and floods the air with thrush warblings,—wild-bird anthems, we will strew their graves with bright and beautiful flowers, and say as we do so, "These flowers are the alphabet of our hearts; with them we spell out, Faith, Hope, Heaven. With these hieroglyphics of our hearts, we write upon your dusty graves, O companions of our other years. We love you still, and hope to be with you again where no death-mist will settle down between us; where our hearts will pulse forever in springtime gladness." Flowers express in their structure and colors, the most delicate affections and appreciations of the soul, for "The flower seems to be the portion of the vegetable on which nature has bestowed the most pains. The least conspicuous flowers reveal under the microscope an exquisite beauty." They answer the purpose of guarding the developing germs,—their petals are thus built around the citadel of life as a palisade of splendor. While accomplishing this useful end in the economy of vegetable life it has pleased God to make them his choice expression of beauty and elegance, and thereby elevate the common course of nature into a teacher of the etherial, spiritual, and eternal. It ought to excite our grateful admiration that while our bountiful Creator is providing for the wants of our bodies, our humble earthly life, he is the same time confronting us with types of a loftier and lovelier life by transmuting the garden, the field, and the forest, into grand galleries of such deliciously planned and exquisitely wrought fine art as smiles at all human imitations. Earth becomes under this art-work of God, the rocky wall, on whose front is traced year after year, and age after age, the matchless ideals which spring up in the Divine mind. The art must express the nature of the artist. This annual pageantry of flowers should not be lost upon us who behold them; but as they fade away to sight and sense, they should, Divine cartoons as they are, sweet designs of an infinitely great intellect and good heart, be transferred to the eternal walls of our souls, and glow there as inspirations to perpetual praise.

"God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all;
He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours;

For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.
Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore have they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;
To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whoso careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him!"

Flowers, then, are a touchingly tender and appropriate tribute to the memory of the dead. They are the beautiful thoughts of the Creator which have blossomed into material forms, and we do well to train them around, and to scatter them freely upon the graves of those whom we love. Soldiers of the Republic, your delicate deeds of love to your dead comrades, is grounded upon the truth of man's abiding existence; is an act worthily done by the brave, and we trust that the custom thus inaugurated will continue until the last soldier of the Grand Army, his hand tremulous with age, shall sprinkle Spring flowers upon his hosts of valiant brothers who rest from the toils of life in that long, deep sleep whose reveille shall be the trumpet call of the resurrection.

The patriot dead have an affectionate, enduring remembrance in the souls of their countrymen. It is the spontaneous verdict of men in all ages, that "It is sweet and glorious, honorable, to die for one's country;"—that the men who have "jeoparded their lives unto the death in the high places of the field," should never be forgotten by those for whom they have thus perilled and even given up their lives. The dead or living soldier's charter of claims upon the sympathies and remembrance of his countrymen, is written with the point of his sword, and virtually, or in fact, with his own blood. It is a sacred charter, and ought to be respected. Saul and Jonathan fell bravely fighting the foes of Israel, and David, magnanimously forgetting all injuries which he had received from the one, and remembering the noble love of the other, poured out his soul in a gush of manly lamentation for the dead defenders of the nation, a lamentation so brilliant and beautiful, that it is a gem of martial literature throughout all time. "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places; how are the mighty fallen." These words seem to constitute a key-note to every dirge of the brave which has since been woven by the pen or harp of genius. There are peculiarly strong claims upon national remembrance which can be urged in behalf of the dead soldiers of our Republic. In citing a few of them, it is not

necessary for me to say, and yet it may be well to say it, to ward off all unjust prejudice, that the holy Sabbath is not the time, nor is the sanctuary of God the place, to indulge in the violent passions and vituperative language of a partisan. I shall endeavor to state the truth which a Christian ought to affirm touching recent events—that truth which history will doubtless assert when the passions of the hour are hushed, and the men of this generation shall have passed away from earth. The rectitude of the cause in whose defence our soldiers fought or died in the late civil war, stamps their services with dignity and value.

The necessity was upon them of battling against their fellow-countrymen. But still the Grand Army of the Republic was, from first to last, but a huge assembly of citizens called out by rightful authority—a *posse comitatus*, to quell the riotous and rebellious conduct of their brethren who were snapping asunder the strong bands of that law "whose seat is the bosom of God;" whose observance is the only guarantee of social order. The one party fought with a bravery worthy of a better cause, in the interests of human oppression, for the express purpose of making the oppression of a proscribed race the corner-stone of a new nationality. The other party unfurled the original flag of the country, with "Union" inscribed upon it, and went into and passed all through the bloody struggle with "Liberty" as their battle-cry. Men who thus championed the cause of that enlightened, legal liberty, which, until forfeited by crime, is the God-given right of every man who comes upon the earth, are the brothers of the valiant men of all ages who have stood up for the defence of the truth. While they live and demean themselves as upright citizens, they should be honored, and when they die they should be tenderly mourned. Those of them who died in battle, or since the war have died, are honored with the regrets of all the noble elements of the nation; the regrets, at all events, of all men whose minds are not clouded by unreasonable prejudices which are destined to be buried in the graves of those cherishing them. The heroic daring of the Federal soldiers—their sublime courage—entitles them to the perpetual gratitude of their countrymen, and to the admiration of the world. Never in all the martial contests of by-gone times has there been such a widely diffused and enlightened patriotism as was witnessed in the Union army. The purity of purpose, the solemnity of resolve, the noble aspirations, of very many who rallied under the Union flag, have immortalized the national character, and ennobled mankind, proving to what sublime heights of thought and action the race may ascend under the

inspiration of Liberty and Nationality. Volumes of records of noble speeches and still nobler deeds have been preserved, but libraries of heroic utterances and heroic actions will remain on those more complete records of creation which are never scanned by human eyes. Allow me to awaken in the minds of some who hear me, memories of thrilling occurrences with which themselves have been familiar, by the citation of one or two fragments of history. In the first battle of Bull Run, Captain Putnam was knocked down by a shot and a cry was raised, "Our captain is killed," when he sprang up and cried, "No, he is not killed, boys; forward for God and Liberty!" "Tell my friends," said a soldier who was killed, "that I did all I could, and died like a man."

Lieutenant Welch, when he fell, was standing within twenty feet of the enemy, and shouted, "Help me God, I will never run, I will die here!" Such heroism upon the part of the dead, and upon the part of the men who still survive, demands honor and gratitude to the living, and flowers, bright and sweet, to be strewn upon the graves of all who have fallen in battle, or in the march of life which sooner or later terminates with all men at the gates of the tomb.

The grand and benignant results of the brave demeanor of the Union soldiers clearly require that these men be not forgotten by their countrymen. Gratitude is proportionate to the benefits received, as well as to the purity of intention which imparts those benefits. Hence the apostolic utterance in view of redemption. "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." Measured by this law, the gratitude of the country to her faithful soldiers in the civil war, should be very great. What are the excellent fruits of the victories of *the* Grand Army of the Republic?

1. National unity and popular liberty have been secured for ages to come—possibly for all time to come. The Federal armies went into the great conflict with the inscription on its banners, "The Union forever," but before the conflict closed—before final victory was gained, the powerful Providence of God compelled the nation to write another splendid sentiment by the side of the Union motto, "Liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof." The logic of events clearly proved that the purpose of God was either, Liberty to all men in the land, or Death to the Nation. When men saw this posture of things, they shouted in their hearts, "The will of God be done." "Give us Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." Then the victories which gained Atlanta, and Savannah, and Petersburg, and Richmond, culminated in the

capitulation of Appomattox Court House, and sweet smiling peace waved her olive branch over the land. Now the two thoughts evolved by the great conflict were thus, National unity, and popular liberty expressing itself in the form of popular government. We have reason to believe these two thoughts are deeply graven in the national heart—as in the rock forever. There is a law in human affairs which we may express in this manner: Great crises of human agony are the seals of fire which God would plant on human consciousness, in attestation of some vital truths, truths essential to the Divine honor and human well being. The deluge illustrates this law—the memory of it was preserved among the traditions of all nations. And, no doubt, it acted for ages as a powerful protest of God against apostasy from Himself—stayed to a large extent the ravages of idolatry. So the impression is now made by the late struggle, that the decree of God is, North and South, East and West, of this land are to live together under one government. Men will not lightly assail this decree which is written in blood, by the point of the bayonet, over much of the soil of the country. This unity of government over a vast territory is in our age of railways, ocean steamers, and telegraphic lines, a practicable thing. It may be said that for purposes of government our Continental Republic will be as compact in A. D. 1875, as was the single Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in 1825. Moreover, the impression, inasmuch as one of the test questions of the war was, *Can* a Republican Government prove itself equal to the task of self-preservation in time of Rebellion? the impression, by the affirmative answer which victory gave to the solemn question, on the national consciousness, is, that the one Government of this Continent must be Republican in form. The successful conclusion of the war vindicated the yearning resolve couched in the closing words of the brief and brilliant speech of our late lamented chief-magistrate, upon the battle-scarred field of Gettysburg, a speech of which the eloquent Everett said to its author, "Ah! Mr. Lincoln, how gladly I would exchange all my hundred pages to have been the author of your twenty lines!" The decree, solemn and fixed, by the blood of the mighty dead, and by the vows of the brave living men of this nation appealing to God to sustain them is, "That government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." My brethren, you will join with your speaker in uttering a deep, Amen, to the glorious sentiment!

2. Border wars have been prevented—such wars would have been, had the recent conflict taken a different issue. The 19th

century would have been disgraced with a repetition of the violent and bloody raids between *the* English yeomanry and Scottish clans.

3. A vast continental, internal commerce has been secured by the triumph of the Union arms. A commerce free from the embarrassments of international restrictions. When we think of our constantly increasing population; of our long rivers and huge lakes; of our shores laved by the billows of two oceans, we are prepared to anticipate a commerce amounting to so many millions of tons and millions of dollars, that, without full thought on the elements which will produce the stupendous result, the figures placed before us now would seem fabulous.

4. A splendid Civilization,—including by this word all that enters into human welfare, will be developed on the American Continent. Literature will flourish; fine art will blossom into beautiful creations which congeal noble ideals into abiding actualities; and pure and undefiled religion, asking for nothing but a field of free thought, will triumph all over this widespread Republic. Humanity, like the century cactus which blooms after one hundred years of struggle with all that opposes its vigorous life, will, after its thousands of years of tribulation and conflict with all influences which would repress it, will, at last, on this continent, break forth into the brilliant bloom of that golden age for which philanthropists have longed; for which holy men have prayed, and which God's soul-enraptured and fiery-eyed prophets have predicted would yet mantle the earth all over with beauty and benediction. This good time so surely coming that its morning gleams are around us now, will be the jubilee age of the world. It will be, compared with the past, socially, and in human destinies, what one of these luscious May days among our grand mountains is compared with the bleak and dark days of December.

In my health-seeking walks, splendid scenes surround me. The wood-thrush, nestling himself in the solitudes of the forest, flings abroad his short but sonorous and sweet song, richly quavering and clear, as if his throat were some brilliantly breathing clarionet. Then he pauses awhile, as if luxuriating in the echoes of his own brief and beautiful notes, and thus his happy hours flow away. At the same time the song-thrush, standing upon the topmost, pendulous branch of some stately tree, yields himself to complacent chatterings, rolls out delicious trills, and pours out passionate outbursts of joy which flood the air all around with their sweet influences. He gathers inspiration as he sings, so that one looks up in admiration at the beautiful bird poised on his airy perch, an incarnation of ecstasy.

And then, while far away the pine-crested mountains trail their massy heights immediately around, the dogwood tree lifts its blossoms like snowflakes above the verdure of the laurel bushes and the low pines. Oh, it is such a jubilee of nature which greets us in May, as does, indeed, aptly and eloquently portray the glories of those dawning days when Jesus shall reign from "the river unto the ends of the earth."

The sufferings and toils of the Grand Army of the Union have forged many of the glittering links which bind us of the present age to this rapidly advancing age of divine and human glory.

Whoever may forget the dead soldiers of the nation, you, their comrades, will not. Yesterday was to you a day on which the fountains of your hearts were unsealed. The past rose up before you with all the distinctness of a present reality. The camp-life summons to rise and retire to rest. The march, the impending and the raging battle, with the grief over fallen fellow-soldiers, and joy of victory. The solemn anxieties of the times when men's hearts were failing them for fear of what next might happen—when the destinies of the nation were hanging on every passing hour. Yesterday was a sad day to you, as well as one of complacent triumph. The nation sympathized with you; the air seemed burdened with a solemn sorrow, and the continent was resolved again into a Bochim—a place of weeping.

The graves of the dead should be adorned and shielded against all desecration. Nehemiah mourned over the desolation of Jerusalem, the city of the Great King. His heart was especially sorrowful at the thought that the sepulchres of his fathers should be dismantled and dishonored. As memory of the dead is a natural outgrowth of the doctrine of immortality, so ornamentation and care of the tombs of the dead is a reverential tribute of human nature to the Bible doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the unjust. It is well, then, that we look tenderly to the places where our loved ones sleep. Let us mantle their dusty homes with green sods of moist and delicately waving grass; let us teach the rose to bloom sweetly above them; let us cause the mignionette and heliotrope to fling out their sweet breath upon the summer breeze, and let us trail the myrtle all around their lowly and narrow dwelling-places, as though we would thus plant a silent prophet there, who should whisper into the ear of faith, that though these dead are now, in body, thus cabined, cribbed, and confined, yet they shall hereafter, in the majesty of redemption, mount from the dust, as the lark mounts from the meadow in

joy and song, cleave the sky and ramble, each one, as a free child of God, throughout all the immensities of the universe. Nor let the graves of the patriot dead be forgotten by the hand of affection.

Let the sepulchres of the brave be made worthy resorts of weeping freedom. Let the solid stone tablet, with fitting inscription upon it, brood over the slumbering body of the fallen hero. Let the marble shaft spring above the dusty dwelling-place of the soldier of his country. Let the morning and evening sun, which shall greet, gild, and linger on its sides and play upon its summit, symbolize the showering benedictions of his countrymen which will stream from age to age, to honor his name and memory.

From age to age the honorable fame of this patriotic Army will endure. It will not decrease, but rather increase with the flow of years. When the passions of the times are stilled in the grave, and the men of this generation have passed away from the earth, the gathering plaudits of coming generations will greet the memory of the men who, in a great crisis, saved the national life. Your fame is now in its spring freshness, but undeveloped in its fulness. It is a fame which will grow, until, like the summer sun, it will suffuse all the land with its steady glow. A great, good cause glorifies the men who defend it and give it triumph. Your local fame is secure. While these mountains stand and the tributaries of the Schuylkill dash from their woody sides away off to the sea, you will be remembered, and your memory blessed by your fellow-citizens of all parties in the good days to come.

Soldiers of Post 23, G. A. R., we have now held, I trust, a season of pleasant communion together, in musing upon the memory of the dead. Upon honor and ornament to their tombs, and upon the well-merited fame of the valiant soldier and defender of his country's life and glory, I hope the hour we have passed together will hereafter linger as a solemnly sweet memory in our souls. Suffer me now to remind you, that "the fashion of this world passeth away." Mark well a vision of St. John, upon the lonely, rocky sea-beaten islet of Patmos—"And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no more place for them." Again he looked, and exclaims: "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea." An irresistible wave of oblivion is destined to roll over all fame which is limited to earth, and man upon earth—which is not in some way linked with the holy and eternal. There is

a memory of blessing and rapture which we may all gain through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and which will abide throughout all ages, world without end. It is the remembrance which God bears toward all who love and obey Him in the faith of Jesus. In the rush of the complex creation, we cannot always be remembered by the creature with that distinct recognition of our individuality for which we all yearn. But our God "telleth the number of the stars; He calleth them all by their names." If you will cleave unto Him with all the fervency of your souls, He will never forget, never leave nor forsake you. You will glow upon the heart, and blaze before the benignant eye of our august and ever-blessed Creator, each one of you—an eternal star of glory!

At Minersville, Penn.

The day was duly ushered in, in Minersville, by the firing of a cannon at 6 A. M., by a squad from Post No. 17, G. A. R. This firing of the cannon was continued at intervals of half an hour, until 6 P. M. The day was celebrated by Post No. 17, and the citizens generally of the town. The places of business in town were closed from 2 P. M. to 5 P. M., only a few persons refusing to close their business places during that time. We note this action with commendation, showing, as it does, that the mass are indeed friends of the patriot dead, and ever ready to show their appreciation of their great services for the country.

At 2 P. M. the members of the Post, and citizens generally, met at the headquarters of Post No. 17, and a procession was formed in the following order: Drum Corps; Committee of Arrangements with Emblems; Members of G. A. R.; Wagon with Flowers; Firing Party; Citizens.

The procession marched in this order to each of the seven cemeteries in the vicinity of the town. At each of the cemeteries (except the Catholic) the following ceremony was performed: Planting of Emblems; Singing of Dirge by the Choir. Address delivered or poem read, during which the committee decorated each soldier's grave with flowers, a wreath of laurel, and a flag. Firing by squad.

During the moving of the procession the school-house bell was tolled every minute, from 2 to 5 P. M.

The emblems referred to above were twelve in number, and were composed of beautiful immortelles handsomely arranged in the following manner: Six wreaths, various sizes; two crosses, two baskets, one anchor, and one heart. These beautiful emblems were presented to the Post by Mrs. Joseph Gart-

ley, of Minersville, and Mrs. E. V. Machette, a lady friend, of Philadelphia. They were distributed among the seven cemeteries as justly and equally as possible, having a due regard to the size and beauty of the several emblems, and also the number of soldiers interred in each cemetery. The Post returns its sincere thanks to the generous donors for their generosity on this occasion, accepting it as but another instance of the devotion to our country of the loyal women of the land, who were ever ready to do all in their power to promote the comfort, alleviate the sufferings, become ministering angels of mercy in dreary hospitals, and who were always praying the God of battles to grant success to our "Boys in Blue." The thanks of the Post are also due to the drum corps, the ladies and gentlemen of the choir, the Revs. Jeffries and Frame, the ladies of Minersville for their contributions of flowers, and to the citizens generally, for their assistance in making this ceremony a perfect success. The following is the list of the soldiers interred in the seven cemeteries in the vicinity of Minersville:

Welsh Baptist Cemetery.—David Owens, Co. H, 97th Ohio Vols.; Joseph Morgan; William Jenkins, Co. F, 48th Pa. Vols.; George Baker, Maine Vols.

Irish Catholic.—Michael Lavell, Co. F, 48th Pa. Vols.; James Burgan, Co. E, 5th Pa. Vols.; Barney McMichael, Co. K, 96th Pa. Vols.; Thomas McGurl, Co. I, 8th Pa. Cav.; Patrick Binney; Patrick McGee, Co. K, 96th Pa. Vols.; Patrick McCallister, do.; John McGurl, Co. K, 67th Pa. Vols.; Thomas Boran; Michael I. Mohan, Co. F, 109th Pa. Vols.; James N. Tobin; John Duffy; Michael Brennan; William Bell, 3d Pa. Cav.

Congregational.—John Roberts, Co. G, 3d Md.; John Powell; Thos. Harman; John Jones, Co. B, 55th Pa. Vols.; Harry Owens, Bat. A, 5th Artillery; Thomas Lewis, Co. F, 48th Pa. Vols.

Methodist Episcopal.—John Simons; Michael Wilson, Co. F, 48th Pa. Vols.; John C. Hoskins, Sergt., Co. A, 129th Pa. Vols.; Wm. Durr, do.; Horace Straub, Co. F, 48th Pa. Vols.; James Bradley, do.; Charles Bedford; N. Foust, Co. E, 5th Pa. Vols.; Joseph Heisler, Co. A, 129th Pa. Vols.; Hiram Thomas; Robert Jefferson; John Lloyd, 48th Pa. Vols.; Wm. Atkins, do.; John Goodfellow, 96th Pa. Vols.; Thomas Reese; Thomas Williams; one unknown; B. Cobley, 65th Pa. Vols.

German Lutheran.—John Bowman; Charles Cohler, 6th Pa. Cav.; Daniel Martin.

German Catholic.—Matthias Powley, Co. B, 32d Ind. Vols.; Wm. Kuhn, Co. E, 55th Pa. Vols.

Minersville Cemetery.—Capt. G. A. Lawrence, Co. A, 129th Pa. Vols.; Capt. H. C. Bennett, Co. E, 55th Pa. Vols.; Sergt. R. A. Jenkins, Co. H, 48th Pa. Vols.; Charles Jenkins, Co. D, 69th Pa. Vols.; Jacob Witman, Co. H, 48th Pa. Vols.; Thomas Weaver, Co. E, 5th Pa. Vols.

At Gettysburg, Penn.

In this place the people generally cordially united in the movement. In response to the call of the Committee, a large number of floral offerings were sent in from various points in the county; the children of the Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf, Pa., through Mr. R. A. Lyttle, one of the teachers, sending by express a large box of wild flowers from their mountain Home.

In the course of the afternoon people came pouring into town from every direction in unexpected numbers, and by 5 o'clock, P. M., when the stores and places of business closed, our streets were alive with a busy, moving throng of people. At half-past 5, P. M., a procession was formed in the public square, under the marshalship of Capt. John F. McCreary, and moved to the National Cemetery in the following order: 1. The children of the National Orphans' Homestead, carrying bouquets and banners representing the various States whose dead repose in the National Cemetery. 2. Vehicle draped with the American flag, containing the floral tributes. 3. Gettysburg Brass Band and Drum Corps. 4. Gettysburg Zouaves, Capt. Norris, and Franklin Zouaves, Capt. Eicholtz. 5. Soldiers of the war, and citizens. As the procession moved through Baltimore street, the bells of the churches were tolled, and on entering the Cemetery grounds the drum played the "Dead March."

The military and citizens formed around the base of the monument, where the exercises were opened with an impressive prayer by Rev. H. C. Grossman. Lieut. Wm. R. Eyster then, on behalf of the Committee, briefly explained the purport of the ceremony, reciting the following passage from Percival:

> "Here rest the great and good. Here they repose
> After their generous toil. A sacred band,
> They take their sleep together, while the year
> Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves.
> * * * * * The joy
> With which their children tread the hallowed ground
> That holds their venerated bodies, the peace
> That smiles on all they cherished, and the wealth
> That clothes the land they fought for—these, though mute
> As feeling ever is when deepest—these
> Are monuments more lasting than the fanes
> Reared to the kings and demi-gods of old.

* * * * * * * *

Here let us meet, and while our motionless lips
Give not a sound, and all around is mute
In the deep sabbath of a heart too full
For words or tears, here let us strew the sod
With the first flowers of Spring, and make to them
An offering of the plenty Nature gives,
And they have rendered ours—perpetually."

Rev. Dr. Brown followed in a brief but eloquent address, in the course of which he remarked in substance: We have come to do honor to the noble dead—to strew with flowers the graves of those who died that we and the nation might live. We have come not in midwinter or with cypress wreaths, but in Spring-time, when the fields are green, and the flowers blooming, and birds singing, that, in sympathy with universal Nature, we might bring our grateful offering of reverence and affection. Seven years ago, and hundreds of thousands, who now sleep in soldiers' graves, were pursuing their peaceful avocations at home. When their country called, they left home and loved ones to uphold their country's flag and their country's honor. As they heartily bade farewell, they were assured that they would be cherished at home, and if any left children behind, they should be the children of the Republic. Here, on this hill, they met the hosts of Rebellion and Treason, and here thousands laid down their lives for freedom and the Union. The price of their death was victory and safety for us and the nation. The pledges given to the noble soldiers of the Union, we have now come to fulfil—to keep alive their mourners, and strew with flowers their graves. Their orphan children—the representatives of half a million—would strew these flowers upon the graves of their fathers, and the nation would recognize them as her own.

The noble dead, who fell here and on these neighboring hills, need no eulogium from our lips. They have secured the proudest of all earthly honors, and their tombstones bear this inscription: They Died for their Country. There is no danger that they will be forgotten. They live in the hearts of more than twenty millions of citizens of this great Republic. From all sections of the land, from across the ocean and from the isles of the sea, do pilgrims visit this hallowed spot. Not only soldiers and comrades-in-arms, but statesmen and patriots, gray hairs and tender youth, young men and maidens, come, and will continue to come. Two days ago, and the delegates of one of the largest denominations, meeting in the Capitol of the State, left their Master's business for a day to come hither; and venerable servants of God from nearly every State did reverence at this

shrine of Freedom and Liberty, where their sons and brothers fell and sleep.

These flowers to be strewn tell that their death was beautiful and fragrant. It is noble and beautiful thus to die for one's country; and the whole land is fragrant with the odor of their heroic deeds. The blessings of peace and prosperity which we enjoy, they have secured for us. Ours is a debt of gratitude which no words or actions can ever express. But long as the Union lasts—and may it be perpetual!—let a grateful people visit their resting-place.

> Strew flowers, sweet flowers, on the soldiers' graves,
> For the death they died the nation saves.
> 'Tis sweet and glorious thus to die—
> Hallowed the spot where their ashes lie.

Professor Ferrier then pronounced the benediction, which closed the exercises at the monument. The decorating of the graves followed, the children of the Orphans' Home passing from block to block, depositing the floral tributes, and chanting the following lines:

> Lightly, lightly, lovingly tread
> O'er the dust of the patriot dead,—
> Strew the flowers and the triumph wreath
> O'er the brave who sleep beneath.
>
> Lightly, lightly, lovingly rest
> Wreath and flower upon each breast,—
> Offerings pure and sought with care,
> Sacred made by love and prayer.

While this ceremony was going on, national airs were played by the Band, and a salute of twenty-two guns (one for each block of graves) was fired—two of the rebel pieces presented to the National Cemetery by the General Government being used for the purpose. They were effectively manned by details from the Zouaves. The scene at this moment was inspiring. The mellow rays of the setting sun bathed the Cemetery Hill in a flood of golden light. The chanting of the orphans mingled with the music of the Band, broken by the occasional booming of cannon, while over two thousand people, drawn together by the common impulse of doing honor to the patriot dead, looked on; all returning with a truer appreciation of the debt of obligation the nation owes to its fallen heroes.

In the evening some interesting exercises took place in the school-room of the Orphans' Homestead, opening with prayer by Professor Stoever, and followed with vocal music by the children, under the lead of Lieutenant Norton, and the reading

of an original poem by Miss Latimer, commemorative of the sacrifices made in behalf of the Republic by its fallen soldiers.

At Corry, Penn.

On Thursday, June 25th, according to appointment, Post 70, G. A. R., of this city, accompanied by a large number of citizens, performed the appropriate ceremony of strewing the graves of the fallen brave in our cemeteries and those at Columbus. The procession formed at 2 o'clock at the headquarters of the Post, on the corner of Centre and Washington streets, and, preceded by the Corry Brass and Martial Bands, and followed by nearly forty carriages, proceeded to the cemetery. Previous thereto, however, a squad visited the Catholic Cemetery to decorate the grave of a soldier who lies there, it being the request of Father Lonergan that no formal ceremonies be had. When the procession arrived at Pine Grove Cemetery, the following exercises were had: 1st. Reading the General Order of General Logan, by Rev. Mr. Leslie. 2d. A very feeling, eloquent, and appropriate prayer by Rev. J. T. Protheroe. 3d. Song by the ladies. 4th. Strewing the flowers. Then the band struck up a patriotic air, and the procession re-formed and rode out to Columbus. Arriving at the church in that place, a large concourse of people, including the Sunday-school children of the place, were in waiting. These joined in the procession, and all marched to the East cemetery. There the exercises were opened by the reading of the General Order by Post Commander Buss, followed by an excellent prayer by Rev. L. L. Spencer, and a song by the ladies of Columbus. Two graves were there decorated. The procession then proceeded to the West cemetery, strewing there the graves of three fallen braves.

C. S. Wilson, Esq., then delivered a short address, the benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. S. Lytle, of Corry, and the exercises of the day were concluded.

ADDRESS OF C. S. WILSON.

Citizens and Soldiers: No civilized nation ever forgot its soldiers. By order of Gen. Logan, Commander-in-chief, May 30th is the day set apart to strew with flowers, or otherwise decorate, the graves of deceased soldiers. This is the 30th day of May continued. The ceremony is to strengthen and preserve those kind and fraternal feelings that have bound together the soldiers, sailors and marines, who fought shoulder to shoulde to suppress the rebellion. In the spirit of your order, soldiers

cherish tenderly the memory of your dead comrades. Guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the wealth and taste of a nation can do for their adornment and security, is but a fit tribute to their memory. Truly, let no rude foot tread on this hallowed ground. Let none but reverent visitors and fond mourners come here. Let no neglect—no ravages of time, testify to present or coming generations, that you have forgotten the honored dead. And if other hearts grow cold, and other hands slack, you will observe the ceremony as long as the light and warmth of life remain. On the 30th day of May, of each successive year, you will gather round the passionless mounds, and strew o'er them the choicest flowers of spring, and raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor. It is truly to be hoped that this ceremony will be kept up as long as a survivor of the war shall remain, to honor the memory of his departed comrade. If the Athenians could wreath the monuments of their dead warriors with flowers, and dream of an eternal Elysium for them, purchased by self-sacrificing bravery, you will not forget *our* dead warriors, for a devotion to country as honorable and self-sacrificing as any the ample page of history records.

This is another National Anniversary, and justly so, for there is not a hamlet in a Northern state, but gave a soldier—no village however small, but has within its churchyard the bones of some patriot, who came home battle-scarred and weary, to rest from labors well accomplished—no family but misses one familiar face. Our citizens, all over our land, are joined to the dead by that affection which death cannot unloose. They will gather here every year with you, and strew flowers upon the graves of the noblest of our race. No honor is too great, that a loyal and grateful people can do in memory of those who perished for principles that *all* are obligated to preserve. Let the people adorn their resting places, and feel in the presence of these little mounds, that they tread on holy ground. It is to be hoped that this National Anniversary, like the observance of the Fourth of July, will be kept up from year to year. What though there are no noisy demonstrations—no ringing of bells—booming of cannon, and other accompaniments of a Fourth of July celebration, it will reach an under-current of feeling, and vibrate a chord, that will chain the patriotic heart to its country more firmly than all other ceremonies combined. 'Tis here our hearts are touched by the better angels of our nature. Here sleep the honored dead. "The breeze fans their verdant covering, the sunshine and the storm pass over them," yet no sound proceeds from them, save this: "Protect that flag."

Around the patriot's grave each year will stand the father who remembers his manly boy—the mother her darling son—brothers and sisters will be here who will be reminded of the family's brave favorite—and last, though not least, in this annual pilgrimage, will be the widow and orphans of the deceased. Can any man show how well he loves his God, (be he soldier or citizen,) better than in finding clothing and caring for these worthy objects of a nation's protecting care. The departed heroes have done as they could to family, kindred and country. By what they have done and sacrificed, we still live in the land of the free, and the home of the brave. Citizens, you promised the soldier at his enlistment, that you would care for and protect his family; don't forget their poverty and want. The surviving soldier has done enough for you and me, if he should not alone and unaided, look after the interests of these objects of charity. You may well from your abundance afford to look after them, if the soldier could afford to offer up his life upon the altar of his country. Yet having done so much, let it be recorded to the immortal honor of the living hero with his armless sleeve, that he is doing more for them to-day than you are. Citizens, I am only reminding you of your duty to these objects of a nation's benefaction. Soldiers, I learn from the orders you have read to-day, that you are pledged to care for the widows and orphans of the soldiers, sailors and marines, whom war has left among us, in your several posts of the G. A. R. This is more than your duty. You did *your* duty upon the field. You rushed to arms at your country's call. You served your time in one of the most sanguinary struggles of the centuries. During that struggle there were moments when the fate of this nation hung upon your unflinching and heroic bravery. Amid iron rain and leaden hail, you pressed on, yielding to no check. Shattered column after column was closed up and pressed on, only to be mown down in the cumulative harvest of death. You know what sieges and hotly contested battle-fields mean. Aye, and too many of you know what Andersonville and Libby mean, where mind, spirit and soul were systematically starved out of living men, so that reason was dethroned, and the victim was neither alive nor dead—not an animal, nor yet a human being; and from the contemplation of these living skeletons—with the vacant and idiotic stare of a starved soul, civilized warfare, aye, and savage, turns with loathing indignation and disgust.

The country owes you more than it can ever pay, for standing by it during its gloomiest hours of trial. From all over this land you went forth, leaving happy homes and loving families, and all to save the Republic, that liberty should not perish from

the earth. Yes, young and old went. Some in the earlier years of youth, and some in the maturer years of manhood, by thousands and hundreds of thousands. The whole land is filled with graves, that tell us with expressive silence, the sacrifices patriotism has made. You represent their survivors. May I say that you have gained a glorious immortality? If there be a patriotic department in the kingdom (and I think there is), and if the books have been rightly kept, on presenting an honorable discharge, you must be admitted to a seat.

What may I say of the honored dead? There can now no longer be a doubt of immortality. Their deeds, their worthy deeds alone, have rendered them immortal; though dead they live. In this world "no man liveth for himself alone—some die that others may live. The citizens at best are but for a day, but the country is for all time." The aged man plants the shade-tree, not for himself, but his children and children's children, who may come after him. The dead warrior watered with his blood, the tree of our liberty, not for himself, but for others, who now pluck its fruit. May I say *they* are in the patriot's heaven, keeping step to the martial music of the spheres? As Lincoln said, let us say: "That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; that Government *of* the people, *by* the people, and *for* the people, shall not perish from the earth."

At Schuylkill Haven, Penn.

The ceremony of decorating soldiers' graves was observed in Schuylkill Haven by Post 26, G. A. R., in the following manner:—In obedience to previous notice, the members of Post 26, preceded by the Brass Band, marched to the house of Mr. Wm. H. Levan, where they were joined by a committee of fifteen ladies, representing the various churches in said Borough. The citizens turned out *en masse* and joined in procession. The stores and other places of business were closed during the solemn display. The whole procession then moved to the Episcopal Cemetery, thence to the Large Cemetery. On arriving at the latter, the assemblage listened attentively to appropriate addresses delivered by Rev. Mr. Yeiser, Dougherty, Kline, and Beckley, after which a dirge, composed expressly for the occasion by Miss C. G. Robinson, was sung. The work of beautifying the graves was then commenced. Each grave was visited in succession, and an abundance of flowers was strewn over each of the nineteen graves.

At St. Clair, Penn.

Extensive preparations had been in progress for several days by a detail from Post 47, G. A. R., in order to make every possible solemnity for the occasion, and too much credit cannot be given to the detail for their energy and labor. Some time previous to the appointed hour, our town had the appearance of an old style of holiday, and at the time for the procession to move all was in a blaze of enthusiasm, the Post numbering about one hundred members, with the St. Clair Cornet Band, which discoursed some excellent music. The column moved off with Junior Sons of America; Good Templars, and Cadets of Temperance, all under command of Post Commander H. B. Sesinger, down Main street to Odd Fellows' Cemetery; bells ringing, minute-guns firing, and all business places closed. Upon arrival at the Cemetery, the Band struck up a beautiful dirge, when the column assumed the step of the dead march to the sacred ground, where lay some of our fallen heroes. After being drawn up in line, the Rev. Mr. Burrows offered up an appropriate prayer, and a beautiful ode was sung by some comrades. Parade was dismissed for a few moments for the purpose of strewing the graves with flowers and other decorations. Assembly being sounded, line was again formed and marched back to Main street, where a large delegation of ladies, gentlemen, and children of various orders from Wadesville was received; position being assigned them, line was marched to the German and Irish Cemeteries, and Welsh and Borough Cemeteries, where the closing ceremonies took place, with prayer by comrade Rev. Mr. Ashton. Line was again formed and marched through our principal streets; our citizens were much pleased at the very satisfactory manner in which all the ceremonies were performed, and feel as if under any circumstances our borough has the material for demonstrations equal to any of our sister towns. At the cemeteries many tear-bedimmed eyes and flushed cheeks spoke more eloquently than words, of the feelings that were at work within the hearts of all. The day passed off without the slightest mar or interruption, and after all had dispersed to their quiet homes an invocation of God's goodness appeared to give the ceremonies an endorsement from Him, and the "Heavens were moved to tears." Comrade Rev. Mr. Ashton delivered an impressive sermon to the Post on Sunday evening, with many good and patriotic points in his arguments.

At Pottstown, Penn.

The ceremonies were performed under the auspices of Potts-

town Post, No. 106. At six o'clock P. M., the members of the Post, and other soldiers of the late war, assembled on Hanover street, near High, where an organization was effected. A detachment marched to Keystone Hall, procured the flower-wreaths kindly contributed by our patriotic ladies, and then resumed position on Hanover street, where they were joined by Stanley's Union Cornet Band, and, soon after, by Guldin's Cornet Band. At half-past six o'clock, sharp, the procession moved to the Old Brick Church, and the six soldiers' graves in the churchyard were appropriately decorated. The line of march was resumed for Pottstown Cemetery, where twenty of our fallen braves are interred. A banner, bearing the inscription, "In memory of our absent dead," surrounded by evergreens and flowers, was placed near the western gate. As each soldier's grave was visited, the soldiers in line, filing right and left, surrounded the burial plot; a miniature national flag, on which was engrossed the name and regiment of the deceased, was planted at the head of the tomb, over which was placed a wreath of flowers. During this ceremony,—which was observed at all the graves—the late comrades of the patriot dead stood uncovered, the flag was drooped over the grass-mantled mound, and the band played a mournful dirge.

During the ceremonies the stores and other business establishments in the borough were closed, and the church bells were tolled.

The following is a complete list of the deceased soldiers, who served in the Union army during the rebellion, buried in this locality, and whose graves were visited on the occasion above noted. The date given is the time of burial:

Henry Gilbert, 53d Pa. Vols., Sept. 1861; Edwin L. Royer, 53d P. V., Nov. 19, 1861; Samuel Reifsnyder, 53d P. V., Dec. 1, 1861; Paul Frick, 53d P. V., July 12, 1862; Jacob Nagle, 53d P. V., July 15, 1862; William Malsberger, 53d P. V., Dec. 12, 1862; Edward Kocher, 68th P. V., March 23, 1863; Jacob Schoenly, 53d P. V., April 12, 1863; John Landis, 68th P. V., May 29, 1863; Frank W. Yocum, 6th P. Cav., June 30, 1863; John Haas, 175th P. V., July 17, 1863; Jerome Byar, 26th P. M., Aug. 24, 1863; John E. Levengood, Feb. 10, 1864; Thomas Dearolf, 68th P. V., July 20, 1864; George W. Schwenk, Oct. 23, 1864; Geo. W. Holt, 53d P. V., Nov. 21, 1864; Geo. W. Bechtel, 53d P. V., Feb. 4, 1865; Thomas M. Mauger, 68th P. V.; Edward K. Weand, 53d P. V., April 12, 1865; John B. Mauger, May 12, 1865; Henry Fryer, 53d P. V., July 15, 1865; John Henry Fryer, 53d P. V., Jan. 20, 1866; Charles Trayer, Sept. 9, 1866; Mathias Fox, Sept. 14,

1866; Abram Weidner, Marine, Jan. 8, 1867; John H. Root, 53d P. V., April 12, 1868; Albert G. Davis, 15th P. Cav., May 27, 1868.

At Waynesburg, Penn.

Prompted by the sacred feelings of affection, springing from personal friendship, patriotism and gratitude combined, and laying aside all differences of political opinion, the surviving soldiers of the war, the ladies and citizens of this town and vicinage, united in this labor of love. Having assembled at the Court House, at 2 o'clock, P. M., each one bringing his or her offering of flowers, tastefully formed into bouquets, wreaths, crosses, hearts, shields, &c., the procession was formed by the Marshals, J. Jackson Purman, Robert Adams and William Hays, as follows: National Brass Band; Chaplain and Speaker; Soldiers preceded by color-bearer, Joseph Cooke, with flag at half-mast; Citizens preceded by ladies with flowers.

On arriving at Green Mountain Cemetery the following exercises were had: Dirge by Brass Band; Prayer by Rev. C. A. Hampton; Vocal Music; Address by Rev A. D. Hall; Decorating of graves—which was performed by the procession moving in regular order, from grave to grave, and strewing them with bouquets as they passed.

Ceremonies being over at the cemetery, the procession again took up its line of march, first proceeding to Hookstown, and thence to Morrisville, and at the graveyards of each, substantially the same ceremonies were performed; the procession then returning to Waynesburg, and dispersing to their homes.

At New Buffalo, Pa.

The members of Post No. 66, together with invited comrades not members, uniformed, armed, and equipped, under the command of Comrade E. D. Wells, aide-de-camp for the district, proceeded to the burying-ground, about three quarters of a mile from town, where were interred the remains of the deceased soldiers. On arriving at the burying-ground, they marched through it, saluting in turn the grave of each comrade; after which, they stacked arms, and decorated the graves with wreaths and strewed them with flowers. They then retired to a shady spot, and listened to an appropriate address delivered by a comrade, said address being prepared by him for the occasion. They then marched to town and encamped, and cooked suppers in soldierly style and of soldiers' fare. After supper, had company drill and dress parade, and then dismissed. The proceedings passed off very well, and all were well pleased.

At Harrisburg, Penn.

All over the city, flags were displayed from public buildings and dwellings, and the city assumed a holiday attire. A large flag was suspended from the Capitol building at half-mast, the front facing West State street being decorated with the State flags of the different regiments who had carried them through many a gory battle, and torn and riddled by shot and shell. The Hope Engine house was decorated with American flags. Their large flag was hung at half-mast; and upon the cupola large flags, bearing the motto, "We Mourn the Martyred of our Holy Cause," were displayed. Over the door was placed the inscription, "We Mourn;" and in the centre of the front, "A Nation Mourns," with flags surrounding. Messrs. Gardner and Sayford had a motto placed over their door, "Rest in Peace;" and in East State street, and all over the city, the display of bunting and appropriate mottoes was both noticeable and numerous. Everywhere was the emblem of our nation's honor flung to the breeze.

At half-past 1 o'clock the procession started from the Capitol building, and proceeded out East State street to the Harrisburg Cemetery, in the following order: Band; Members of the Grand Army of the Republic; Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines; Resident and Visiting Clergymen; Schools; Associations; Citizens. On the arrival of the procession at the Harrisburg Cemetery, an eloquent prayer was offered by Rev. C. I. Thompson. The following hymn, which was written by Mr. Jno. S. Boyle, Clerk in the Auditor-General's Office, and which was an entirely impromptu affair, having only been suggested to him the evening before, was sung by the assemblage.

Tune—"Pleyel's Hymn."

Stand we now with drooping head
Where repose our martyr'd dead;
And with mournful voice we raise
Funeral pæans to their praise.

That our glorious land should be
Dedicated to Liberty,
Offered they their precious lives
As a ransoming sacrifice.

Grant them, Lord, eternal rest
On thy gracious, loving breast;
May their memories ever shine
With a lustre all divine.

Looking from the teeming sod
Prayerful up to our God,
O'er their graves with loving care
Strew we flowers sweet and rare.

The friends and comrades of the deceased then proceeded to strew flowers and decorate the graves, the band meanwhile discoursing a solemn dirge. At the conclusion of these exercises, the assemblage was again called together, and proceeded to the centre of the grounds, where addresses full of eloquence and patriotism were delivered by Rev. Dr. Fisher, of Utica, N. Y., Rev. Mr. McCorkle, of Detroit, Mich., Rev. Dr. Duryea, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, of New York. At the conclusion of the orations the whole assembly united in singing, "My Country, 'tis of thee," &c., the band accompanying with music. The Benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Boing, of Tennessee, when the procession moved to the Catholic Cemetry, where the ceremony of strewing flowers over the grave was again gone through with, according to the programme, the services being conducted by Father Maher, in the Catholic faith. The assemblage then returned to the city, having shown their reverence and affection, and honored the dead whose memory is inscribed high on the roll of fame.

The patriot sleeps in the land of his choice,
In the robe of a martyr all gory,
And heeds not the tones of the world-waking voice,
That covers his ashes with glory.
What recks he of riches, what cares he for fame,
Or a world decked in grandeur and beauty;
If the marble shall speak that records his proud name,—
He fell at his post doing duty.

The Delany Guards assumed the management and conducted the ceremonies at the colored cemeteries. They formed at their hall in Tanner's Alley, and, headed by martial music, and followed by an immense concourse of colored people of both sexes, proceeded, about 3 o'clock, to march out to the cemeteries devoted to their use, where flowers were strewed over the graves and appropriate ceremonies delivered.

At Cattaraugus, Penn

The members of Post 74, Cattaraugus, responded to the call of their commander-in-chief, and made the necessary preparations for the decoration of the soldiers' graves lying in Fairview Cemetery. The Post was formed in front of their hall on Front street, headed by the Bath Cornet Band, and from there proceeded to the front of the Hon. David Thomas' residence on Second street, where the procession was formed, and joined by the Chief Burgess, Hon. John Williams, and Rev. Messrs. Earle, Best, and Lehr, and Miss Wison's and Miss McKee's schools.

The procession then marched to the Cemetery, where the Post and schools proceeded to decorate the graves. The procession then formed in front of the large Soldiers' Monument, when prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Best, and addresses delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Earle and Lehr; the Rev. Mr. Lehr closing the ceremonies with prayer. The roll of the dead heroes lying in the Cemetery was then called by one comrade, and responded to by another in giving the cause of death, &c.; after which, a salute of three rounds was fired in honor of the dead heroes. The procession then returned and paraded the principal streets of the town, and, returning to the Hall, was dismissed.

At Newcastle, Penn.

The morning was cloudy, but without the threatening of rain; the atmosphere just warm enough and just cool enough to be pleasant, and the streets in excellent condition. About half-past 9 o'clock a large number of ladies, all bearing fresh and beautiful Spring flowers, assembled on the public square, and were formed in order for procession. At 10 o'clock every business house, including all the banks and offices, was closed; and, except for the large crowds on the streets, the town wore the appearance of Sabbath. Precisely at 10 o'clock, the Grand Army left their hall, headed by the excellent Silver Cornet Band, and marched down Washington street, the band playing the Dead March in the most perfect style. On arriving at the square, the Grand Army was halted, while the band marched on till a gap was made between them sufficiently large to admit the long procession of ladies who were in waiting to join the procession. Everything moved in the most perfect order, and with a silence and solemnity at once appropriate to the occasion, and impressive. Even the word of command was given in a subdued tone, and the very boys, usually so full of life and romping, seemed to catch the spirit of the occasion, and were as orderly as they could have been if they were acting as pall-bearers to one of their dearest playmates. It was a beautiful sight, that long line of the fair and lovely of the land, followed by stalwart men who had braved death in its most sudden form—many of whom bore upon their persons the marks of sanguinary conflict—now marching with reverently bowed heads to the solemn music for the dead, each loaded with wreaths and garlands with which to adorn the last resting-place of their fallen comrades. After crossing the bridge, the martial band took up the solemn strain, and the immense throng kept time to the muffled drums till the gate of the cemetery was reached,

when the cornet band performed one of the most beautiful dirges we have ever listened to. On arriving at a spot where many of the soldier dead of the cemetery sleep, a large hollow square was formed round the graves, when the Grand Army stood at rest with uncovered heads, and W. T. Dougherty, the Post Commander, stepped forward and invited the relatives of the deceased soldiers buried in the cemetery inside the square. Then ensued a scene beyond the power of pen or pencil to portray. While a sweet, sad requiem seemed just breathed from the brass throats of the instruments, women bent with the weight of years, women in the bloom of life, maidens just budding into womanhood, and those of tenderer years, took their places beside the last resting-place of their loved and lost. He who looked upon that scene, with all its surroundings, and felt no moisture on his cheek, should never boast of his manhood. Mr. Dougherty then read the General Order under which this ceremony was observed, accompanying it with a beautiful little speech of words well chosen, in regard to the fitness of paying this tribute of respect to their departed comrades. Rev. W. T. Wylie was then called on, and offered an eloquent prayer. Then commenced the calling of the roll of Lawrence County's dead, whose lives were sacrificed that their country might live. As each name was called, the response came from one of the survivors of his company, telling how he met his death; as for instance: Captain Vangorder!—"Died of wounds received at second Bull Run." And so on till near four hundred names were called, and still the list was not complete. Another requiem was played by the band, and Colonel Leasure, the orator of the day, was introduced. Colonel Leasure made a beautiful and appropriate speech of about ten minutes' duration, and then the Grand Army separated into four platoons, and, assisted by the ladies, proceeded to strew with the beautiful flowers they bore the graves of their comrades. One of the most beautiful incidents occurred at this time. The heavens had been covered with a thick veil all the morning; but just at the moment the strewing of flowers commenced, the sun burst through the clouds and shone with unusual brilliancy upon the scene. The feathered songsters in the trees, whose presence had heretofore been unknown, struck their liveliest notes, in beautiful contrast with the solemn dirge so well performed on the instruments, as though all nature was in sympathy with the ceremony. Wherever the grave of a soldier was known, it was visited, and the fairest flowers of Spring-time strewn over it. Nor were those forgotten who, by the vicissitudes of war, were denied burial among their kindred. A beautiful mound has been erect-

ed "to those not buried here." In the centre was planted the Stars and Stripes, and upon this mound was reverently laid beautiful wreaths, composed of evergreens and choicest flowers. Every one engaged in the delightful task had a flower for those who went away and came not back. The concluding prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Cowden, and the procession returned, all certainly feeling better because they had been there.

ORATION BY GENERAL LEASURE.

COMRADES AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: Which one of us, having just heard the roll-call of the dead, would dare to detract from the holy awe of this occasion by attempting to make a display of himself in a set oration? No human tongue, no mortal lips, can add to the solemn eloquence of the voices from the graves of our martyred comrades. The Roman patriots believed that it was "a sweet and glorious privilege to die for one's country."

My friends and comrades! millions of men have died for their country; have died for a preservation of a dynasty, or for the perpetuation of the divine right of kings in a particular and long descended royal line, and their lives were yielded up ungrudgingly, and right loyally; and, no doubt, to them it was

"Dulce et decorum pro patria mori,"

inasmuch as king was to them instead of country. But, to die for a great cause, as did these our fellow soldiers, now lying so peacefully under our feet; to die for a cause that enfranchised a race that counts its millions slowly toiling from the depths of the barbaric ages—for a cause that speeds onward the progress of civilization many centuries—a cause that underlies the rights of God-born humanity over the whole earth—the cause of individual right, regardless of birth, caste, color or sex—in short, the cause of "the dear God who made and loveth us," as manifest in the flesh, to die in such a cause as this is indeed to place one's name on the roll of the "Immortals."

A portion of that roll has just been called in our audience, and we have heard Fame respond, telling how and where they fell and where they lie. It is for us, my fellow-citizens and comrades, to remember *why* they fell, and guard against the possibility of the exceeding great and precious sacrifice of their dear sweet lives being lost or frittered away among the mushroom statesmen of the hour, who assume to form plans and policies to settle over again that which we and these our dead comrades settled finally and forever in the dread arbitrament of battle. We did not go forth as partisans of this or that man or

party. We had no party cry; but, merging all former partisanship in the one great cause of loyalty to the Constitution, and the legitimate Government, we counted all things but dross, we might win in the fight against the combined powers of tyranny and barbarism, as arrayed against the interests of civilization and humanity. The battle was not confined to our own country. It was "the conflict of the ages," on a broader theatre than ever fought before: the struggle of the individual man to reach his proper level as man, unfettered by kingcraft or priest-craft, to stand before the universal Father, accountable only to Him, as represented by the aggregate of his fellow men, made in the image of God.

In the august presence of these mounds that gently swell over the bosoms of our gallant comrades, we can indulge in no light fancies, nor flippant illusions. We can only remember how true and devoted these men were, who are but the representatives of three hundred thousand, in forsaking home and all the holy influences that hallow the altar upon the hearth-stone, and remember the *duties* they have bequeathed to us.

They have bequeathed to us the duty of *standing up for that for which they fell;* and amidst the clamor of faction and the insane demands of party, oh, my blood brothers! let us stand for the integrity of the organic law of the land, and the purity of its administration, even as we stood shoulder to shoulder amidst the clouds and dust of battle, when we mingled our blood with that of these our slain comrades.

Many of you, my blood brothers! have lain, even as I have, beside those of our now dead comrades, in the field hospital, awaiting in our turn the cruel kindness of the surgeon, and we have seen their lives slowly ooze away—mingling the crimson current with our own in tiny rivulets, to fatten the soil of an inhospitable country; and we have seen their eyes slowly glaze with the films of death, and have received their last words of loving endearment for the dear distant ones, to be seen no more on earth; and through this bloody baptism we have been born again into the birthright of an American citizen. Let us not sell it for a miserable mess of pottage.

Amidst all the clamor of party, and the solicitations of self-seekers, let us distinguish the true from the false, and stand firmly in peace by those who stood firmly with us when to stand required the strength of a man panoplied by the armor of the right!

To those of our friends present who are not comrades in the Grand Army of the Republic, I have a word of explanation: It is charged that we are a "political organization." If to sup-

port the soldier's widow, to cherish his orphan children, to stand by another soldier, socially, morally and politically, constitutes a political organization, then we are a political organization; but I assure you, my friends, that we know no party in politics that departs from the landmarks of the Constitution and the laws of the land, no matter by what name it may be known.

It may seem strange that the observances of the day are under the supervision of a secret organization. What would you have? Here, and all over the country, lie the remains of our fallen comrades. Shall they lie in forgetfulness and "in cold obstruction rot?" For reasons best known to politicians, the powers that be, ignore the patriot slain; and it remained for Major-General John A. Logan, Grand Commander of the Army of the Republic, to issue an order that the numerous Posts of the Army decorate the graves of our dead comrades, all over the land, with wreaths and flowers, on this day. I am thankful that *somebody* has given authority to the pent-up feelings of patriotic hearts, to meet by common consent at the yet fresh graves of our gone before brothers; to offer up the tribute of pure and suffering hearts on our common altar of love and loyalty; and, therefore, for myself and comrades, and brother soldiers, I thank the Grand Commander, Major-General John A. Logan, for his order setting apart this day to garland the graves of the immortals.

These few graves are but the representatives of many others scattered all over the country, in every State and Territory; and, while we strew flowers over these graves, in our heart of hearts we garland all the graves of the undistinguishable but not unhonored dead that lie on the waysides of our old marches, on the lonely picket post, on the mountain path, by sluggish Southern fever-smitten rivers, on the hotly contested and abandoned skirmish line, and on the neutral ground between the hostile and menacing lines of the opposing hosts, in the gemmed and coralled caverns of the deep blue sea, everywhere—wherever lies one loved and "missing in battle," or starved in Rebel prisons—in our hearts, this day, over the length of the land, we garland with the laurel all last resting-places of the noble dead.

At Erie, Penn.

Sunday afternoon was one of the cheeriest and brightest of June, and in the shade of the trees of the cemetery, made cool and pleasant by the breeze from the lake, from three to five thousand of our citizens were collected to witness the ceremonies

connected with strewing with flowers the graves of the soldier dead of Erie.

On the day before all preparation had been made. The ladies contributed the flowers, and made the bouquets and wreaths, and the members of the Post of the Grand Army of the Republic prepared the platform for the use of the speaker, the band and the choir. This was at the southern part of the grounds, in the shade of the large trees on the hill-side. Several flags adorned the stand, among which was the battle-marked standard of the heroic Eighty-third Regiment. The soldiers' graves were designated by a small flag on each, and the plan of route for decorating parties to follow determined on. As the time approached, the members of the G. A. R. were formed in line in front of the stand, and large numbers of spectators gathered around, many of whom were relatives of the dead. At the appointed hour, the ceremonies were introduced by Mehl's brass band playing several national airs. Then followed the singing by a choir of two ladies and two gentlemen, Mrs. General Walker, Miss Lizzie Hunter, Mr. Brewster and Mr. Little, of the song, "Where Dwell the Dead?"

Where do they dwell?
'Neath grassy mounds by daisies,
Lilies and yellow-cups of purest gold;
Near gray-grown walls,
Where in wild summer noons,
Fresh leaves are rustling;
Where, 'neath large autumn moons
Young birds are nestling—
Do they dwell there?
Do they dwell there?

Where do they dwell?
In sullen waters lying
On beds of purple sea-flowers newly sprung,
Where the mad whirlpools wind and ceaseless sighing
Frets sloping banks, by dark green weeds o'erhung:
Where, by the torrent's swell,
Crystal stones glitter,
While sounds the heavy bell
Over the river.
Do they dwell there?
Do they dwell there?

No: for in these they slumber to decay,
And their remembrance with their life departs;
They have a home not dark nor far away,
Their proper home—within our faithful hearts!
Their happy spirits wed,
Loving forever!
There dwell with us the dead,
Parting—ah, never!

Where do they dwell?
'Neath grassy mounds, by daisies,
Lilies and yellow-cups of fairest gold;
Near gray-grown walls,
Where, in wild, tortuous mazes,
Old clustering ivy wreathes in many a fold;
Where, in red summer noons.
Fresh leaves are nestling
Where, 'neath large autumn moons,
Young birds are nestling—
Do they dwell there?
Do they dwell there?

The Pastor of Park Church, Rev. G. F. Cain, offered up a fervent prayer. Mehl's band followed with a dirge. The choir then sang the hymn beginning,

"O, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord,"

at the conclusion of which Colonel Curtis delivered the following address:

ADDRESS OF COLONEL CURTIS.

Fellow-Comrades: We, the survivors of the late civil war, accompanied with many sympathizing friends, have taken occasion to visit the sepulchres of our fellow-comrades of that gigantic and sanguinary struggle for our national life, and to strew their graves with wreaths and flowers, as an appropriate testimonial of our tender affection and mournful recollection. We wish also to manifest by this floral tribute our own and our country's appreciation of their self-sacrificing patriotism and devotion to country, for which, when assailed, our comrades freely laid down their lives. We have the fullest confidence that the Government will gratefully remember their meritorious service, and tenderly care for the widows and orphan children which they have left to mourn their loss.

History records an Athenian custom, which was to wreath with flowers the monuments of those who had fallen in battle. Their fertile imaginations also provided an Elysium which was especially set apart for the eternal rest of those who had sacrificed themselves in their country's defence. There it was supposed or imagined that crystal streams from pure fountains always flowed, and that the sweetest flowers constantly bloomed. Such were the honors bestowed by a highly cultivated and patriotic people upon their brave defenders. The American nation has never yet, nor will it ever fail to bestow the highest honors upon their country's defenders. The memory of the

patriots who fell in our revolutionary struggle for our independence, are as fresh in the memory of the nation as it was when our independence was achieved; so it will be with those who sacrificed their lives to maintain in its integrity the Government which our fathers established at the expense of so much blood, treasure, and suffering. While we are moved and grieved with the sad thoughts of the events this wicked and causeless rebellion forced upon us; when we remember the perils and dangers which seemed to overhang our beloved country—remember the conflict a long time waged with doubtful success; when we reflect that all these dangers were dispelled; that the Union army were finally triumphant; that our country, with its free institutions, and the blessings which flow from them, were preserved; we cannot but feel that our comrades, whose loss we mourn, have not fallen in vain. Human life is not altogether measured by the number of years to which it may be prolonged, but that life is the most valuable and the longest which best subserves life's great ends. "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's—thy God's and Truth's," is a wise saying, and worthy of all commendation. What end can mortal man attain more glorious than yielding himself up for the salvation of his country? Our comrades whose graves we have met here to-day to decorate, lived long enough to furnish a glorious example for the imitation of future generations. The pages of history nowhere record the struggle of any people for their nationality more heroic and sanguinary than our own. Throughout that terrible conflict the fate of our country hung suspended upon the unflinching bravery and persistency of our gallant army and navy. Our shattered columns were constantly advanced amid the iron tempest howling around them, many times only to be gathered in a plentiful harvest of death. Still their decimated ranks, with the greatest alacrity, were immediately filled, and our columns moved on prepared and willing to meet any danger, or incur any sacrifice, however great. The country looked upon the great struggle with the most intense anxiety, always hopefully, but many times trembling for the final result. At last the nation was gladdened by the joyful intelligence that the Union was triumphant, and that the great rebellion was crushed forever. At a frightful cost—as the ridged graves of our fallen comrades scattered throughout every State will testify—the Union of these States has been preserved; not only preserved, but we are enabled to transmit it to our posterity, purified and strengthened by the fiery ordeal through which it passed. We have not only maintained the unity of our country with its free institutions, but we have won the respect and admi-

ration of every civilized nation throughout the globe. We present the sublimest spectacle of any nation on the earth—Government strong, powerful, just, and magnanimous; desiring only to scatter the blessings of its free institutions, like the dews of heaven, upon the high and low, upon all conditions of men, everywhere within its borders. Such being some of the fruits which the self-sacrificing patriotism which our deceased comrades contributed to secure for their country, and for generations yet unborn, can it be said that the object obtained was not worth the sacrifice which has been made? In my humble judgment, no sacrifice which mortal man can possibly make, would be too great for the inestimable blessings which are vouchsafed to this people by the preservation of this free Government. The great contest is ended—happily indeed—and it becomes our duty now to set ourselves at work and reap the fruits of our victory—to re-adjust and reconstruct the States lately in rebellion, so that their institutions may conform to their changed circumstances and harmonize with the free institutions of free States. We will then become what we ought to be—a homogeneous people. When the angry passions which have been engendered in the recent conflict shall have passed away; when the States lately in revolt shall be made to understand their own true interest, and what will best promote their own happiness and welfare, the people of these very States will then rejoice with us in our nationality, our common country, and the prospect of a glorious destiny. That this Government has a great mission to perform, and will become a model Republic, I firmly believe. That its existence may be perpetual, is my earnest prayer.

The address was immediately followed by the ceremony of decorating the graves. The company of members of the Grand Army of the Republic, each carrying wreaths and bouquets, led by the band, moved to the center of the grounds, where the company was divided into sections, each section taking a different course. Marching over the routes designated, a wreath was placed by the commander over the flag on every grave, and each comrade, as he passed, with uncovered head, dropped a portion of his bouquet upon the mound. The graves in the Irish and German Catholic graveyards were visited, and decorated in like manner as those in the City Cemetery.

The following are the names of the dead, whose graves were thus visited:

Commander Chapman's Division—R. W. Scott, Robert Finn, John A. Irvin, Strong Vincent, Lockwood Caughey, George Griswold, Eugene Chambers, John Daugherty, R. W. Whallon, Samuel Fluke, M. Van Avary, Wm. Warren, Josiah K. Goodwin.

Comrade Walker's Division—Thos. Hill, James M. Yager, Jno. W. McLane, Washington Brown, Ira V. B. Jackson, Geo. W. McDaniel, Russell Cook, Lafayette Bran, D. R. M. Brown, Hamilton Miller, James Miller, John Nicholson, E. D. Hulbert, Chas. H. Brace, Marcus Lewis, Lt. Horatio Lewis, E. P. Brace, Horatio B. Sprague, Austin Corbin, John Muller, Capt. Wade, Harley Hillburn, William Wittich, John Sell, John Englehart, David Hayberger, J. Fickinger, Chas. Dickinson, Edwin Sampson, Robert Fletcher, Isaac I. Pherrin, Charles Howard, Chas. Blessing.

Comrade Cronin's Division—*Irish Catholic*—Wm. Connell, Thomas Turley, Thomas Fagan, John W. Duggan. *German Catholic*—August Wagner, A. Pleifer, Joseph Babo. *German Lutheran*—John E. Eisentraut, Jacob Witter, Nicholas Kessel.

At the conclusion of the decorations the different divisions marched back to the stand, where the exercises were closed by the choir singing the "Doxology," in which the company joined.

At Cressona, Penn.

At 2½ o'clock, p. m., the Post left camp and proceeded to Borough Cemetery. The ceremonies were opened by a prayer from Rev. G. S. Broadbent. Rev. Frederick Krecker then delivered an address. The graves of deceased comrades (eleven in number) were then decorated with flowers by the Post. Immediately after decorating the graves, a patriotic song was sung by the ladies, the comrades joining in the chorus. Rev. G. S. Broadbent then delivered an address, after which a prayer was offered by Rev. Frederick Krecker. The Post then marched to camp and dismissed.

At Tremont, Penn.

The honorably discharged soldiers of this borough met in front of Odd Fellows' building, on Saturday afternoon at half-past 4 o'clock, and formed in line, and at 5 minutes after 5 o'clock took up the march according to the programme laid down in circular. Each soldier was provided with a bouquet, and all felt that they were about to perform a tribute of respect that called forth their tenderest feelings—their earnest devotion—the fulfilment of their vows to cherish the memory of their fallen comrades. The march was taken up Centre to Oak, to Laurel, to Union, to Centre, to Clay, to the Reformed and Lutheran Cemetery, where the following graves received their equal tribute of honor: Cyrus Dull, 184th P. V., Wm. Dau-

bert, 42d P. V., Wm. Daubert, 50th P. V., Joseph Hallabaugh, Joseph Snyder, Co. H, 6th P. V. A countermarch, halt, and a few appropriate remarks by the Rev. F. Klinefelter and prayer by the Rev. Mr. Barnhill. The march was then continued to the Catholic Cemetery, and the following are honored as before: James Fogerty, John Cleary, Co. H, 26th P. V., John Gallagher, countermarch, halt, and an address by Father Marron, who spoke of the many virtues of the heroic dead, and pictured in glowing colors the results purchased by their blood and the blood of their predecessors. All honor to the dead who fought in such a glorious cause. It should be the boast of parents, wives and children that their fathers died while fighting the battles of freedom. The Catholic clergy then read prayers over their dead, and the march was continued down Clay to Coal, to Spring, to Centre, to the Book Store, where a fresh supply of flowers were furnished and the march continued to Pine, to Church, to M. E. Cemetery, and the following were duly honored: Geo. Wilson, 3d Pa. Cavalry, Frank Lehman, Thos Angus, James Ferguson, Reese W. Roberts, 3d Pa. Cav., Joseph Watts, Charles Minnich, Charles Shaundy. A few appropriate remarks by the Rev. Mr. Barnhill, and prayer by Rev. F. Klinefelter, and the representatives of many battles returned and were brought to a halt in front of the Odd Fellows' Hall, where they were addressed in a short but pithy speech by Rev. Father Divine of the Catholic church, and were then dismissed.

There being no Post in Tamaqua the ceremony of decorating the graves of soldiers in that borough was conducted under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday school of that place.

At West Chester, Penn.

The ceremonies took place in this borough under direction of Post No. 31, of that organization. At the hour appointed, 9½ A. M., about one hundred and twenty members assembled at their room on Church street, where they formed and marched to the Court House, preceded by Capt. Sweeney's Cornet Band. A touching and impressive prayer was offered by Rev. Jos. S. Evans, Post Chaplain, after which Comrade Wayne Mac Veagh, Esq., the orator of the day, was introduced, and delivered an appropriate address. At the conclusion of the address, which occupied about one hour in its delivery, a benediction was pronounced by Rev. John Bolton, of the Episcopal church.

The Post was then re-formed, and in column of four, proceeded to Greenmount Cemetery. Upon entering the cemetery the

band commenced playing a dead march. The committee of arrangements had previously caused a small flag to be placed at the head of each soldier's grave, so that there was no difficulty in discovering their location. As the procession approached the grave, each man uncovered—the column opened and passed on either side—the members dropping their contributions of flowers on the graves as they marched slowly by.

At two o'clock P. M., the members of the Post re-assembled at the Court House and proceeded to Oakland Cemetery, where the ceremonies were continued. The Catholic Cemetery was also visited, through the kind permission of the Priest, and the remains of four soldiers who lie in the Friends' Burial ground on the hill, were also visited by the Post on its return to the borough.

At Mahanoy City the ceremonies were performed by members of Post No. 110. The Post met at an early hour in the afternoon and marched to graves of two of of their comrades, where prayers were offered by the ministers of the place. On the following Sunday appropriate ceremonies were held in the churches.

At Middleburg, Penn.

Post No. 56 met at 1 o'clock, P. M., formed in the following order: 1st. P. C., and O. D.; 2d. four small boys with bouquets; 3d. Martial music; 4th. comrades wearing white sashes around waist; next non-commissioned, with blue sashes; next S. V. C., J. V. C., with red sash; P. C., buff sash. Then marched to Hassinger's Burial-ground (two miles), decorated the graves of four soldiers, returned to Middleburg, and about 4 o'clock re-formed at Post Headquarters; from thence proceeded to the Lutheran Grave-yard, in the same order as above; after arriving at the grave, the Adjutant first read the following extract of General Order No. 11: "We are organized, comrades, as our Regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, 'of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion.' What can aid more to assure this result than by cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our Country and its foes? Their soldier-lives were the reveille of freedom to a race in chains, and their deaths the tattoo of rebellious tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the Nation can add to their adornment and security, is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain de-

fenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to the present or the coming generations, that we have forgotten, as a people, the cost of a free and individual Republic. If other eyes grow dull, and other hands slack, and other hearts cold, in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well, as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us."

The P. C. then stepped forward, and in the words of the General Orders No. 11, said: "Let us, then, at the time appointed, gather round the sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers and evergreens of the Springtime;" (P. C. strewing the grave with flowers, and each comrade throwing on a sprig of evergreen;) "let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; (color-bearer waves the flag over the graves); "let us, in this solemn presence (each comrade raises his right hand to heaven) renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon a Nation's gratitude, the soldiers and sailors' widows and orphans."

Prayer by the clergy.

An appropriate hymn or song, as "Wrap the Flag Around me, Boys," or "America." Addresses by Revs. Long and Shindel, Comrades Parks and Wright. Re-forming of Parade and return to Post headquarters.

At the grave, the music took position at the foot, the P. C. at the head, Adjt. to his right, Clergy to the left, Comrades to the right and left, forming a circle around the grave—Relatives within the circle.

At New Berlin, Penn.

At 1 o'clock, P. M., the Post met at their rooms and proceeded to the Cemetery, where they sodded and decorated the graves of fifteen fallen comrades. At 6 o'clock, the members met at their rooms, formed company, each member carrying a bouquet; preceded by the brass band and clergy, they marched to the slow notes of a funeral dirge to the cemetery. As the company came to the grave of one of the comrades, the first file would halt at an open order, the rest filing through, when the color-bearer planted the flag on the grave and the first file deposited their bouquets upon the grave; after which, one of the comrades delivered a short eulogy upon the fallen brave.

After the ceremonies in the Cemetery, the comrades marched

back to the Town Hall, where appropriate addresses were delivered by three of the members of the Post.

At Towanda, Penn.

ADDRESS OF REV. WILLIAM HARRIS.

Soldiers of the G. A. R., Ladies and Gentlemen:—Pursuant to the call of the Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R. we have met to-day to pay the tribute of loyal and loving hearts to the memory of the "heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes." Nor does this ceremony alone signify that it is the early, martyr graves of our own loved and lost that we have come to garland with the first flowers of spring. We cannot but let our memories first recur to those whose last resting-places we have just passed in review, —the brave and gallant Watkins whose privilege it was to die on the field, at the front—Adams, Bogart, Cary, Fox, and the long sad list of Bradford's heroes; but we must on such a day as this sink all local and personal feelings in the broad unselfish *Union* sentiment which knows no State or section, but regards our country, as, thank God, it is still preserved to us, one and inseparable.

We have met as part of a great host, who, I doubt not, have assembled this day in every Northern city, village, and hamlet, to engage in like unselfish, patriotic spirit in this sad, yet grateful service. For while the complaint is often loud and bitter against the ingratitude of the saved to their saviours, and there may have been at times, and in certain localities, some show of truth in the complaint, yet I believe that there is still enough of honest, hearty patriotism left in the land to give largely this token that the Grand Army of the Republic is not forgotten either in the persons of its living or its dead. Surely they ought never to be forgotten while the Republic lives, for to them the Republic owes its life. We are apt to lose our individuality, and its appropriate sentiments, in the mass; but bring the case home each to himself. Suddenly, without warning, as you are pursuing your peaceful way in fancied security, a ruffian, maniac with brooding over fancied wrongs, seizes you by the throat, pinions your arms, and threatens your destruction, unless you meekly submit to robbery, dishonor, and mutilation. But at the moment of your greatest peril, when all seems lost, and yet life never seemed so precious, your own son throws himself upon the traitorous wretch, and in striking him to the earth receives his own death-blow. Noble, daring boy! how agonizingly would you mourn over his sad yet glorious fate;

how tenderly would you lay him down to sleep in his martyr grave; how lovingly and gratefully would you cherish his memory, and especially every incident of his brave sacrifice; how costly a monument would you raise above his last resting-place! Ah! it would need no call from his living brothers to bring you year by year in early spring-time to plant his grave with flowers and decorate it with garlands. Yet this is the very debt we owe to the memory of the brave "Boys in Blue." In yonder graves, in every cemetery in the land, there rest these heroic dead—Columbia's *sons*—who, when maniac Treason sought to throttle Liberty, to rend the Republic in pieces, to shame us before the world, to flaunt the ensign of a slave confederacy in our very faces, sprang to the rescue, and gave their lives for the life of our Fatherland.

Men and women of these peaceful mountain valleys, you do not, cannot know the full measure of the debt you owe to these heroes of the war for the Union. Fully to appreciate it you must have seen the fair, garden land of America, the sunny South, stunted and blighted, and year by year exhausted and laid waste under the ruinous economy of "the peculiar institution;" and then have realized that under the proposed extension of this system the whole land would have been thus impoverished and desolated; even *Yankee* enterprise would have been paralysed, and freedom have passed into the lexicon of a dead language. You must have, too, a clearer apprehension of the resources, the power, and the deadly determination of the men of the South. At the very time that we were fondly expecting with 75,000 men to drive them to the Gulf shore in ninety days, they had 250,000 men under arms,—men who had been drilled and officered for months before the first gun was fired at Sumter. Slowly, through four weary, deadly years, we were taught the lesson of the giant proportions of the Rebellion, and the imminent peril from which we were saved by the (to the South *unexpected*) pluck and determination of Northern soldiers, backed by the united sentiment of the masses of the people. Had these dead heroes, whose graves we this day delight to honor, been the cowards they were estimated by the chivalry of the South, we would more fully appreciate to-day, by bitter experience, what the peril was, and how great a salvation was wrought for us by the costly sacrifice of young and noble lives.

Then, on the other hand, rightly to estimate what was done and suffered for your salvation, you must have followed step by step the trail of the Grand Army of the Republic, and witnessed what was borne by the living and the dead who grappled

with the monster. My own memory recalls many an untold tale of heroic endurance of sufferings to which death seemed a happy release: for it was peculiarly my lot to see the sad, heart-rending side of the field of glory. Out of many like scenes memory calls up distinctly a little, rough, unpainted church down in the swamps before Yorktown,—early in the war, before the devoted women and men, who afterwards did so much to alleviate suffering, had begun to press forward to the front in their noble work —to which strong men came, out from the ranks of hardier comrades, to die by the slow poison of malaria, and whose little graveyard grew day by day to formidable proportions. Yes! tenderly nurtured boys, far from loving care and home tenderness, cut off from the anticipated career of glory, before they had ever fired a shot. I tell you that was a harder martyrdom than the quick death from shot or shell amid the excitement and emulation of a victorious battle-field. And this day's ceremony recalls many a lonely, isolated grave, hastily made on the eve of a march, over which this spring time will scatter no flowers, but only rank, matted grass, fed by the uncoffined mouldering remains of a son, a husband, a lover.

In the same retrospect I see brave men, who had passed unscathed by the enemy's missiles through the "Seven Days," but enervated by fatigue, starvation and exposure, sweltering under the blazing sun of "Tophet," fading day by day till they were mere living ghosts;—see them crowded into tents, and barns, and tobacco sheds, wasting away for the lack of what you squandered in lavish abundance among these peaceful mountains of the North. I see them after a great battle, gory, and mangled, and maimed, spread out on the bare ground, under the drenching rain, suffering untold agonies of pain and thirst, and the heart-sickness of their isolation from home and loved ones; yet uncomplaining, self-sacrificing, pointing out some fellow-sufferer more needy of immediate relief than themselves; —a boy with a shattered arm, sustaining with the other a comrade shot through the body, helping him to reach the field hospital. Yet this was not the worst. Some of you here to-day, among the few survivors of that carnival of loathsome disease and misery and awful death, may be able to tell something of the Southern prison, that foul blot upon the humanity and the honor of the South upon which the world cries shame! and which all their gallantry and chivalry can never wipe out. Yes! you must have seen Andersonville, ever fully to appreciate in any full degree, what was suffered by our hero dead, to save you, my fellow citizens, from falling under the thrall of a government which could countenance this enormity. Nor was this

all. The General Order of the Commander-in-Chief alludes to those "sacred charges upon a nation's gratitude, the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan." Aye, every dead face turned up on the field of blood told a tale of agony in some desolated household. Here and there the threads of this vast romance and tragedy of war have been gathered up, but there are volumes yet untold, that never will be told, and all these dying groans, and widowed hearts, and blighted homes, represented by the unknown dead cast into the long trenches on the battle-field, are to be added to the great price wherewith we have bought our freedom. *Missing!* so the return ran; so many wounded, so many *missing*. It was the saddest return of the three, when you knew what it meant to weary, waiting, breaking hearts, sickened by hope deferred. There are missing ones from our own graveyard to-day, and as we strew the bloom of spring-time on these sad mounds, let us not forget an oblation for those who lie in some nameless grave, whose long-sought place will never be known till the last trump shall call them forth to the resurrection life.

Do you remember when Kilpatrick made his celebrated raid into the entrenchments of Richmond, the return came to us, "Kilpatrick has come through safe, with the loss of only 150 men commanded by Capt. Dahlgren." Pardon me if I repeat what I then wrote, because it expresses the sentiment I would convey with the freshness of the times then present, which remoteness, and later thoughts in other channels have worn away:

Only a hundred and fifty,
And DAHLGREN who rode at their head,
Only a hundred and fifty,
Crushed and mangled and dead.

The grim old Sergeant rode foremost,
The hero of many a fight,
And a fair-haired boy was bugler,—
Some household had lost its light;

And husbands, and sons, and fathers
Came trooping along behind,
In a long unbroken column,
As through the forest they wind.

'Twas but a hundred and fifty
That were doomed to prison or grave;
Only a hundred and fifty,—
And DAHLGREN, so young and brave.

The Rebels burst out upon them
With a fiendish wild-cat scream,
To the right are shells and grape-shot,
To the left their bayonets gleam.

"Charge!" 'Twas the last word of DAHLGREN,
The Sergeant and Bugler are down,
And brothers, and sons, and husbands
Lie mangled and bleeding around.

'Twas but a hundred and fifty,
Cut off from companions or slain;
Only a hundred and fifty,
Whose valor was all in vain.

* * * * *

A mother at home is reading,—
A widow left poor and alone,
Her son has gone for the Union,—
Why bursts from her lips such a groan?

"'KILPATRICK is safe'—Thank Heaven!—
'He is in our lines with his men;
Only a hundred and fifty'—
O God, was one of them BEN!"

* * *

Only a hundred and fifty,
'Twas only a trifle,—no more—
Only a hundred and fifty,—
But *many a heart's left sore.*

One of Sir Walter Scott's most graphic sketches is of the pious enthusiast, commonly known as "Old Mortality," who was wont annually to visit the graves of the heroic Covenanters, cleaning the moss from the gray stones, and renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions. Scott says of him: "Motives of the most sincere, though fanciful devotion, induced the old man to dedicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors of the Church. He considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty, while renewing to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby trimming, as it were, the beacon-light which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood." *Mutatis mutandis*, this is our office, and that of those who year by year shall succeed us in this pious and patriotic duty, to "let no neglect, nor ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generations that we have forgotten, as a people, the cost of a free and undivided Republic."

But we would fail to do justice to all the varied forms of heroism, in which life even was sacrificed to the cause of the Union, should we this day forget the noble men, and especially the noble women, who left their homes of ease and luxury, in

order to minister to the comfort of the sick and wounded in hospitals, and even on the battle-field. Avoiding all invidious distinctions among the living, I may freely speak of one whose life was actually sacrificed to this labor of patriotic love. Lovely in her graces of form and feature, of distinguished birth and social position, brilliant, talented, the cherished favorite of a wide-extended circle of friends, she wore out her young life in unremitted devotion to the alleviation of suffering in the Western Army. When the graves of the heroic dead, who gave their lives for the Union, are this day strewed with the flowres of Spring, the fairest chaplets, glistening with the dewdrops of grateful tears, should decorate the grave of Margaret Brekenridge.

At Conneautville, Penn.

In compliance to General Order No. 11 and Post Order No. 1, Post No. 107 met for the purpose of strewing with flowers the graves of our honored dead. Notice of said meeting had been given, and all soldiers not members of the G. A. R., invited to attend. The attendance of members, soldiers, and citizens was good; and at the appointed hour a procession was formed, as follows: 1. Music. 2. National Colors. 3. Officers and members of the Post, with flowers. 4. Fire Department in undress uniform, with flowers. 5. Ladies and Citizens, with flowers;—which then proceeded to the cemetery, where the following order of exercises was carried out: Reading General Order No. 11, by Post Commander, Maj. J. S. Dunn. 2. Prayer by Rev. Mr. Hallees. 3. Address by Comrade Capt. S. M. Davis. 4. Strewing graves with flowers. 5. Prayer by Rev. F. Brown. The procession was then re-formed, and returned to the encampment, and a regular meeting of the Post held.

At Springfield, Ill.

In accordance with previous arrangements, the committee, consisting of ladies and gentlemen, appointed to superintend the decoration of the graves of Union soldiers at the Camp Butler Cemetery, assembled at the State House at 1 o'clock, P. M., and from thence proceeded to the depot of the T. W. & W. Railway, and left by special train at 2 o'clock for Camp Butler. In addition to the committee, a large number of ladies and gentlemen took passage on the train. On arrival at the site of old Camp Butler, the company formed in procession, and marched to the spot where rest the remains of many Union soldiers who died in the hospital at the above camp. The cemetery is situated on rising ground, only a short distance from the old camp ground, and is surrounded with a good picket fence.

The graves, numbering several hundred, are furnished with white head-boards, upon which are inscribed, with the exception of four or five, the name, age, and number of the regiment to which the deceased belonged. On arriving at the entrance to the cemetery, every visitor was provided with flowers, and proceeded to the shade of a tree growing in the cemetery, where the services of the occasion commenced by the whole assembly joining in singing the patriotic and stirring hymn, "America," commencing with,

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring."

After which Rev. Mr. Carr, of the North Baptist church of this city, offered a solemn and impressive prayer. At the conclusion of the prayer, Dr. Geo. T. Allen delivered the following address:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," and joy is blended with the associations of sorrow characterizing the ceremonies of even this sad occasion. It is a sacred though mournful pleasure and holy duty to honor the memories of those who freely gave their lives for their country's unity and salvation. Many of us, now alive and present, passed safely through the terrible ordeals in which these dead offered themselves up, willing sacrifices on the altar of patriotism; and it best becomes us—their brothers-in-arms, relatives, and friends during life—of all men, and it well becomes the soldiers' mothers, widows, wives, sisters, and orphans now mingled with us, to unite in these heartfelt ceremonials in honor of the noble dead. This day, throughout our wide land, at the suggestion of Illinois' gallant and gifted son, Gen. John A. Logan, we, for the first time as a people, meet at the grave, to honor the heroic dead. This affecting ceremony, thus inaugurated, will, we all trust, be affectionately perpetuated from year to year and from age to age. The graves around us contain the sacred remains of martyrs of treason. These all fell through the efforts of American citizens to destroy American unity and nationality. As recently as A. D. 1860, we had our 4th of July ovations everywhere north of "Mason and Dixon's Line," and the day was honored at many points in Dixie. Every man and woman desired to attend these celebrations, and the children cried if compelled to remain at home. The public addresses on these occasions were ever patriotic, if not always

able or eloquent. Every auditor responded enthusiastically to each loyal sentiment. The name of Washington was hailed as the synonym of all that was grand and patriotic in humanity; while that of Benedict Arnold fell on loathing ears as the quintessence of all that was disloyal and grovelling. *Then*, the whole nation believed that our country could never again be cursed by the birth and life in it of another such political *lusus naturæ;* but within twelve months from July, 1860, the whole country was corrupt with worse traitors than Benedict Arnold or Aaron Burr. When Arnold turned Tory, and stole the mantle of Judas Iscariot to serve George III. and the Devil in, our ancestors were simply experimenting in the principles of civil liberty; their civil and political status was then a shadow, not a reality. No man then living could declare they would succeed in casting off the yoke of England, and driving the British soldiery and Hessian mercenaries from the land; nor could human wisdom then predict that final success with them would secure to the people national and constitutional liberty, or perpetuate in the New the despotisms of the Old World. In those days of political darkness, Arnold turned traitor, fell from his high estate, and was, "like Judas, damned to everlasting fame," and

> "Sank to the vile dust from which he sprung,
> Unwept, unhonored, and unsung,"

and patriotism and liberty everywhere this day prolongs the loud "Amen!" But the traitors of 1861 rebelled when the work of 1776 had incubated and become a living reality, and God had breathed into it the spirit of national immortality—when the Union had advanced nearly a century upon the most glorious mission ever sanctified to a people; during which it had been the hope of oppressed humanity everywhere, and a beacon-light in the path of civil and religious progress, and of human liberty to all the nations of the earth. In 1860, Abraham Lincoln was constitutionally elected President of the United States, and every true man in the nation submitted to his administration during the four years of his official term, determined to aid in correcting abuses after subduing the Rebellion. President Lincoln, with unexampled success, labored manfully through more cares and responsibilities than ever beset any other man in America. God gifted him with peculiar faculties befitting the particular crisis of his presidency, and his name will be transmitted to posterity as gloriously as any that honors the pages of history. None but the Saviour of man has had a more important mission on earth, or filled his destiny better, than

Abraham Lincoln. If there be anything in fore-ordination, God predestinated him before the foundation of the world to be the saviour of our country, and *then* laid aside the materials for his composition until the time arrived for his advent among the sons of men. To my mind, his character is as noble, his patriotism as lofty, and his mission as grand, as Washington's, and his name will descend through all time as sacred in the memory of every true American. After the clouds of the late Rebellion and the smoke of battle will have passed away before the rising sunshine of national unity, the ashes of Washington and Lincoln will, in the minds of their countrymen, be mingled and consecrated in the same urn, their histories recorded on the same tablet, and their spirits associated in the same blessed eternity. We could not fully realize the thought of Pope,

"An honest man, the noblest work of God,"

until Abraham Lincoln had finished his temporal course, and time, with him, had culminated in the fruition of eternity! Abraham Lincoln's name is now as immortal as if Gabriel had dipped his fingers in the sunbeam, and written it in letters of living light across the cerulean arch of heaven. There are miracles of war as well as of peace. In so wide a land as ours, longitudinally as well as latitudinally, with all its diversities of climate, interests, and prejudices, some have fancied the ties that bound the States in one a mere rope of sand; but the attack, even of a domestic foe, on our flag, drew from the avocations of peace five hundred thousand armed patriots into the field, with all the implements of warfare. During more than four years, the waste of war—of battle, swamps, and hospital—was more than replenished. The army that entered the contest in 1861, was, in 1864, divided into those who were yet treading the paths of death toward an eternal national unity and those who had become dust, to enrich the soil and consecrate the cause of freedom, and seed to produce an eternal harvest of patriots. Having sealed their love of country with their blood, these martyrs had, in the spirit, ascended on high, to watch how faithfully or faithlessly the spared veterans were continuing the contest for a consummation in victory and unity. Death never before, in the history of the world, held such high carnival as during the late four years of war. Our dead, who expired on the battle-fields of the contest inaugurated in 1861, would more than make up all the armies of the Revolution of 1776 on both sides. Better blood was never shed in a holy cause since that offered for the salvation of man on Calvary. When, in imagination, we attempt to summon the men who entered the strug-

gle in 1861, and those who joined us in 1862, we realize that half of the number sealed their love of country and of liberty by contending for these unto death. During the last year of strife, we who were spared could feel that the spirits of these heroes had ascended on high to watch the contest and cheer our final victory. At the close of the Rebellion, the nation was summoned to witness the mingling of the blood of our noblest patriot, Abraham Lincoln, with that of all the immortal victims who had preceded him through mortal struggles and agonies to an eternal oasis of glory. Over the grave of Slavery the world now consecrates the mingled sacrifice — a sacred ovation to Liberty.

> "How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
> By all their country's wishes blest!
> When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
> Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
> She there shall dress a sweeter sod
> Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
> By fairy hands their knell is rung;
> By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
> There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
> To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
> And Freedom shall awhile repair,
> To dwell, a weeping hermit, there."

As, in the time of our Saviour, women were the last at the cross and the first at the grave, so, in our day, they are the last and most faithful in the army hospital and the most watchful at the soldiers' cemetery. We now behold around us their labors of love and sisterly sympathy. In the recent war, men were not the only patriots, nor are they our only victors. The women, in their proper spheres, fought as valiantly and as triumphantly, and they were the ministering angels of our army, our navy, and our country. They organized our Union Aid Societies, and with self-sacrificing labors of love they perpetuated the supplies of our heaven-honored Sanitary Commissions. When, war-worn or wounded, the soldier retired a brief time from the contest, they welcomed him home with the sunshine of warm hearts, consoled him with patriotic words of cheer and comfort, and, when recuperated through their tender ministrations, even encouraged him to return to the field of duty and danger. They visited our hospitals, and remained, self-exiled, far from homes of love and comfort, to cheer the Union soldier when disabled, either in the hospitals, camps, or swamps of Dixie. We cannot realize all the women of the North endured during every day of four years of war. Their husbands, or fathers, or sons, or brothers— in some instances *all*—were in the field. We were not always

in danger. Even weeks passed, at times, during which we seemed safe; but our wives, our mothers, our sisters, and our daughters, feared the passing hour was that of danger—perhaps of death. We may study the lives of all the glorious women of ancient and modern times, of sacred and profane history—the heroines of religion or patriotism, who have triumphed over evil in any age, or been self-immolated for a great and God-engendered principle anywhere; but when we remember our mothers, our wives, our sisters, and our daughters, the Union-loving women of the war and of to-day, we find that the race of heroines endures in our country, and that nobler spirits never graced the earth, nor were redeemed in heaven, since the creation of woman, when "the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy!"

At the conclusion of Dr. Allen's remarks, General Tyndale, of Philadelphia, was called upon, and made some appropriate remarks, referring to the brave men who had died on the battle-fields of the South in defense of our homes, our fathers, mothers, wives, and daughters; to those who had suffered thirst and hunger, and endured long marches, that the cause of liberty and free government might triumph, as being entitled to all the honors which a free people could bestow. And all he could say in their praise was felt by every patriot in the land. At the conclusion of General Tyndale's remarks, the ladies and gentlemen proceeded to decorate the graves, placing upon each of the boards at the heads of the graves a bouquet or wreath of flowers, and, in some cases, strewing flowers upon the graves. Some of the most beautiful flowers and wreaths were placed upon the graves of the "unknown" dead—a touching testimonial, that, though their names were unknown, their patriotism was remembered by grateful hearts. The ceremony concluded, the people returned to the shade, when Col. George H. Harlow came forward and requested the assembly to raise their right hands; and as they did so, he read the following in a distinct and impressive manner:

"Before Almighty God, and within the precincts of the last resting-place of our heroic dead, we renew our devotion to the Union and the cause for which they gave their lives, and we here again renew our vows to defend and perpetuate Freedom and the Union; to all of which we pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor. So help us God."

The Long Metre Doxology was then sung, the benediction pronounced, and the large assembly retired from the cemetery and proceeded to the cars, arriving in the city at about half-past 5 o'clock, P. M.

In Carroll County, Ill.

"The hearts of our people will not consent that the graves of our soldiers should be unremembered," said the editors of the *Thomson Courier*. Our own county honored the memory of its loyal hearts. The only public ceremony was at Mt. Carroll. Although not present, we learn that the ceremonies were interesting and impressive. The old friends and neighbors of the gallant dead tenderly cherish their memories as they honor their deeds. No truer nor better men were found in the service than the sons of "Little Carroll." "When men have shown themselves brave by deeds, their honors also should be displayed by deeds." These our neighbors "were taken away from their glory rather than their fear." Their example, their patriotism, their principles, we commend, more forcibly than by words, by the honors paid to them, and the place given them in the love and esteem of all true Americans. It is the sentiment which Mr. Lincoln expressed so worthily on the battle-field of Gettysburg:

"In a larger sense we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we SAY here, but it can never forget what they DID here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain—that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

For the honorable deeds of the gallant dead, and for the glorious cause in which they met their fate, their graves were beautified on Saturday—less beautiful than the affection and esteem which paid the tribute. The hearts of the people were enlisted, and the service was one of mournful pleasure and of sincere devotion to the memory of our heroes. As long as this free Republic stands, let the graves of the conquerors of the great Rebellion be annually decorated with flowers; let us, in these solemn yet beautiful ceremonies, renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left as a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude—the soldiers' and sailors' widows and orphans.

"Give the dead soldier room,
But oh, seal not his tomb,
For he'll fall into rank if you utter his name.

Sleep on, boy in blue,
And dream the dream through;
Good night to thy form, but good morn to thy fame!"

At Decatur, Ill.

"The love that survives the tomb," says Irving, "is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle fear of recollection, then the sudden anguished and convulsed agony of the present, ruins of all that we most loved, are softened away into pensive meditation, and all that in the day of its loveliness. Who would root sorrow from the heart, though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it for even the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than songs; there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn from the charm of the living." This fact was strikingly exemplified last Sunday afternoon, in Greenwood Cemetery, at Decatur, where an immense crowd—we may say almost the entire adult population of the city, of both sexes—assembled to witness the deep, sad, and solemn scene of strewing the graves of departed heroes with flowers. The affecting ceremonies were opened by the Rev. S. D. Pulford, rector of the Episcopal church, offering up a fervent prayer. He was followed by Rev. A. L. Brooks, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, in an address marked with great earnestness, pathos, and power, which was listened to by the vast concourse with breathless silence. Next came the solemn yet beautiful and affecting scene of singing, and strewing the graves of the soldiers with flowers. The exercises were concluded by Rev. F. G. Thearle, pastor of the Baptist church, pronouncing the benediction, prefaced by a few appropriate remarks, after which the crowd commenced to slowly and solemnly wend their way from the city of the dead back to the city of the living. As we turned to leave the "sacred grounds," we could not help thinking of the many brave and gallant youths from this county, now sleeping their last sleep in the far sunny South, on the fields where they had fallen, far away from home and friends, whom to meet and see, and receive a welcome and a blessing at home, was the uppermost thought that animated their patriotic hearts. Who can forget their struggles, their privations, and their fidelity to principle? The men who went forth from Macon and fell martyrs to their principles, were among the worthiest of Illinois' sons; and could they have be-

held the large and sorrowing assembly at the cemetery last evening—could they have beheld those gray-haired old men bowed down with age and grief, and those of middle age, as well as many of their comrades, devoting one afternoon to their memory—and could they have beheld the many fair daughters of Decatur, beautiful as Beatrice Cenci, as modest as Ruth, and as pure as the blue ether of heaven, decorating the graves of those who fell for the same cause, they would have exclaimed, "How well they love us!—we are not forgotten."

At Aurora, Ill.

Long before the hour appointed for the procession to move into line and march to the different cemeteries, the people had begun to gather on Broadway, in front of the hall of the G. A. R., and by the time they were ready to move, the streets were densely packed. When the hour for marching arrived, the procession formed on Broadway, with Col. J. W. Parrington as Marshal, and moved into line. The Grand Army Band, playing a patriotic air, after the Marshal, then came a platoon of soldiers on foot, among their number many of our most respected citizens and business men. Next to the "platoon" came two beautiful black horses, arrayed in the war trappings of an officer. They were intended to represent the horses of Col. Silas Miller and Major Harkness. Next to the horses came a band—volunteered for the occasion—of Dr. Hamlin, the famous "Wizard Oil Man." Next to Dr. Hamlin came the soldiers on foot, and the old soldiers and officers who were not in the line, with a musket. Next came the German Band; and then the long string of carriages. After crossing the island and the bridges, and on arriving at River street, on the west side, the bands played the "Dead March," while the procession moved slowly up the street. Here the west side citizens had congregated, filling up River street, and all fell in and tramped slowly up to the cemeteries. Hundreds of little children, all bearing in their hands bouquets of flowers, gathered by their own little hands, followed along on the side of the procession. The boys and girls—even the colored children—had secured little flags, and carried them in their hands. The G. A. R. Band, when the procession reached the west side cemetery, played that soul-inspiring air, so much loved by the soldiers during the late war, "John Brown's Soul is Marching On." After passing the yard, Dr. Hamlin's Band played a Quickstep. While passing between the west side cemetery and the Catholic grounds, the citizens, many of them, sent out beautiful bouquets to the soldiers. On

approaching the Catholic cemetery, they played "The Cottage by the Sea." Arriving within the yard, the platoon and citizens formed a hollow square. The choir of Aurora chanted that beautiful piece, "What is Life?"

From the associations of this burial-place the Catholic priest had kindly been invited to make the address, or the prayer; but on his having magnanimously declined the honor, the Marshal, after a prayer by Rev. Charles Button, introduced Col. D. F. Carnahan, who spoke as follows:

Fellow-soldiers, ladies and gentlemen, and citizens—all who prize the memory of those who sleep so sweetly in these honored graves: We have assembled, for the first time in our history, to pay a floral tribute to the departed heroes—our comrades and friends. We are gathered where our thoughts should be many, but our words few. We have come with memorous offerings to departed comrades, and we lay them above their sleeping dust silently, reverently. We stand in thought, as it were, by the very altar where our brave soldiers laid down their lives in sacrifice for their country. It is a place where thoughts should be very busy in summoning up the memories of the departed. The garlands which we weave, the flowers which we bring, the words which we utter, are in memory and honor of the fallen soldiers who sleep beneath the turf which we to-day visit, and as well also in honor and memory of all who everywhere fill graves in the cause of the Union. Our acts to-day are representative. In garlanding these graves, we would garland all similar graves; in remembering the soldiers, we would remember all the soldier-dead. We need, therefore, to send our thoughts forth, far and swift, to every great camp, along every line of march, into every unpretentious spot where a soldier unstrapped his knapsack, wrapped him in his blanket, and laid him down to die. We should recall every prized one, as well as the many whom in camp and hospital we have seen wither like autumnal leaves, or, like winter leaves, fall in the stormy blast of battle. We should recall the many hasty burials and the lonely graves which we have seen. Ah! fellow-soldiers, you remember what lonely spots we used to bury the brave boys in! You remember how lonely your comrade died that dark night—how lonely he laid through that day, until the little squad laid him slowly and sadly down in that lonely grave, and left him—left him, to march on, and on, and on; and there, far from your home, he sleeps to-day. But is he forgotten? Your swelling heart answers, No. Some, indeed, were buried by those who did not know their names, and could only label the little head-board with the sad word, "Unknown." And have

you not feared that many of those little head-boards on which you marked so carefully, with tear-dimmed eye, the name of your comrade, and your company, and your regiment—that even those little marks and monuments are gone—the soldier actually sleeps in an "unknown grave," with only now and then a stranger to pass by and say, "This is the grave of a Union soldier." Compared with this, the money spent is nothing, the debt incurred is nothing. We can lose the money, and can pay the debt, and live in comfort all the while, and be rich after, our country restored to greater prosperity than ever, but our three hundred thousand dead are gone forever. But who can say that the price paid is too great for the boon bought with their blood? They have given us this magnificent Republic, for the first time free indeed, and one forever free beyond a peradventure. Their blood has melted away four million fetters, lifted four million free hands gratefully to heaven, invested four million of our people with civil rights, and washed away the foul stain of shame from Freedom's escutcheon. That blood has settled forever every question as to the perpetuity of this Union, and sealed the settlement with its crimson stamp. All honor, then, to the brave soldiers whose bodies moulder, because their blood saved our nation's life, and sealed the immortality of our free Government. Then

> "Bring flowers—bring flowers o'er their graves to shed,
> As a crown for the brow of the loyal dead."

And thus be it ever; yea, while flowers bloom, grass springs, or water runs. As long as these waters flow southward free to the ocean, may we remember how our brave ones poured South at their country's call. As long as grass grows green on these prairies, may their memories flourish in our hearts as the green bay tree. As long as flowers deck our earth, may we have hearts and hands to deck the soldier's grave. They do deserve it.

> "For our boys in blue were brave and true,
> For God and their country dying;
> With a watchful pride that is ever new,
> We'll garland the graves where they're lying.
> And well we may; where our heroes lie
> The very ground is holy;
> His name who dared for his country to die,
> Is sacred, though ever so lowly."

But not alone with pleasure should we remember the fallen. It is well to remember them thus, and it is a pleasant thought that, as balmy Spring travels northward, and flowers spring in its pathway, true hearts and hands have gathered flowers and show-

ered them ceaselessly on these heroes' graves. But I have imagined that, if the fall of these flowers should awake these dead for a moment, many such an utterance as this would be heard: "Thanks for these tokens, but bring no more such vain oblations; bring no more fading flowers to my grave, until you have borne substantial fruits to my toiling wife, my uneducated child, my crippled comrade." I was glad when the Grand Commander of the G. A. R. issued his command: When flowers come, and your land blooms in beauty, bear flowers to soldiers' graves; and I should be better pleased if, in autumn, another command should come: When fruits are ripe, when your houses teem with plenty, bear a portion to the needy bereaved. And God grant that this may be ever, while a soldier or a soldier's friend remains to remember what the soldiers of the Union did for us. Flowers must be borne to their graves in Spring, and, in Fall, fruits to those made needy by the war.

After this short speech, the platoon of soldiers filed past each grave, part on each side, each soldier scattering the flowers upon the graves of the different soldiers buried. After the soldiers came the citizens, each casting their tribute of evergreens and flowers upon the green sod, the German band playing a dirge while this was in process. The soldiers then fired three rounds as a funeral salute over the graves, and the Catholic who had "nailed the flag beneath his cross," and died true to his faith in each, was left to the silence of his last camping-ground. The procession then marched to the West Side Cemetery, the band playing, "Rally Round the Flag." As they came up to the cemetery, only martial music was played. On entering the grounds, the soldiers formed a hollow square as before, and the choir sang "Oh, Wrap the Flag around me, Boys." Then the Rev. Mr. Clark made a prayer, and the Marshal introduced Sergt. John C. Sherwin, who said:

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen: Three years have now fully passed since mild-eyed Peace first smiled upon us, after the decision of the bloody issues of the time, and smoothed with her benignant glance the iron frowns of war. We are assembled now in quiet and security, instead of clamor and tumult. There are no more exhausting marches over mountains and through valleys; no more long nights of watching; no long lines of imperial blue, with their "Liberty or Death." We come here to-day with flowers, and with our words, to honor our comrades who are gone. And yet, what are words, especially here in the presence of these graves of men who passed through the hell of battle, who have been where muskets vollied, where artillery thundered, where shell crashed and shot

plunged—men who, in "war's red touchstone, rang the true metal." What are our weak, futile, senseless words over the graves of men whose deeds are immortal? One of the greatest nations of antiquity had the custom of crowning the brows of her living victors—those who had conquered in battle—with wreaths of oaken leaves. The soldiers who have conquered in this war expect no crown and ask no chaplet of flowers; but they have instituted among themselves the custom of decorating the graves of those who have fallen, with flowers. Tranquil, and humble, and subdued, O fallen comrades, we come this day to lay our sweet tribute of flowers upon thy graves. The offering is not much, but it is all we have. Their perfume will soon escape—their very substance, under the not midsummer sun, will soon wither and fade entirely away; but were we to pile up the columns of moulded bronze or chiselled marble upon thy graves, they would soon crumble and fall to the ground—in a few years they would be useless to thy name. Thy deeds are thy monument—valorous, heroic, constant, brave, and true—thy deeds are thy monument. Its base is down deep in the hearts of thy countrymen, its apex is among the stars. God's own glories play about its summit, and bathe it in His supernal light. It stands eternal, immutable, enduring, and lasting as thy own courage and truth. Oh, comrades! we, your survivors, standing by your graves, and in the shadow of that monument which you have thus built for yourselves in the hearts of your countrymen—with the remembrance of your toils and your devotion fresh in our hearts, remembering what you did that your country might live, and that liberty might exist—bring these our only gifts, as the fittest offerings for the tombs of conquerors. We lay these flowers upon thy graves, and for the rest we are silent.—The band of Dr. Hamlin then played a beautiful and touching dirge, while the solemn procession filed past each grave marked with the starry flag—the sign of each hero's resting-place. Then forming again into line, the procession moved toward the city, the bands playing all the way. They passed up to Oak, then down to Galena, over to Downer Place down to the river. As they came back to River street, a large concourse of people met them, and fell into line for the East side. The minute guns were firing all the while. When they arrived at Broadway, the street was completely blocked up, with only room for the procession to pass. As they passed up Broadway, many were seen weeping at the doors and windows. At Clark Seminary the only demonstration was a large flag displayed from one of the upper windows. When the head of the procession arrived at North Avenue, near the Seminary, the last

carriages were just entering the bridge. At Spring Lake Cemetery, they formed around the monument of Col. Silas Miller, on which was displayed a large wreath of evergreens and flowers. After grounding arms, the choir sang, "Send them home tenderly." A prayer was then offered by the Rev. Mr. Willing, after which the Marshal introduced Surgeon D. W. Young, who said:

COMRADES AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: To me the ceremonies of the day have been peculiarly interesting. They have brought back to my mind vividly many of the trying scenes and events of the late terrible war. As we have marched from cemetery to cemetery, my thoughts have been carried back to our lonely, dusty, and fatiguing marches through Missouri, Arkansas, Mississippi, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, and the Carolinas. As we passed from grave to grave and deposited the flowers from our bouquets, now almost exhausted, it has reminded me of the many hard-fought battles through which most of you have passed—has taken me back to the terrible struggle and slaughter of Pea Ridge, Corinth, Perryville, and the many battle-fields where we left so many of our noble comrades, that our regiment had soon dwindled down, until, like the remnant of our bouquets, it became small in size and few in number. With these come recollections of the hardships endured, and the mighty achievements of the noble men prominently before me. I say, well may we turn out with music to strew flowers on the graves and erect monuments to their memories. We should indeed consider it a rare privilege, and should practice it annually, faithful to the end of time. Yes, fellow-citizens, well may the places where the ashes of such men repose be marked with costly monuments and beautified with flowers. The saddest thought is, that so many sleep in "unknown" graves, where they fell upon the field, with their faces toward the enemy—by the wayside, in the swamps, and upon the Southern hills—where their graves are recorded among that mighty host with the simple inscription, "Unknown." There they lie—noble boys!—where we buried them, in trenches and ditches, simply wrapped in their soldier-blankets—no monuments, no, not even a common board or simple stake to mark their lonely graves.

Comrades, while your duties and positions called you to the immediate front, where the fierce battle raged and the destruction was done, my duties and position called me farther to the rear. I was less exposed; still it was my painful duty to nurse and comfort the dying, and mend and remodel the torn and lacerated fragments of human forms as they came from the

trench and field. I desire now and here to say, and to bear testimony to their noble patriotism and sacred memories, that, among the many thousands who passed through my hands, and whom I saw upon the field and in the hospitals, mangled, torn, lacerated, and dying, not one ever in my hearing said he regretted that he had enlisted, or complained of his fate. No; the noble fellows gave their limbs and their lives freely and uncomplainingly that the nation might be saved, and this freed Republic, with its sacred institutions, preserved and perpetuated. I ask, then, is it not eminently proper that we should decorate the graves of those who have accomplished and endured so much, and perpetuate their names to the end of time? When I compare these men, their deeds and their sufferings, with the able-bodied peace-sneaks who loitered in the rear and at home, speculating upon the Government and upon soldiers' rations, meeting in conventions and resolving the four years of terrible and destructive war, that saved the nation and crushed the Rebellion, and sundered the shackles of the slave, a failure! I claim great odds in favor of the soldier. In my opinion, the stay-at-homes should crave such opportunities as this to-day—yes, pray for their coming—in order that they might turn out in force to decorate the fallen heroes' graves. It should be a pleasure to them; they should be willing to go on foot into the various swamps and wildernesses of the South, to hunt the unmarked and unmonumented graves of those noble "Boys in Blue," to secure the opportunity to decorate them.

Comrades and Fellow-citizens, while I wish to encourage and urge such demonstrations as this to-day—while I desire very much to see every Union soldier's grave marked by a monument and decorated with the sweetest and brightest flowers, I desire equally to urge upon you the fact that we as soldiers, and you as citizens, have other and even more sacred duties to perform. The noble cripple is in our midst, and their families, the widows, wives, and children of the sacred dead, demand and deserve our kindest attention. They have, morally, the first claim upon the property of this nation—yes, yours and mine. Their husbands, fathers, and protectors laid down their lives that the nation might live, and we enjoy it. I say, feed and clothe the living maimed and crippled heroes; care for the widows; feed and clothe and educate the orphans of the deceased soldier, so that they may become honored and useful members of society. This will produce loftier monuments and more fragrant flowers than art or cultivation can produce. I, as an American citizen, a taxpayer of the Republic, and a soldier of the Grand Army of the United States, demand and urge

that a more liberal allowance and provision shall be made for the families of the fallen soldiers. I claim they should at least be placed upon a par with those greedy, fat, and lazy "bondholders." I say, pay them their poor pittance—their bounties and pensions—in as good money as you pay the "bondholder" his interest and his bonds. If the one, a rich and idle consumer of poor men's earnings, rolling in wealth and easy comfort—if, I say, they can draw from the public treasury their dollar in gold for the greenbacks they paid—let the poor wounded, maimed, and crippled soldier, or his lonely, starving widow and orphan children draw their dollar in gold for the life or the limb they paid.

In conclusion, I say, a nation, a State, a county, a town, a city, a people, that will allow their maimed and crippled soldiers to be sent to a poor-house, or compel them to beg from house to house about the streets for the necessaries of life, are not fit to enjoy the blessings of a free and enlightened government.

After this speech, the G. A. Band played that beautiful piece, "Lincoln's Funeral March," while the decorations were in process. Then firing the three rounds, they marched on down Lincoln Avenue to the old cemetery. At the residence of Mr. Terry, the observatory was handsomely decorated with flags, and on the front of his residence was displayed in full view a large and magnificent portrait of the late President Lincoln, surrounded with a beautiful wreath of flowers and flags. While the procession passed down Lincoln Avenue, the bell of the M. E. church was tolled. At Fox the procession turned and went to Root, thence down to the old cemetery, where the hollow square was again formed, the platoon "grounded arms," and assumed the "place rest." The choir sang, "We shall Sleep, but not Forever," when, after a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Ebbs, the Marshal introduced Capt. A. C. Little, who said:

Ladies and Gentlemen, and Comrades, victors and survivors of many a sanguinary field: Standing here to-day, amid these marble monuments, lifted up with pious and reverential care, to perpetuate the memory of the departed dead, and amid these grass-covered and soon to be flower-strewn graves, the blue and lofty dome of the eternal heavens above my head, the green and flower-begemmed earth beneath my feet, and in the presence of this audience, it is with extreme reluctance that I lift up my feeble voice amid such surroundings, to break this solemn and impressive silence. But the hour, the day, the circumstances of our meeting here, the memory of the heroic deeds and the heroic names we have gathered together to honor, these must be

at once my apology and defense. We have met to do honor to the memory and the dust of men better than their time—men who stood out before their age, and in sublime self-abnegation gave their lives that liberty might be perpetuated among the American people, and freedom made possible for the race. Standing here among these monuments of the fragility of all things human, we are impressively reminded of the brevity of human life, and how "we light mortals sport our brief life minuet above bottomless abysses, separated from us only by a film," and how all "life, like a spent steed, is panting toward its goal." * * * In all the worlds of God there is no effect without a cause, and in the boundless universe every particle of matter, and every attribute of mind, from the dust we tread beneath our feet up to systems of worlds careering through the realms of space—from the first feeble evidence of reason in the infant mind, up through endless gradations to the all-comprehensive mind of Him who dwelleth in the circle of the heavens —all, all is governed by law, fixed and inexorable, and which eternally goes crashing around in iron grooves. It follows that, in the economy of the universe there are no accidents; calamities do not spring up spontaneously, but are the legitimate offspring of violated law. All the varied forms of sin—"that blood-thirsty wolf prowling around the human fold"—are but the sequences of crime and violated law. War—ofttimes God's "Damascus blade" of retributive justice, cleaving down the colossal forms of tyranny and wrong—is but the logical ultimate of our godless systems of ethics and economics—our practical atheism, professing Christianity, and our abnegation of that law, the crowning attribute of God—inexorable justice. In this perhaps too material age, busied with the vast moneyed interests of commerce and trade, cotton and corn, we are prone to forget or swift to ignore this great underlying principle of God's moral government. Still, as in Spring-time buds and blades are silent but sure prophecies of coming harvests of fruit and golden maize, so the love of truth and justice cropping scantily out here and there from the inner depths of the soul of the grim trenchant man of the world, are certain harbingers, foretelling the ultimate triumph of the just thing and the true, and induce the belief that in some age, be it never so remote, humanity will rise to an altitude sufficiently commanding to see and to acknowledge that the immutable laws of justice have their source and seat in the bosom of Divinity; that they alone can give permanence and security to the present, and guard against the vicissitudes and changes incident to the future. It is familiar knowledge, that for more than three quarters of a

century we had violated and spurned these immutable laws; in a more than figurative sense, "Justice had fled to brutish beasts." In the meridian splendor of the grandest of the ages, the most enlightened people on the face of the earth, professed believers in the common brotherhood of man and universal fatherhood of God, enunciated a doctrine new and strange in these centuries of ours, that there is no law higher than the statutes of men. Democratic demagogues assembled in National Conventions, and elsewhere, were not the only men who sent up an atheistical howl against the Higher Law. While Justice, weeping, stood afar off, the "keel of our Christian civilization" surged over the prostrated forms of one seventh part of our entire population, and men there were of every party, and priests of every creed, who dared, with stony heart and impious tongue, to ask God's blessing on the cruelty.

From the banks of the Tiber, Rome, which had "rocked the cradle of two civilizations," ruled the world and gone down to ruin, conjured us by the mangled remains of her murdered Tully; and Greece, through the eloquent lips of her dying Demosthenes, plead with us to lay the foundations of our governmental fabric upon the immutable principles of justice. But the ceaseless activity and intense individuality of the American mind, regardless of consequences, and impatient of restraint, either human or Divine, drove its ploughshare of utilitarianism through creeds and formulas of the past, hoary with age, and stamped with venerable authority, and from amid their ruins evoked a new genius, with golden front and sinews of iron, which pointed to its railroads and telegraphs, its mines of iron and of gold, its fields of coal and its granite warehouses, its dextrous agents dancing upon fragile ropes above the thunders of Niagara, riding upon the wings of the wind, linking together continents by sub-marine cables, uniting oceans by isthmus canals, and said, lo! this is my age, the age of material power and material inspiration; and maddened with ambition, lusting for gain, insatiate of power, unmindful or regardless of the warning lessons of the past, with more than oriental devotion we knelt and worshipped at its shrine. In vain did the voice of history on the one hand, thundering along the course of ruined and desolated empires, pealing out from the buried grandeur and magnificence of the past, portray to us the inexorable sequence of national injustice and crime; and equally in vain on the other did the genius of our republican institutions, standing at the golden gates of the future, and holding in her hands the bloody cerements of the past, warn us by the disastrous fall of other nations, great and powerful as ours, to be-

ware of the whirlpools and maelstroms of wrong and error into which they had fallen, and had sunk to rise no more. But admonitions, warnings and consequences were alike unheeded; forgotten or ignored was the great law of retributive justice, firm in the economy of God as the pillars of the universe, sure as the march of the planets or the heave of the sea—and our grand old ship of state, cut loose from her ancient moorings, with traitor captain and traitor crew, drifted amid waters strange and unknown to the patriot masters who "wrought her ribs of steel." But the mailed hand of retributive justice was at length laid upon us; like a "thunderbolt from a cloudless sky," like the sudden "bursting forth of volcanic fires," internecine and civil war burst upon us. There was a change of programme; there was a sudden shifting of the scenery in the solemn drama of our national affairs, when God reached forth his hand and tore aside the curtain, and discovered us to ourselves and to the world, on the brink of disunion and fratricidal strife. At such a sight good men and angels might weep; we might fancy a "snickering laugh ran thro' the world below," and Death grinned horribly a ghastly smile. But if the shock was great, the recoil was greater; "as lightning, like a bright wild beast leaps from its thunder lair," the loyalty of the nation wakened from its torpid dream of fancied security, instinctively rushed to arms. Then over all our broad domain rolled the wild, desolating sea of civil war. It dashed in spray and foam along the rock-bound shores of New England; on black, treacherous wave broke in upon the heart of the empire city; westward in its all-embracing arms it crushed Missouri; it crested the eternal snows of the Rocky Mountains with a crimson spray; it burst in frenzied fury over Texas; while in Pennsylvania, over Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Mississippi, and Tennessee, it surged a vast red sullen tide. The ground swell reached the continent of Europe, and the startled nations in wonder, not unmingled with awe, shuddered and turned pale. For four agonizing years we sweltered on in a sea of fraternal blood; for four years retribution gleamed from the polished shafts of a million bayonets, and thundered from the sullen mouths of ten thousand cannon. Not until the demands of justice had been satisfied; not until we had offered up a bloody holocaust of half a million slain, did God roll back the over-arching cloud of lowering gloom. Not until, as has been well said, "What we refuse to see He had set in a light so ghastly bright that it almost dazzled us blind; not until what we refused to believe He had written all over the continent, with the sword's point dipped in the blood of our best and most beloved."

But the great rebellion is ended. Its sun went down in a sea of blood; God grant it may rise no more. The continent no longer trembles as though an earthquake rent it, beneath the tramp of the marshalled hosts of war.

> "The drums are all silent, the bugles are still—
> There's a pause in the valley, there's a halt on the hill."

God has crowned our efforts in the cause of humanity with marvellous success. Our song of triumph, with increasing strength and volume, echoes and re-echoes from an ocean on either hand, the lakes behind, and the Mexique Gulf before; even our former enemies—mayhap it be in a subdued strain—join with us. The poor and the oppressed of all lands catch up and give to immortality the undying pæan. Already the horizon brightens—years of resplendent glory, peace, and prosperity, chanting the choral hymn of the ages, advance to meet us. Joyfully we welcome thee. All hail! hereafter, future! so auspiciously dawning upon us. But these inestimable blessings, and the prospect of a bright and happy future, were secured to us by a terrible sacrifice. That the blessings of free government might be preserved to us and to our children, and freedom be no longer a mere possibility, or experiment, but an adamantine actuality among men, three hundred thousand of our fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons—nobler, better, sublimer far than we—offered themselves a sacrifice for the sins of the nation. And to-day, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, from the everglades of Florida to the Ohio, their bones lie bleaching and mouldering amid the ruins of an hundred battle-fields—where the grass grows greener and the flower blooms fairer because of their blood. In those grand and harmonious ages which we hope are yet to come, when oppression and wrong shall all have passed away, the sublime sacrifice and the heroic death of these men shall challenge the profoundest reverence and the highest admiration of the philosopher, the historian and the statesman. The poet, inspired by the lofty theme, shall fling to the world songs of "lovelier beauty and harmony, of yet sweeter accord;" and before the painter and sculptor, inspired by their lofty deeds and heroic daring, the star of Parrhasius and Praxiteles shall grow dim. When the scattered ashes of this grand period in our history shall be gathered up and treasured in "history's golden urn," generations yet unborn, deep within the bosom of the future, struggling with new and stranger forms of despotism, shall instinctively turn to that—the grandest era in human history—for light and guidance, for lofty examples of heroism and patriotism; and there rekindle the fires of liberty, the love of

justice and constitutional equality, and from thence shall gather into their souls such grand inspirations, such hatred of oppression and wrong, as shall ultimately break every yoke, and make men everywhere, and for all succeeding time, what God designed they should be, equal in franchises, equal in immunities, equal before the laws of men, as they are equal in the Courts of Heaven.

I have said that three hundred thousand gave their lives that the nation might be free, and the estimate is not too great. They were swept from the land of living things by hunger and thirst, by pestilence, and every conceivable form of disease; from the dungeon and the "dead line," by the deadly knife of the assassin, and the sharp rifle of the ruffian, and in the white heat of battle, as leaves are shaken down by autumnal storms, and thrust foully into the earth—I had almost said to be forgot—for to-day a vast majority of them sleep in "unmarked graves." No monumental shaft in solemn grandeur lifts its stately head proclaiming to the world, here lie the fallen heroes who gave their lives that the nation might be free. Forgotten, did I say? No; by all the generous blood shed on a thousand battle-fields in defence of human rights, no; by the sacred memories which cluster around the names in that long line of martyrs to the cause of liberty, reaching down through all the ages, no; by the sacred shrines of human freedom, they are not forgotten. We may forget them—the nation which they died to save, may forget them—but God never forgets. Where the Mississippi chants their eternal requiem—where the Potomac rolls down to the sea—God's angels are keeping watch and ward above their graves. No, my dead comrades, you are not forgotten. Sleep in peace. Hands seen and unseen are this day strewing flowers above your heads, and presently the world's benediction shall fall upon your sacred graves. This generation may not be worthy to lift the monuments which shall perpetuate to the latest time the memory of your heroic deeds, your toil, your suffering, and your martyrdom, but a generation, yet to be, of loftier soul and nobler thought, shall

"Glean up your scattered ashes into history's golden urn."

To the dead and the living who joined that glorious army of freedom, and fought for the liberties of the race, not this nation only, but the world owes a debt of gratitude which it can never pay. In concluding, let me say, a just regard for the inestimable services they have done the cause of human freedom, and especially the cause of freedom in America, demands that their memories be kept ever sacred, and in our consciousness, ever

fresh and dewy as the breath of God. Build them monuments in every part of our broad domain; make them of the purest Parian marble; you cannot make them purer than their heroic and disinterested deeds. Build them to the sky; you cannot lift them to the heights of their lofty fame. To my dead comrades sleeping here, and everywhere in this land, redeemed and regenerated by their generous blood—in the name of every man and woman in America—in the name of the down-trodden and oppressed of every land and clime, I say, sleep in peace. Coming generations shall hold sacred your graves. History shall do you justice. Peace to your sacred ashes. Hail! and farewell.

The graves were then decorated here as at the other cemetery, the last round was fired, and the procession marched to the Park, where the choir sung "Our Country," when the Marshal introduced the Rev. Chas. Button, who addressed the audience in a touching and eloquent speech, as follows:

Ladies, Gentlemen, Comrades of the Conquering Army of the Republic: It is well that we are met to-day to garland the graves of our fallen heroes. It is in accordance with the throbbings of every loyal heart, and in a line of the patriotism of the ages. Ancient Greece paid especial respect to the memories of her sons fallen in battle in defence of the Republic. At the funeral ceremonies, and on the return of each anniversary occasion, the magistrates appointed the most distinguished orators to address the people upon the virtues of the dead, the cause in which they fell, and to impress upon the living the duty of imitating their gallant defenders. Thus Pericles, among the Athenians, pronounced the eulogy over those who were first slain in the Peloponesian war; and Demosthenes, the silver-tongued orator, performed the same service for those who fell in the ill-fated battle of Chaeronea; and among the Romans, those who were distinguished in battle, or had gained a victory, were crowned with palm leaves; a branch of cypress or pine was fixed upon the doors of their houses, while they were borne tenderly to their graves upon their shields, and the gratitude of the nation was spoken out over them, and a monument, suitably inscribed, was set up where they were lain.

Ptolemy took up the body of Alexander the Great, and in a golden coffin bore it from Babylon to Alexandria, with great pomp and ceremony. And the early Christians pronounced eulogies, and partook of the sacrament of the supper over the graves of the martyrs of the faith. And we come to-day to pay our tribute of respect to the martyrs of liberty, to those who died that the nation might live; and as Cranton sung, so we say:

"It is a happy fate to lie entombed,
In the deep recesses of a well-loved land."

And as we bow at each soldier's grave, we can exultingly say:

"Beneath this stone lies Bias, who was born in the illustrious Prienean land, the glory of the whole Ionian race."

Fellow-citizens and Comrades, it is no ordinary service we perform to-day! We come to call up the mighty deeds of valor in the past, to kindle anew the sacred fires of Patriotism on the altar of liberty, and to bind a chaplet of flowers on the brows of the heroic dead, emblem of a nation's gratitude, and pledge of enduring memory. In a national sense, the ground where they now lie is holy, and every witnessing bush a sentinel of liberty. "A-fire with God, and let him who sees take off his shoes." On the high funeral pile of the honored dead, among the ancient pagans, a living eagle was bound, which, as the flames consumed the body of the dead, liberated, flew heavenward, and thus was fabled to bear away the soul of him they would deify, and fix it among the stars of light. In another sense our eagle, the genius of liberty, shall mount higher and higher, and fly in broader circling flights, as he rises from the sepulchres of our slain heroes, and will build his nest fast by the altar of God, in the grand temple their hands have made for him. But why do we bring our flowers and lay our tributes to-day on these graves? All history attests that mere brute courage and power can have no abiding place in her annals. It was, then, the spirit, the moral quality of our late contest, which points the victories they gained, with the golden tips of national blessing, as truly as the steel pointed the weapons with which they fought. It was a war of principles, of mighty ideas, brought along from the past. And our victories have projected themselves into the pregnant future, and on the four sides of the grand national shaft which shall yet be raised up in sight of the whole world, we will inscribe *Religion*, *Liberty*, *Equality*, *Fraternity*. The angel of mercy brought the cup of republican liberty down from heaven. He lingered awhile in the States of Greece and Rome, and offered it to the Swiss Cantons, and States-general of Holland, and for a day held it up to the view of the French. And then he brought it across the ocean, and pressed it to the lips of the Pilgrim fathers, and they passed it on to the statesmen of their times. And the glowing utterances of Adams, Hancock, Otis, Ames, Henry, and others, were taken up, and by the pen of Jefferson were embodied in our immortal declaration of right, and with the point of the sword our great Washington engraved this declaration upon the national entab-

lature. Such was the origin and such the baptism of our liberty, and such were the witnesses attending it. The thunder-storm and the tornado are made the ministers of God, yoked to the car of His purposes. And so is war. A soldier's bayonet drove back the spring which revealed the horrors of the Inquisition. The battle-axe of the hastily gathered legionaries struck away the foundations of the old Bastile, though opposed by the royal troops, and the prediction of Louis XVI., who lazily turned upon his bed at midnight, and said, It is only an insurrection.

The tide of popular liberty, from the scaffold of Hampden, rolled the rough edge of war around the throne of Charles I., and from which he first went into exile, and then to execution. Charles Martel met the "shadow of the sun," on the plains of Tours, in a seven days' battle of unexampled slaughter, but the issue gave us the best living type of civilization, and the Bible instead of the Koran. And often has the halberd of the soldier cut away the coils of ignorance and superstition, from which priests and statesmen could no more extricate themselves, than could Laocoon from the coils of the sea serpent. And it was only "a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel," which could possibly carry conviction to the hearts of our people, on the subject of a gigantic wrong among us. And this it was that gave freedom to 4,000,000 of men, and placed in their hands the ballot—the defensive weapon of freemen.

But our brothers went forth to the high places of the field; a million of men sprang to arms, and swore by Him who liveth forever that the "jewel of Liberty shall remain forever in the family of Freedom." Our mothers, like the Spartan matrons, said, "Go, my son, and may God protect you in duty and the right." And each noble boy replied:

> "Who would be a traitor knave,
> Who would fill a coward's grave,
> Who so base as be a slave,
> Let him turn and flee."

It was for country, with its glorious historical and traditional past, for which they endured hardships in the bivouac, the march, and in the red strife. It was a glorious day for the American name when, in the distant port of Smyrna, a captain of a man-of-war looked down upon an adopted citizen in chains and said, "Do you wish the protection of my government?" Martin Kosta answered, "I do." "Then you shall have it," said Ingraham, and the man was set free. And it was for this proud eminence that our boys took the starry banner and bore it in triumph across the burning sands of Carolina, the swamps

of Georgia, and from the banks of the Cumberland, the Mississippi, the Ogeechee, and up Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, and planted it on its rocky heights.

Leonidas brandished his sword flashing in the sunlight at Thermopylæ, and said, "Witness, ye rocks and hills, I swear Greece shall be free." So our Sherman rose up in his saddle and pointed his sword to the sea, and the veterans hewed a passage to Savannah. * * * * * * *

And the Cumberland went down with our flag flying, and fighting with her guns to the last. And let us not forget our Kearsarge and our brave Farragut. But at what a cost was this! Three hundred thousand of our men have died as the result of this war! And what a debt we owe the survivors, and to the families of the slain, and to the country! Let it never be said that the Republic is ungrateful to its defenders and their families. And let us year by year perpetuate the memory of our fallen comrades by a service like the present; and as we bow at their graves, with God we will leave them.

"Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the grave to shed,
A crown for the brows of the soldier dead;
For this thro' the leaves hath the white rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nursed,
Though they sigh in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift,—bring flowers, bright flowers."

Thus ended the first decoration ever held in Aurora.

At Bunker Hill, Ill.

The comrades of the Post at Bunker Hill set at work earnestly, and it was publicly announced that on the day specified the graves of the soldiers sleeping in the cemetery at that place would be decorated.

Long before the hour arrived, the people of the surrounding country and neighboring towns commenced making their appearance laden with flowers. Business was entirely suspended, and at half-past two o'clock a procession was formed, headed by the Bunker Hill brass band, next the members of the Post, then citizens and strangers generally, and proceeded to the beautiful cemetery.

Before this the soldiers' monument was finely decorated—a wreath of evergreen winding from the base to the top, from which floated the flag for which so many now sleeping here had bravely fought. The tolling of bells, and the faint strains of music gently reaching the ear, indicated that the procession had commenced its march. Soon it arrived on the ground, and forming a circle the exercises commenced:—

1. Music by the Band; 2. Reading of Order No. 11; 3. Vocal Music—"Toll the bell, the braves are sleeping;" 4. Prayer, by Rev. J. W. Lane; 5. Vocal Music—"Lay him low;" 6. THE ORATION—by Mr. E. W. Hayes:

ORATION.

Standing beneath this serene sky, overlooking these broad fields now teeming with wealth and beauty, making glad and ravishing the heart of every beholder, with the almost limitless prairie spread out before us, and the graves of our brethren beneath our feet—it is with hesitation, with reverential awe, with an almost overpowering sense of weakness, that I lift my poor voice to break the silence of God and Nature; but the duty to which you have called me must be performed. Grant me, I beg you, your indulgence, your sympathy.

It was appointed by the laws of Athens, that the obsequies of the citizens who fell in battle should be performed at the public expense, and in the most honorable manner. Their bones were carefully gathered from the funeral pyre on which their bodies had been burned, and brought home to the city. There they lay in state for three days before the interment, under tents of honor, to receive the votive offerings of relatives and friends—flowers, weapons, precious ornaments, painted vases—the last tributes of surviving affection. Ten coffins of funeral cypress received the honorable deposits—one for each of the tribes of the city—and an eleventh to the memory of the unrecognized but not unhonored dead, together with those whose remains could not be recovered. On the fourth day the mournful procession was formed. Mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters led the way, and to them it was permitted, by the simplicity of ancient customs, to utter aloud their lamentations for the beloved and lost; male relatives and friends of the deceased followed; citizens and strangers closed the train. Thus marshaled, they moved to the place of interment in that famous ceramicus, the most beautiful suburb of Athens, which had been adorned by Cimon, the son of Miltiades, with walks, fountains, and columns; whose groves were filled with altars, shrines and temples, and whose gardens were kept forever green by streams from the neighboring hills, and shaded by trees sacred to Minerva; whose circuit enclosed

* * * "the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trilled his thick-warbled note the summer long;"

whose pathways gleamed with the monuments of the illustrious dead, the work of the most consummate masters that ever gave

life to marble. There beneath the over-arching plane-trees, on a stage erected for the purpose, it was ordained that a funeral oration should be pronounced by some citizen of the republic in the presence of the assembled multitude.

Such were the honors required to be paid at Athens to the memory of those who fell for their country's cause. We, friends and comrades in arms, have met this day in pursuance of an order from the Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, which has been read in your hearing. The object of our coming together, as you have just heard, is to give some token of remembrance to our dead comrades; to show to all mankind that we have not forgotten their noble lives, their glorious death. On this beautiful day we, the soldiers of the Republic, have gathered in little groups all over our beloved country to pay an humble tribute to the noble sacrifice they made for the salvation of liberty, of human right; and this day shall the same grand anthem be echoed by the old hills of the frozen North, and re-echoed over the broad savannas of the sunny South. This day shall the willow and cypress be twined to their memory from the mountains to either sea—from where the sun bids our land a bright "Good Morning," to where his last ray kisses her a fond "Good Night"—from vespers even to the curfew's toll, shall this day speak their praises and their worthy deeds.

When first foul treason reared her hideous head within our borders, and the deep-toned war-dogs bayed death from their black and horrid throats, and the tocsin sounded the call to arms, then from valley, plain and hillside went up one shout of patriotic fervor that made the welkin ring. Then were seen our youth—our noble youth—hastening to obey their country's call—

* * * * * *

"From North, and East, and West they came,
They left their plowshares in the mould,
Their flocks and herds without the fold,
Their sickles in the unmown grain,
Their corn half garner'd on the plain,
To right their wrongs, come weal, come woe,
To perish or o'ercome the foe."

Then he who but yesterday was a beardless boy tending his father's flocks or learning some useful calling, to-day stood forth a man, proud of his country, of his birth-right of freedom, a patriotic fire kindling his eye and bracing his sinews. They came—not as serfs or slaves come, with fear and trembling, to obey the behest of their tyrant master; but with joyful alacrity they came to offer their services—if need be, their lives—in freedom's, law's and their country's cause. Then did we see

men, strong men, shed tears, great crystal tears, and pure as the dewdrop—not because they were called upon to leave home, friends, and calling, for the hard services of the tented field, but—because the ranks were full and they had been left out.

Soon came the shock of arms, the horrid din of battle; but to you, my comrades, who have stood in the awful breach where Death and Hell held revel, it is not necessary for me to describe the scene. Each one of you can call to mind, aye, could not drive them from memory if you would, the stern array of battle when each moment expectation waited for the cannon's opening roar—when glancing down the formed line, each man marked the countenance of his friend and breathed silent prayer to the Great Almighty Father, that when the strife should cease they might be permitted to meet each other safe from harm. Then all were pale and silent, with firm set lips and heaving breasts, but with a look that told of victory or death.

Hark! did you hear that gun? It was the signal for the fight. Forward—and then, grant, oh! merciful Father, that we may never see such sights again. The hard contested battle over, the field was either lost or won, and those of us who had been spared gathered again within our camp. The roll—the saddest ever heard—was called; one and another answered not; a brother, friend or comrade was not there; he was gone, forever gone!

"We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning
By the struggling moonbeams misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

"No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

"Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead
And bitterly thought of the morrow.

"Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory."

Mayhap we left him where he fell, with none but foes, cruel, savage foes, to gather up his precious dust; or what is almost worse, in that last fearful charge he was taken a prisoner, dragged away to those most miserable pens, where thousands were crowded together, to starve, and droop, and die a death

lingering and awful beyond comparison. Go with me now, when all is hushed and calm and still. The day is gone, and from yon azure arch the silver moon sheds down her quiet light; no sound is heard save the distant sentries' tread, and the low deep groan of the wounded or the parting prayer of the dying. But let me throw a pall over a scene which no words can adequately depict, and on which no one who has a heart in his bosom desires to dwell. Scarce one among us, fellow-soldiers, but has bent over some dying comrade to catch the last whispered accents of his voice, the last message of love to those at home—a mother, wife, or sister far away—and often have we heard the sentiment: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

"We saw in death his eyelids close, calmly
As to a night's repose; like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death;
Come when the mother feels for the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals which bind the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean's storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet, song and dance and wine,
And thou art terrible. The tear,
The knell, the groan, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony are thine.
But to the hero,
When his sword has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's words,
And in its hallowed tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be. [clime."
Rest, soldier, rest! there is no prouder grave, even in our own proud

To you, fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, children of the fallen brave, I hardly dare to speak. Their memory is a precious boon. Your emotions would shame my poor words, but know ye this—we have not forgotten them. For their death our nation owes you a debt of gratitude it never can repay, and while a boy who wore the blue survives it shall not be forgotten. Well do you remember those days of gloom, of anxious solicitude, of dire suspense, when, with trembling fingers and blinded eyes, you scanned those long lists of killed and missing, and when at last the sad news came that your dear one was numbered with the dead, how you bowed your head with grief, still thanking God for this—he did his duty well, and died an honored soldier's death. How much prouder and more consoling is the memory of that dear friend than his presence could have been had he proved recreant in the hour of danger. I knew

an aged man who had two sons; the one fled his home and country to avoid his duty, the other fell on the field of battle; and as that old man spoke to me of his unworthy son, he said: "Oh, that he had died as his brother! Then my tears would have been tears of love and pride, not tears of shame!" Assembled friends, we who have gathered here this day have a strong, an indissoluble tie to bind us to our country and to each other in the death of those whose memory we this day commemorate. They have left to us a priceless legacy—a country saved with liberty secure. Let us guard it well, remembering this,—

> "That Freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though oftimes baffled 'tis ever won."

And they have left us something more. Their widows and orphans are among us, and by kindly care and sympathy for these we can best show our honor for their memory. That sympathy which says, "Be ye clothed and fed," and yet turneth the hungry and naked away empty, is not such as God and humanity can commend; not such as evinces gratitude to those who gave a husband or a father for the purchase of inestimable blessings to our common country. That care which can calmly see the soldiers' orphaned children reared in ignorance or crime and not stretch forth a hand for their rescue, is not the care of the Christian or the patriot, not the care taught by that rule, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them."

While we this day call to mind the fallen brave, let us not forget our martyred chieftain. He who for four long years with noble courage steered the ship of state over a raging sea; whose eye was ever watchful when dangers thickened round, and his hand steady on the helm when the night was darkest and the tempest roared; to him the soldier ever looked with confidence and hope. Just when the ship had reached the haven where Peace stood smiling on the shore, then he was stricken down by treason's foulest blow. He died for Freedom's holy cause,—

> "That cause for which we wave the sword on high,
> And swear with her to live, for her to die."

Proceed we now to garland the monuments and deck the graves of our sleeping comrades with earth's purest, brightest, sweetest offspring—flowers. Let us bring our tributes to their tombs with thankful, grateful hearts for the peace we now enjoy, for a country saved from the curse of treason, for the goodness of God in preserving our lives while so many fell by our side, and for permitting us this day to do this humble act of homage to their memory.

"Bring flowers, young flowers, to deck this stone,
Which tell of brave spirits that from earth have flown;
Bring flowers, they are springing in wood and vale,
Their breath floats out on the Southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath wakened the rose,
Whose perfume is sweet to our comrades' repose.

Bring flowers, bright flowers, from hillside and plain,
Their colors recall the deeds of the slain,
They are emblems of valor, honor, and truth;
They remind us of those who have died in their youth;
Who died by the hands of traitors and knaves—
Who were willing to die, but not to be slaves.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, from quiet homes,
Where a son or a brother never comes:
Let them be sprinkled in the tear-drop's dew,
For they tell of a memory that's ever true;
That shall always cling through coming time
To the one who was taken in manhood's prime.

Bring flowers, pale flowers, on the grave to shed,
Where sleep their long sleep our country's dead;
For this through its leaves the white rose burst;
For this in the wood was the violet nursed;
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are Love's last gift! Bring flowers, bring flowers!"

After the oration, the band took a prominent position on an elevated portion of the grounds. The procession then marched to each grave, and after the announcement was made by the Adjutant of the Post, as to when the soldier enlisted, the number of his regiment, the length of service, the place and time of death, the decorating committee, consisting of Messrs. Flannagin, Atchison, and Mathie, received the contributions of flowers and wreaths and strewed them over the graves. The same scene was repeated at each grave until the entire number had been decorated. The following is a list of the soldiers:

Serg't Leander Bird, enlisted at Bunker Hill, Ill., Aug. 1862 in Co. A, 97th Reg. Ill. Vols. Died in hospital at Memphis, Tenn., July 1, 1863. Corp. Sam'l Bird enlisted at Bunker Hill, Ill., Aug. 1862, in Co. A, 97th Reg. Vols. Died in hospital at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., July 1, 1863. Lieut. Theodore H. Gildemeister enlisted at Bunker Hill, April, 1861, in Co. F, 7th Reg. Ill. Vols. Afterward transferred to Mississippi Marine Brigade, and commissioned as Second Lieut. Honorably mustered out with his command. Died at his home near Bunker Hill, April 25, 1866. Lieut. A. C. Atchison enlisted at Bunker Hill, Ill., April 15, 1861, in Co. F, 7th Ill. Vols. Honorably discharged at expiration of term. Re-enlisted Aug. 8, 1862, in Co. A, 97th Ill. Vols., commissioned as First Lieut. Killed in battle May 20, 1863, before Vicksburg, Miss. Frederick Davis en-

listed at Bunker Hill, Ill., July, 1861, in Co. F, 7th Ill. Infantry. Died at Bunker Hill, 1862, while absent from his command by reason of sickness. Joseph Tupper, a member of Co. C, 114th Reg. Ill. Vols., died at Bunker Hill while on leave of absence. Lieut. J. B. T. Mead entered service 1861, was commisioned as Adjutant 28th Ill. Infantry. Mortally wounded in battle of Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., April 6, 1862, died at St. Louis, Mo., April 26, 1862. George A. Adams enlisted at Bunker Hill, Ill., 1861, in Co. B, 1st Missouri Cav. Died in hospital Sept. 24, 1861. David H. Stark enlisted 1864 in Co. —, 152d Reg. Ill. Vols. Died Feb. —, 1867, at his home near Bunker Hill. Samuel Squires enlisted in 1862 at Bunker Hill, Ill., in Co. A, 97th Reg. Ill. Vols. Died in hospital at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., March 1, 1863. James Breath entered the service at Bunker Hill, Feb. 1864. Died at Camp Butler, Ill., while awaiting muster. Gilbert Hamilton enlisted at Bunker Hill, April, 1861, in Co. F, 7th Reg. Ill Vols. Discharged at expiration of term. Re-enlisted in the 59th Ill. Vols.; transferred to the Ram Fleet, and died on board the Ram Monarch, Feb. 8, 1863. Theodore Sneideker enlisted Aug. 11, 1862, in Co. B, 80th Reg. Ill. Vols. Died at Bridgeport, Alabama, April 9, 1864. H. A. M. Wick, a member of Co. B, 1st Mo. Cavalry, died in hospital at Rolla, Mo., Dec. 3, 1861. Harman T. Davis enlisted in Mississippi Marine Brigade, Dec. 10, 1862. Discharged by reason of disability, May 10, 1863. Re-entered service in 144th Reg. Ill. Vols., October, 1863. Discharged at expiration of term. Died at his home near Bunker Hill. George Rickner entered service July, 1861, in Co. F, 7th Reg. Ill. Vols. Died in hospital at Fort Holt, Kentucky, Nov. 27, 1861. Albert Rodney Sawyer, Asst. Surg. 33d Mo. Infantry, entered service Sept. 18, 1863; discharged Jan. 20, 1864, by reason of physical disability. Died at his home in Bunker Hill, May 21, 1868. Wm. Truesdale, commissioned as Colonel and placed on staff duty as Chief of Secret Police, Army of the Cumberland. Died at his home in Bunker Hill, Nov. 26, 1867. Geo. W. Love enlisted in Co. G, 10th Mo. Infantry. Mustered out in 1862, on account of disability. Died October, 1867.

At Elgin, Ill.

At 2 o'clock, P. M., the soldiers formed in column by twos in the following order: Elgin Brass Band; Martial Band; Flag draped in mourning and decked with a laurel wreath; Capt. G. F. Lewis, P. C.; Soldiers in column by twos; Citizens on foot; Citizens in carriages. At half-past 2 the column moved off, taking Chicago, Centre, and Du Page streets in their route to

the cemetery, each soldier carrying a beautiful bouquet presented by the ladies of Elgin. As the column arrived at the cemetery gate, without halting, undoubled files and in single rank, preceded by the Martial Band playing a funeral dirge, and conducted by J. B. Newcomb, filed to the left, and as they passed a soldier's grave, each comrade strewed flowers upon it. There were twenty-nine of them, those silent sleepers, the representatives of every battle-field of the war. Their resting-places were distinguished from all others by flags, and many of them by beautiful wreaths and bouquets placed there by the hands of affection. But there were a few that seemed lost and friendless in this "silent city of the dead"—a plain, paint-lettered board to mark the spot, that will soon decay and their names be forgotten.

After the graves of all had been visited and decorated, the soldiers formed in a hollow square around the stand, where a temporary pole had been raised, upon which a flag was flying at half-mast. Rev. C. E. Dickenson offered up a fervent prayer, which was followed by a quartette entitled "They are Gone." Rev. W. D. Atchison was then introduced.

ADDRESS BY REV. W. D. ATCHISON.

Fellow-citizens: I am quite conscious that I shall speak upon this occasion under a feeling that the subject to be brought before you is not altogether a new one. I may say some things that have been said by others over the fall of those to whom we now come to pay honor. And yet I am reminded that ninety-two years have passed away since the beginning of the Revolutionary struggle, and although the defenders of our cause then have all passed away, we never tire of speaking and hearing of their noble deeds and sacrifices for liberty; and when we consider the circumstances under which *our* comrades fell, we shall, I trust, never tire of telling to our children, and children's children, their heroic deeds. Standing in this silent city of the dead, where the jars and tumults of life that disturb us, trouble not the quiet sleepers beneath the sod, we are reminded of that mortality that awaits us, the living. But we are also reminded by the many tokens of friendship we see around us, that though

> Death may the bonds of life unloose,
> It can't dissolve our love.

Here the affections of the living often linger by the tomb of departed loved ones; and, dear as the place is to them on this account, it is rendered doubly so to us from the fact that here rests a number of our fallen patriots, who, by their manly efforts, aided in the deliverance of our country in her hour of

peril. And it seems highly fitting in this beautiful May month, now as the trees are putting forth their foliage, and the air comes to us freighted with the fragrance of Spring, that we should pay some token of respect to their memory. But why all this demonstration for them? Why not make the same for others who have fallen in peace? Because, in a peculiar sense, it may be said that these men did not die a common death. Of them it may truthfully be said, They died not for themselves, but for us. Neither did they die in a common cause—not common, because of its importance and righteousness. This gave them courage in the day of battle. By the great Teacher it has been truthfully said: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." And this is precisely what our gallant dead have done. It was not that they loved war; for they were educated in schools of industry, and were taught to love the ways of peace. They were not, like the ancient Greeks and Romans, educated to glory in war. But while they were educated in schools of peace, they were taught to love liberty and to respect the Constitution and laws of their own beloved land. And it was only when these were assailed, and the Flag insulted by traitors, that they sprang, as if by magic, to its rescue, and only accepted war as the last and most fearful way to peace and safety. And although not educated to the use of arms, they were neither wanting in courage nor skill in the day of trial; thus convincing the world that intelligence, when the necessity arises, makes its possessor all the stronger. Did the world ever witness such a sight? An army born in a day—composed of men from every walk and calling in life, from the field, the shop, the counter, the college, the school, the court, the pulpit, and the sea. I have said that they died for their friends and country. And who reap the fruit of their toil and zeal? We and our children. They sleep on every battle-field of the Republic, and in every cemetery in the land, holding it sacred for God and liberty. "They died to make men free." But for them, where would our liberty have been? Trampled in the dust! And when I look around me to-day, on these beautiful farms, and at those costly residences, those steepled churches and free schools, I am ready, with you, to bend by their graves, and with a full heart acknowledge that to their courage and endurance, under God, we enjoy all these. In our own beautiful cemetery sleep twenty-nine of those who went forth to battle and die for us. These represent no less than sixteen different regiments and nearly every great battle of the war. They are dead, but not forgotten, as the proceedings of this day fully show. And let none think for a moment that this

act of thus decorating the graves of loved comrades is a cold, formal, heartless act. It is the impulse of noble and manly affections strengthened and made sacred by the perils of battle. Comrades, you stand to-day members of one of the grandest, if not *the* grandest army, the sun in the heavens ever shone upon, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and you stand pledged to be true to the great principles for which you and your fellow-comrades fought. "Part of the host have crossed the flood," and soon time's rapid flight will bear us all away to sleep together on the bosom of the land we love the most. But, not to be forgotten; your graves will be Meccas to which the living will come to kindle the fires of patriotism anew in their own breasts. Unborn generations will rise up to call you blessed, and unborn hands will decorate your grave, as you have the graves of your comrades. Let us, in the language of the immortal Lincoln, uttered as he stood upon the bloody field of Gettysburg, remember that, while we "cannot consecrate ground already consecrated by so many of our honored dead, we can be here dedicated to the great task before us, and from these honored ones we may take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, and here highly resolve that these martyrs shall not have died in vain." Your work will not be done until every revolted State shall again be represented in the Halls of Congress, and that, too, on the principles of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." In this work there must be given unceasing devotion, and I doubt not but that it will be given. Let traitor hands again be raised, and the sword of these guardians of our liberty would leap from its scabbard, flashing in the sunbeams of heaven with more brightness and terror than ever before, turning every way to guard the Tree of Liberty. Comrades, never lose sight of this fact:

Soldiers brave are all for Union,
North and South, East and West;
All the States in loved communion,
Heart and hand with freedom blessed:
We are a band of brothers,
All the States are sisters, too;
And in time there will be others
That shall happy vows renew.
Let the hopeful words be spoken,
On the wings of promise borne;
Never shall the links be broken,
Never shall the flag be torn!
Union now and Union ever,
Soldiers brave for Union all;
We will keep it safe, and never
Shall our glorious Union fall.

No, never! It will be sweet to thus pass away, to mingle our dust with those who now rest; to feel, as we lie down, that the work of the Grand Army of the Republic has not been in vain. No; like a belt of light, their work will span the globe, and when that day shall come that shall witness the "sword beaten into plowshares and the spear into pruning-hooks, and the deserts shall blossom like a garden," not only will the mighty generations that follow us here, but from Africa and India, will men look to the sun in the Western skies, and feel that the sacrifices of this great army sleeping under his beams, led, in no small degree, to the peace and glory that they will then enjoy. The monument that you may erect on this spot will wear away before the touch of Time; but the monument that the true soldier has erected by his devotion shall never fade!

At the close of the address, the singers were again introduced, and sang, "Our Own Brave Boys."

At Waterloo, Ill.

In the forenoon of the 30th of May, the invited comrades (thirty-five) of Post No. 279, Columbia, Ill., under command of C. Reuter, their P. C., arrived, armed and equipped, with colors flying and a fine band of music, and were conducted to headquarters. At 1 o'clock, P. M., the parade was formed; the members of the G. A. R. numbered eighty-two, all armed and equipped, and marched—P. A. Comrade Wm. Lofink commanding—as follows: Two guides with rods, dressed in mourning; Twelve Musicians; The Colors of the 49th Regiment Ill. Vol. Inf., carried by Capt. S. Sondag, accompanied by two color sergeants, 4 boys—sons of soldiers—carrying baskets with flowers; next marched Comrade C. H. Kettler, Commander of Post No. 274 and Speaker of the day; Colors of the Post No. 274; Comrades of Post No. 279; Colors; Comrades of Post No. 274; Late Soldiers of different regiments, and Citizens.

With reversed arms, appropriate music, and colors in mourning, they marched through a part of the town, directly to the graveyard, situated about half a mile from the town, and halting in the centre of the same, formed in line, where Comrade Capt. C. H. Kettler delivered the following address:

Ladies, Gentlemen, and Comrades: You have assembled here to perform an office as graceful as it is beautiful. This amiable custom of decorating with flowery tokens of esteem and admiration the graves of our heroic dead, finds its original in the affections and in the gratitude of all good men, as you yourselves this very day can personally bear witness. If you should need further proof of this fact, it will be necessary only

to recollect that, in every age and in every nation in which valor and patriotism were held to be virtues, this custom has been punctiliously and feelingly honored. Hence you have come around and among these green graves, that you may be enabled to truthfully affirm, that you have left no duty unperformed and no honor unbestowed.

And, my friends, the warmth and bounteousness of the affection which fills your hearts for the friends and the lovers, for the sons and the fathers, for the brothers and the husbands, who repose in these silent graves, is reflected from the aspect of vernal Nature which surrounds us this day. All Nature is maturing with genial warmth. The floral May, which, with her abounding beauties, is grateful to the eye, will soon be followed by the "leafy month" of June. Let the hue of this "leafy month of June" color with perennial freshness the memories of the brave soldiers whom you to-day reverently honor.

My friends, it needs not for me to speak about the excellencies and virtues of these good men who have fallen in their country's cause, and who now lie in peace in this beloved cemetery. They were all upright citizens of this County; they lived with you and among you. They went forth from you with Spartan courage and with Athenian intelligence, at the call of their country; they endured the hardships of campaign in Spring, in Summer, in Autumn, and in Winter; they marched weary marches over our widely-extended land; and they, among three hundred thousand heroes, shed their blood for the life of their country. The war, which they successfully waged, created four millions of freemen out of four millions of slaves, and maintained the United States of America, as a nation, "one and inseparable."

The comrades and citizens then decorated the graves (eight), and three volleys were fired over their graves. After leaving the graveyard, they marched, with music and flying colors, through the town to headquarters.

At Peoria, Ill.

The demonstration here was attended with great interest throughout. Before the sun had made its appearance in the morning, the monument in the court-house square was hung with evergreens. A guard was detailed from the Harlow Zouaves, and placed around the monument, and the flags in the city were unfurled at half-mast, in honor of the dead.

At about 10 o'clock, the Ladies' League, the surviving comrades of the soldiers, and a number of ladies and gentlemen, proceeded to Springdale Cemetery, where the ceremony of

decorating the graves in the soldiers' resting-place was performed. The soldiers' burying-ground is situated in the centre of Springdale, on a beautiful knoll, and here repose the remains of thirty-three fallen heroes. The graves were decorated with flowers and wreaths, preceded by the singing of an appropriate hymn by the Quartette Club, and a prayer by Rev. G. F. Stearns, when the party returned to the city. About 2 o'clock the soldiers assembled at the armory of the Harlow Zouaves, and marched to the court-house square, where a large assembly had already gathered in front of the County and Circuit Clerk's offices. After music by Spencer's Band, the Rev. W. H. Roberts offered a prayer, and the Quartette Club sang another song. Capt. W. T. Dodds, Marshal of the day, then introduced R. G. Ingersoll, who delivered the following

EULOGY.

Again we have assembled to honor the heroic dead, and to consecate ourselves anew to the great cause for which they sacrificed all. To their sacred memory this monument rises, and for their dear sakes it is again covered with flowers and the air filled with perfume. There is no more sacred duty than to honor the ashes of the grand dead. These men, whose names are upon this marble, were the defenders of more than their country—of more than the Union. They were the defenders of Humanity, Liberty, and Progress. With their strong arms they leveled to the dust as many prejudices as enemies. In the name of the Future they slew the monsters of the Past. They destroyed the false, but they established the true. They abolished the infinitely infamous institution of Slavery. They established the first and the only free Government in the world. They finished what the Revolutionary fathers commenced. They took the flag where it fell from their august hands, and carried it to a sublimer victory. They dedicated our country to Freedom. They laid the foundations of the great temple in which future generations will perform the grand rites of the religion of humanity. They rolled the stone from the sepulchre of Progress, and found therein two angels, clad in shining garments—Liberty and Union—who said to them, Progress is risen. With their blood they purified the flag. Their victories allowed us to tear from the statute-books laws made in the interest of robbers. Their achievements made it possible for courts to do justice. They took a living coal from the altar of Progress, touched the lips of the people, and all over our fair land men speak for and are willing to die for the rights of man. They broke the shackles from four million bodies and from

thirty million souls. Your country was in danger; your institutions had been attacked; armies were in the field endeavoring to destroy you. Some one had to go, or the United States would be erased from the map of the world; some one had to go, or the old flag would be torn forever from the heavens; some one had to go, or the experiment of free government was an eternal failure; some one had to go, or Liberty was in danger of perishing from among men; and these heroic men, whose names are on this monument, went. To defeat the enemy, some one had to die. In order that the splendid eagle of victory might alight on our standard, some one had to die, and these men died. They met death everywhere, and in every form—upon the weary march, on guard in darkness and in the storm, on the deadly skirmish line, amid the roar of battle, in the infinite excitement of the charge, where victory was achieved, in defeat and disaster, in the hospital filled with pain, in the prisons of the South, face to face with famine, upon the treacherous waves of the inconstant sea—everywhere where honor called, they laid down their lives, dying nobly, grandly, sublimely, for the right. Dismay they never knew. Fear was a stranger. Grander than the Greek, braver than the Roman, were these soldiers of liberty, attacking the strongholds of treason. Man after man, company after company, regiment after regiment sprang to the conflict, scaled heights, laughing at shot and shell, shouting defiance in the very face of death, sweeping to victory as wave on wave of the great sea, by some wild storm impelled, relentless rushes, roaring, raging, round the ragged rocks. These men we cannot honor. We can honor ourselves by defending the principles for which they died—by endeavoring to pay the debt of gratitude we owe them—by reciting to others the deeds they did, and keeping their dear memory in our hearts forever. These men gave victory to our country, victory to humanity, to progress. Had it not been for them and their comrades, we should have been a miserable and disgraced people to-day. But, thanks to their achievements, America is still the first nation of the world. We praise them because they fought for man; we remember them because they destroyed the barbarism of our country, and left our flag without a stain. As the earth, sweeping through the constellations, shall bring again this day, again the graves of all the glorious dead will be garlanded, again and again will be told their shining deeds, again and again will they be tearfully thanked in the name of all that is dear to the heart of man. Men will become truly free. Civil and religious liberty will be the birthright of all. Slavery in all its forms of caste, prejudice, superstition, and robbery, will

have fled the earth. We are more for liberty now than ever before. We are more in favor of education. We have more respect for the rights and feelings of others; and so it is all over the world. Everywhere we hear the mutterings of the coming storm that will level thrones with the earth. We feel the tremblings of the earthquake that will finally devour the wretches who are robbing and oppressing the people in the name of law, government, and security, and even in the name of God. Tyranny is as insecure the world over, as snow on the lips of a volcano. Prejudices are dying; man is becoming splendid; Liberty is beginning to abide with us. We can now speak for the right. During the war the moral atmosphere was purified by the roar of cannon, as the material air is purified by the artillery of heaven. Men grew grand then, and they are growing grander still. We have concluded to give to others all the right we claim for ourselves. We say to all, You shall own your own labor; you shall own your own soul; and you shall be protected in these sacred rights wherever the flag floats and the eagle flies. It is unnecessary for me to say anything of the issues of to-day. Every man knows how he stood during the war—whether he was for or against his country—whether he honors the dead who died for the country, or not. I shall judge no one. But here, by this monument covered with immortal names, I thank all who were on the side of Liberty—all who were in favor of preserving the nation, that freedom might be given to all. And now that the fearful struggle is over, I am willing to forgive even those who fought on the other side, the moment they are in favor of liberty for all men. The moment they from their hearts are in favor of doing justice to all, that moment I am willing to take them by the hand and forget the past. In a little while we go to our homes. Let us consecrate ourselves again to the cause of Liberty. Human Liberty is the shrine at which I worship. Progress is the religion in which I believe. Liberty is forever, tyranny but for a time. Liberty is the condition precedent to all progress. Let us talk for liberty, work for liberty, until all are free. The people have eyes—give them light. They have lungs—give them air. They have souls—give them liberty. Do not forget the debt we owe to these dead soldiers whose graves you have adorned to-day. If there is beyond this life a better and nobler, these men are in Paradise. If, after the storms of this world, there is rest, these men are at peace. If it is given to the departed to know of the affairs of earth, these men are looking upon us filled with unutterable joy that their sacrifices were not made in vain. To their comrades now living we tender again and again our more

than thanks—the love of our hearts. The dead—the immortal dead, whose bodies rest beneath the flowers—we leave clasped in the loving arms of the Infinite forever.

After the eulogy and music by the band, the ceremony of decorating the monument was performed in a most impressive manner. Each soldier placed upon the monument a sprig of Syringa, its language expressive of memory and fraternal love. After which, Rev. Mr. Roberts pronounced the benediction, and the crowd dispersed.

There is something beautiful in these outward manifestations of remembrance of their fallen comrades by the living soldiers. It struck us as a most appropriate act. The men who were laid to rest in those thirty-three graves, and whose names are engraved upon the monument, were once as full of life, and as hopeful of the future, as those who performed the acts of grateful remembrance last Saturday. To be sure, they knew that some of them must die, but there were none but thought he might return, even while he bared his breast in defense of his country. Although willing to die, he hoped to live. Such manifestations as that of Saturday will keep their memory greener, although it could never perish while the heart glowed with a single generous impulse.

At Quincy, Ill.

The ceremonies in Quincy were very interesting. The words spoken were few, but they came from the heart. About 2 o'clock P. M., the children of the Grand Army of the Republic Sunday School assembled at their hall, over the Post Office, and with garlands and bouquets, marshaled into order by their teachers, they marched out to Woodland Cemetery. At their head was carried an old tattered and torn battle-flag. A large number of citizens on foot and in carriages followed the procession, carrying their flowery tributes. Arriving at the Cemetery, while Rosenbusch's Band performed a solemn dirge, the procession proceeded to the graves of the two hundred Union soldiers who had died in the hospitals of Quincy. Gathering around the graves of the fallen heroes, General Prentiss made a few impressive remarks, explaining the object of their visit to the city of the dead. All present then joined in singing "My Country, 'tis of thee," after which a short prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Emery. At the conclusion of the prayer another song was sung, while preparations were being made to strew the graves with flowers. Then this impressive and beautiful ceremony was participated in by the loyal-hearted children and citizens, while they sang "We'll gather at the River."

Proceeding to the graves of Quincy's own soldiery, where has been erected a noble monument by the "Sisters of the Good Samaritan," the company again sang an appropriate dirge. After which the Rev. S. S. Hunting, late Chaplain of the 9th Army Corps, delivered an address. Then followed "Nearer Home," sung by four young ladies, all joining in the chorus. Rev. J. C. Sargent, Pastor Fifth Street Methodist Church, sang "My Mission," and several other songs. He was followed by Gen. Bane, who, after a short address, read the following statistics: No. of Soldiers buried in National Cemeteries, 238,666; buried in Private Cemeteries to be removed, 13,161; yet to be removed from battle-fields, 76,263; making a total of 328,090. There are 308 Cemeteries in the United States, in which are buried Union soldiers, 81 being National Cemeteries. Illinois has 28,000 dead, and Quincy 214. Other statistics were given relative to the number of men in the field, etc., after which the General read the following poem, written by an old gray-headed soldier of the city:

Deep sleeping 'neath this sacred ground,
The soldier rests in peace!
Here strew sweet flowers all around,
Nor let the custom cease!
But annually our love renew,
Through all the coming years;
Bring flowers—the red, and white, and blue,
And bathe them with your tears.

These soldiers will not hear our tread,
Nor the cannon's loudest roar,
Yet still perchance their souls perceive
Our presence at their door.
Then scatter flowers to-day all 'round,
Upon each soldier's grave;
Our flowers to-day, only abound
As offerings to the brave.

After marching around the monument singing "We'll gather at the River," and strewing flowers afresh upon the graves of the sleeping heroes, all quietly and sadly departed for their homes.

At Joliet, Ill.

A large number of the citizens, ladies, and gentlemen of Joliet, visited Oakwood for the purpose of decorating with flowers the graves of the soldiers who are buried there. Mr. W. A. Steele was President of the day. A prayer was offered by the Rev. C. H. Remington, and an address delivered by Dr. B. H. Cheney.

DR. CHENEY'S ADDRESS.

Soldiers and Friends:—It gave me no little surprise when I was asked to make a few remarks to you at this time. And I am prompted by no feelings of affectation, nor, on the other hand, by any desire to rid myself of a task, when I say that I am not the proper person to address you on this occasion. For, at the outbreak of the war I was not a resident of Joliet, and in the army I was personally known to but few who enlisted from here. Furthermore, I was never personally acquainted with any of the dead in this place, in whose memory we are to-day gathered together. Under these circumstances, I repeat, it was a matter of no small surprise to me that I should be called upon to address you. But unavoidable circumstances prevented your committee from selecting a more suitable person. It seemed to me, however, no more than justice to you as well as to myself, that I should say a few prefatory words of apology before calling your attention to any ideas which the day and occasion might suggest. We are assembled in pursuance of a call issued to the members of the Grand Army of the Republic by their commanding officer, Maj. Gen. Logan; a call in which "to-day is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defence of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, and hamlet churchyard in the land." It is needless to allude to the eminent fitness and propriety of such a call as this; and it speaks none the less loudly to us who are not members of the Grand Army of the Republic, nor the less earnestly to the relatives and friends of the departed. It is well, indeed, in any case, that we should sometimes step aside from our daily avocations, from the hurry and worry of toil, which makes us forgetful of others, in concern for our individual selves, to contemplate within the hallowed precincts of man's last resting-place the lives of those who have gone before us. This is no more than a just tribute to their memory, and an impressive lesson for ourselves. But how much more fitting, how much more of a duty it is, that we should consecrate an hour to the memory of those who were our former comrades in arms; who willingly and voluntarily gave themselves a sacrifice for their country; whose lives were the price of the freedom we enjoy! And what a reflection it is, to remember that this is not simply a local gathering; that we are not alone here in Joliet in paying these offices to the dead, but that throughout the length and breadth of the land,—for, alas, where is there a spot in all the land, some soldier or sailor does not lie? North, South, East, and West, are assembled to-day,

the remnant of the hosts who once marched victorious against presumptuous rebellion: assembled, not as formerly, at call of bugle or drum, nor armed with shining steel, but bearing only wreaths and garlands, while with uncovered heads, and sad hearts, they pay tribute to the memory of those who once stood shoulder to shoulder with them. Surely, at such a time, the most callous heart must soften; the most indifferent must feel the warm glow of patriotism; while each and every one must realize in his inmost soul, the sadness and solemnity which the place and occasion so forcibly suggest.

But, in the first place, we are naturally led to reflect, what powerful motive was it which led those who sleep around us, and you, soldiers, to leave home, kindred, and friends; to endure unnumbered and untold hardships; to peril life itself! It must be something beyond and above everything else which will induce a man voluntarily to do all this. It was patriotism, you say. Yes, but what is patriotism? Love of country. True, but what is love of country? Can you tell me what it means? No. It cannot be told in words. Only the heart knows its definition. He who has not felt it in his heart, tingling his hand, and nerving his arm, knows not what love of country is. It both prompts and enables a man to give up all that he holds most dear; all that makes his life sweet; even that life itself. It cannot, then, be a mere attachment to a certain part of the earth's surface, simply because the accident of birth made us its natives. Still less can it be an intrinsic love for a flag, which is but a symbol of nationality. And yet, if in a foreign land, a handful of earth from home will move the very depths of our nature, and you stand ready to defend every foot of your native soil with your life. The sight of this flag, at any time, thrills our hearts with emotion, while every other is regarded with indifference or curiosity. Why is this? As I said before, this feeling cannot be expressed in words, but we may obtain some conception of the might of its influence and the grandeur of its power, if we reflect that it lifts us up from all sordid and selfish motives into the grand brotherhood of common interests, hopes and principles. It was in the latter that lay the strength of the Union. It is in the latter that her strength still lies. It was no hatred of the South; no enmity to her customs or institutions, which roused the North to arms; which filled each patriot's heart with indignation, and compressed his mouth with stern resolve. It was because the *principles* which are the bulwark of our liberties, and the safeguards of our perpetuity as a Government, were attacked. Previous to the war, many thought the feeling of patriotism, as regards the General Government, was not very

strong; that the Government had never been sufficiently centralized to engender and foster such a feeling; and that such was the independence of State governments, sectional feeling would rise superior to any attachment to the Country at large. This was more particularly the view at the South, where patriotism was, in many instances, almost confined within State boundaries. At the outbreak of the war, I was a resident of Louisiana, and have often heard such views expressed. But how did the result justify them? Did not the pulse of the nation "close with a shock on its heart" at the sound of the first gun against Sumter? And when the first shudder of horror was passed—horror that this flag had been fired upon; and fired upon, not by foreign foes from some fancied grievance, or from jealousy of our growing power, but by those whom it protected; those who owed all that they had and were to it; those who had grown up under its folds;—when this first shudder of sorrow and horror had passed, the great heart of the Nation, which had stood for a moment still, gave a throb of indignation, which sent the warm life-blood pulsating from one end of the land to the other, thrilling every nerve, and rousing each member to self-defense. The feeling was so universal that it at once gave rise to a phrase which became hackneyed; that very fact showing the unanimity and determination of which it was the exponent. "The Union must and shall be preserved." Mark you, *shall be*. The necessity of its preservation was no better established than its certainty. The issue of the conflict was not to be doubted for a moment. Why? Because the *principles* for which these dead heroes, and you, soldiers, fought, were identical with those of Truth, and "the eternal years of God are hers!" At no time, not even at the darkest hour, were the clouds so thick that the sun of Justice did not shine through the rifts, bidding us go forward with confident hearts. It might take longer or shorter; it might demand greater or less of precious sacrifice; but the result was morally certain. The Union must be, and it *was* preserved! This leads me to consider, for a moment, what has been gained by this terrible war. War is, in itself, always an evil, and brings many evils in its train. But we may be sure that so great an evil never afflicts mankind, without other evils previously existing as a cause. It is only a merciful Father who overrules these evils to the ultimate good of his children; whose judgments are unsearchable; whose motives we dare not presume to consider; whose ways are the majesty of mysteries. Enough that out of great evil He brings good; enough that He permits those who "go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, to come again rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them."

It is not unfitting, then, that we look about us after the struggle is over, to see what has been gained by so great sacrifice. What do we reap from so precious seed? What sheaves may we bring home rejoicing? First, and above all, the Union has been preserved; the Government has become established upon surer foundations; it has been shown that treason will no more be tolerated in this land of liberty, than within the realms of the autocrat of the Russias; it has been demonstrated that freedom and lawlessness are not synonymous, but, on the contrary, incompatible. Furthermore, the nation has awoke to a higher aim, and a purer life, since the first blow at her existence. Unprincipled men have not been wanting to improve the opportunities offered to enrich themselves at their country's expense, but the mass of the people are honest in heart, stern in purpose, and untiring in endeavor to maintain the laws, and preserve the country. Let us not omit to mention among the good results of the war, the freedom which it brought to four millions of another race. Although having no such object, this was one of its inevitable results. And GOD forbid that any prejudice of color should blind our eyes, or fetter our tongue, in the recognition of the fact that this is, in itself, a great good. This stable Government, then; this nation, tried like gold in the furnace of affliction; our country, literally born again in anguish and sorrow, and rebaptized with precious blood, is the heritage which our martyred dead have left to us; to their children, and to ours. Shall we not cherish their memories? Shall we not bring our children, and our children's children here, and say to them, "Uncover your head, and pay reverent homage to those who counted their lives nothing, that you, and I, and all who should survive them, might continue to enjoy those inestimable privileges and blessings which they had themselves enjoyed?" Shall we not say to them, and to ourselves, "Let us be also ever ready to maintain, at any cost, this heritage intact?"

Here lies the genial and gifted BARTLESON; the first in Joliet to enroll himself among his country's defenders; whose earnest spirit saw but one course to take, and he took it; whose ardor could not be restrained by the comforts and fascinations of home, nor weakened by the allurements and rewards of professional fame; nor yet subdued by subsequent disease, imprisonment, and disabling wounds; whose best monument is the memory of his endearing virtues, his pure patriotism, and daring bravery. Noble commander of a thousand brave men, where are they to-day? Alas! how many of them returned only as he returned.

Yonder rests the cultured MATTESON, to whom luxury and ease

were as nothing, when duty and his country called; who gladly endured every privation, and willingly faced death, so that he might aid in putting down rebellion against the government he loved. Further on lies that is left us of the brave and youthful GROVER; who, upon the threshold of a life full of rich promise for the future, did not hesitate, but cheerfully gave that life to his country. Here, too, sleep RANDALL and MARSH, the pride and hope of fond parents and friends; whose hands were ever ready to defend the right, and who sealed with their blood their devotion to the cause of justice and truth. Here rest the remains of SHAW and RATCLIFF, among the first to lay down their lives in the common cause. And here are CLARK and REYNOLDS, whose weary march is over, whose duty is well done. Yonder shaft marks the spot where lies the gallant BOWEN; who, the hero of many hard-fought fields, yet lived to stand upon the threshold of his country's deliverance, and who saw

"E'en in Death's night,
The golden glow of Freedom's dawning light!"

And here are ANDREWS, ATKINS, one of the NICKERSONS,—the other still lies at Gettysburg, where he fell,—BASSETT, and COPPY, and DIKEMAN, and others; some killed by the enemy's bullet, others the victims of exposure, want, and disease. But what matters it how or where they fell? They are none the less their country's heroes. For he is no less a martyr and a hero, who, wasted by privation and disease, surrenders his life to his country upon the narrow cot of the silent hospital, than he who gloriously falls amid the clash of arms, and roar of cannon upon the field of battle. In another county rests the remains of the brave and earnest ERWIN; who faced danger and met death as he did every other duty—cheerfully, calmly, determinedly. Although his grave is not here, Will claims him none the less for her own. Far to the East, among the kindred and friends of earlier years, sleeps the high-spirited young ROUSE, whose last words come to us like a psalm of life and duty, in all the eloquence of sublime self-sacrifice. "It is well, Captain, my country needed me; Christ can save me." It does not lessen the grandeur of these words, nor do injustice to him who uttered them, to remember that they but expressed the feeling of thousands of others, as devoted as he. Where is brave SNOAD? one of the many victims to the cruel want and fell disease of a rebel prison; those charnel-houses where sickness and suffering, disease and death, ran riot by the license of a malignant foe; where grim despair had his seat, and upon whose portals was written the inscription of old: "Let him who enters here leave

hope behind." Not to open afresh old wounds do I recall these things, but it is fitting that we should remember at this time what things have been endured for our sakes. What shall I say of LEONARD, of HOLMES, of WORTHINGHAM, of GREENMAN, and of unnumbered others, who still lie on the fields where they fell?—Though absent, are they not ever present with us? Though we may not strew their graves with flowers to-day, we do not the less cherish and reverence their memory. Soldiers and friends! these are they who, being dead, yet speak to us; and the voice of whose deeds is eloquent in example and precept! Truly it is meet that not the cypress and yew alone should mark their sacred places of rest, but that the laurel wreath should be twined above them, and that Nature should give her choicest flowers of every hue to adorn the patriot's grave. And, O, as we deck their narrow houses of rest with perishable flowers, let us rear and tenderly cherish for them in our hearts, the perennial blossoms of gratitude, love, and respect; blossoms which will never fade. And may each and every one of us, in the presence of these sacred remains, renew with himself the covenant of allegiance to his country.

But while we mourn our dead around us, and while, with mute hearts of grief that find no words, we extend the hand of sympathy to the bereaved and afflicted in our midst, let us not forget the many whose dead even have never returned; those whose nearest and dearest on earth sleep in unknown graves on southern soil, or rest at the bottom of the sea. Many a home has had all its light darkened; on many a hearthstone are the ashes of desolation, many a heart sorrows with a sorrow that has no consolation, not even the sad one of knowing where the loved one lies. Perhaps he was reported "missing;" there was some hope, but the heart grows faint with long and cruel waiting, then sickening suspense gives place to the anguish of despair, and then the dull pain, that comes but once, but comes for life. And let us, too, remember the needy widow and orphan, and be mindful of those of our comrades who still survive, indeed, but so wasted and crippled by disease and wounds, as to incapacitate them for work. God forbid that we should give the lie to professed patriotism by turning away when any of these need our aid. Let us not sentimentally write "In Memoriam" on our own hearts alone, but let us, also, with an ever ready hand, write it upon the hearts of others. Let us show our reverence for the dead by our treatment of the living. Deeds speak volumes, sentiment is but a breath. You will pardon me if I permit myself to allude to a personal friend who fell at Kenesaw. I had not seen him for some four years, as he served

during the first period of the war, with the army of the Potomac. By accident I learned, just before we reached Kenesaw Mountain, that he was with our forces, in Gen. Geary's division. Being in a distant corps, however, I had no opportunity to see him until the troops reached the vicinity of Atlanta. I then called and inquired for him, and was told that he was killed at Kenesaw. Killed? Dead? I could scarcely believe it. He whose hand I had confidently expected to grasp within a moment in friendship, was dead. As I rode back to my quarters, I asked myself, "Why is it that Wheeler is gone and I am here?" Why was this finished scholar, this man of fine intellect and large heart, who stood always ready to aid in every good word and work, and who would, so far as human foresight went, be of far more use in the world than I could ever expect to be,—why was he taken and I left? Truly "Death loves a shining mark." Many of our brightest and best fell at their posts during duty. It is not, then, in any magisterial spirit that I ask you if this thought should not find a place in our hearts at this time. Why are we still living, when so many better than we are gone? Why was it necessary that they should be sacrificed, while we are spared? Let such a reflection teach us to prize even higher the blessings we enjoy, as we recall the price paid for them. I have thus endeavored to briefly allude to the nature of the fearful conflict through which our beloved country has passed; the motives which led those in whose memory we are assembled to-day, to lay down their lives in the struggle; the blessings incalculable which have been bequeathed to us, and to all posterity, by this sacrifice; and some of the lessons which, it seems to me, we should draw therefrom. Oh! let us, soldiers, follow-countrymen all, keep ever green in our hearts the memory of our hero-dead; let us teach our children to reverence them, and to prize as they did the principles in defence of which they fell; let us, by our every word and act, show that our reverence is not a mere beautifully expressed sentiment, but a deep, earnest purpose, underlying everything we think, or say, or do, as citizens of our dear Fatherland. Thereby shall we embalm them with spices more precious than those of the Orient; thus will their monuments be more enduring than stone.

At Paris, Illinois.

The G. A. R., loyal citizens, and children of the public school at this place, formed in procession, at the public square, and marched to the Presbyterian grave-yard, preceded by the Paris Brass Band, where the graves of soldiers were decorated,

and appropriate prayer made by Rev. S. Newell, D. D., and patriotic song by the children.

From thence they proceeded to the Cemetery, where, after decorating the graves of soldiers, Col. W. B. McCord made the following roll-call of Edgar county soldiers, who lost their lives in suppression of the rebellion:

First Missouri Engineers.—John C. Helms, George C Spencer, Lewis F. Roberts, Samuel Morton, Benjamin Rogers, A. Myers, Henry Fodge, Benjamin Wood, Joshua Huckaby, Andrew Bennett, Frank Wallace, James Givens, Alfred Luce, William Keker, F. M. Quiet, D. H. Hibarger, William Jewell, Samuel P. Ewing, Samuel G. Rackman, Andrew Jewell, Corporal McDaniel, John Miller, David Cook.

Seventh Illinois Cavalry.—Col. Wm. D. Blackburn, B. F. Burton, Joseph Buntain, D. Beachum, B. F. Buckingham, J. H. Bawdon, Emanuel Burton, Benjamin Banning, James Carver, J. W. Craig, James Denham, Michael Dailey, Henry Faith, John Grigsby, Charles H. Hunting, G. H. Harrington, John James, Lindsey Green, J. A. Minor, John Martin, J. W. Miller, Thomas McCarty, J. G. Johnson, Joseph Osborn, F. M. Smith, A. G. Tweedy, Eli Thayer, J. W. Tucker, Dillard B. Tucker, J. Wilson, James Givens.

Twelfth Illinois Infantry.—Lieut. John Koogle, James Canedy, Reuben Harris, James F. Stout, Hiram V. Saunders, Samuel E. Dust, George Yates, Thomas Guyman, Chester H. Phillips, Albert G. Roberts, Judson McCormick, John Evans, Chester D. Howe, John Brundige, John Anthon, William H. Bull, Henry B. Hall, Wright Madden, Wm. Thompson, Haley W. Shirer, Jesse K. Runyan, H. C. Harding, Tobias Bowers.

Twenty-First Illinois Infantry.—Col. J. W. S. Alexander, William Nichols, James H. Roberts, Edward F. Minier, Charles Vanamburg, Milton Hutton, George Benner, James Prator, John Gordon, Tilghman Hartraft, John S. Buntain, James Pettijohn, Elias Pettijohn, Joseph T. Robinson, George Blace, John R. Black, Isaac N. Coughanour, John F. Cassatt, Richard E. Hamilton, William Lewis, Adam Lewis, Hiram M. Smith, Joseph F. Everett, Elliott Goodnough, John Evans, Oliver Keyser, Henry A. Fhinastock, Stephen D. Jones, Elisha Milum, Daniel Ertler, Perlonzo A. Roberts, John Hanley, Thomas C. Hurst, William C. Frink, Elisha Trout, George Dodds, William Dungess.

Twenty-Fifth Illinois Infantry.—Maj. Charles Clark, G. W. Kirby, Alonzo Manning, David H. Galway, John T. Kendall, Jackson Kendall, Wm. W. Longfellow, Joseph Grover, —— Bellows, David Loop.

Twenty-Ninth Illinois Infantry.—Capt. Jason Sprague, Lieut. A. Hostetter, William Smith, Oliver P. Scott, Newton Johnson, Peter Ganty, John Davis, Tilghman Thornton, Milton Wheeler. Charles Buckingham, John Bush, John Wimsett, Lewis Clark, Charles Alexander, William Markwell, Isaac Simpson, John Farris, Harrison Cursan, Wm. Terpening, Edward Ryan, Marion Scott, William O'Neal.

Thirty-Fourth Illinois Infantry.—Jacob Stoneburner.

Forty-Third Illinois Infantry.—George Thompson, —— Engleman.

Fifty-fourth Illinois Infantry.—Major S. York, assassinated by home traitors, Henry C. York, A. Tabor, M. H. Wilson, D. Moffatt, F. Golden, W. T. Golden, D. C. Wood, J. Bright, J. Nihizer, L. Welman, J. Blakesley, N. Griffith, Charles Haney, J. W. Smith, John Wade, William H. Miller, John Munsell, Thomas Lang, Lewis Battzell, Horton H. Bennett, Peter Hull, Sr., Peter Hull, Jr., William Rairidon, Henry Luttison, Amos Thomas, Oscar Alvord, J. W. Swisher, C. T. Rowell.

Fifty-ninth Illinois Infantry.—Patrick Reynolds, W. H. Smith, J. W. Hurst, Jefferson Honold.

Sixty-second Illinois Infantry.—Lieut. Calvin Titus, Newton V. Griffin, Wellington Adams, William Lamasters, Gideon Henson, John Hudson, Waller Holston, Jerome Redmon, Thomas Redmon, William Mason, William Vandine, Gerard McKee, Boon Connery, John Green, Samuel D. Sheets, Alexander Brown, Allen Harrington, Henry Whitney, Michael Phaheen, David Leatherman, John Hall, Joseph Strucher, James Maples, Elverton W. Chase, John Dalton, Joseph Smith, Marion Sweat, J. W. Hampton, John Breniger, James Bennett, William W. Mansfield, James Temple.

Sixty-fourth Illinois Infantry.—Capt. J. Harry Stoner, William Buckler, James Clinton, Jacob Givens, Thomas Scott, Silas Mishler, Josiah Mishler, Nathan Wilber, William Smith, James McCoy, Daniel Rogers, William Carlisle, Jacob Givens, Charles Boyd, John W. Boyle.

Sixty-sixth Illinois Infantry.—Col. A. K. Campbell, Lieut. Hillery B. Vanliew, Andrew J. Curnutt, Amos Jones, D. N. Farnham, Samuel Han, John James, Stansbury Hollis, Eli Tucker, Thomas S. Ewing, Samuel A. McNutt, Oliver B. Gaston, Jesse Brinkerhoof, Henry S. Lease, James M. Wright—who fired the first shot at Fort Donelson,—Arthur Earnest, John M. York, Charles Paty, Adoniram J. Stone, William Jewell, Willis F. Hukill, Simpson E. Drake, John N. Doak, James Ray, Jonas Denton, —— Denton, John Larimer, William Gillis, John Watts.

SEVENTY-NINTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY.—Col. Sheridan P. Read, Capt. John H. Patton, Carson Shelledy, George W. Green, Abednego Saunders, Frank Ray, John Roberts, Andrew J. Roberts, James Stokesberry, Charles P. Scott, Peter Pross, John T. Jones, Samuel G. Ewing, Thomas E. Ewing, William Morse, Charles W. Squires, George Driskell, Jerome Henson, George Rigg, James L. Mercer, Samuel A. Russell, Edward R. Harris, John Buckmaster, George H. Herrick, William Keyser, Reuben Keyser, Henry C. Thomas, James McDaniel, William Adkins, Cyrus Benner, John D. Brown, Barnard Carr, George W. Everett, Thomas Elliott, James W. Jennings, Amos J. Landsdown, Joseph Rudy, Wesley Strickland, Julius Y. Wilhoit, Theodore Arterburn, Albert Burton, Thomas U. Blevins, James M. Cristtler, William Cristtler, Benjamin F. Fuller, Marion France, John W. Howell, George Hartsell, Pleasant Hendricks, Samuel Hickey, Robert McNanney, Amster Moody, Thomas K. Ogden, Alexander Scott, Joseph H. Smith, Fred D. Stark, Adolphus D. Wynn, Asa Williams, John W. Wate, Peter H. Zink, Arthur E. Legg, N. T. Ingersoll, Miles Arbogast, John Adams, William Buckannon, Philip Brady, William Carpenter, Daniel L. Connor, John W. Crumm, Daniel Claybaugh, William Claybaugh, George H. Carpenter, John Grover, James M. Huffman, John Kirk, William R. Merriman, Isaac N. Price, David N. Price, Aaron Patterson, Daniel C. Patton, James B. Robinson, John T. Sluss, John Schunce, Emsley J. Trogdon, Samuel Waltz, George W. Yakle, Theodore M. Elliott, D. C. Parish, C. P. Loope, John Fregon, Harvey Keyser, Jabez Sprague, George Leofler, William Holston, Abner Clinton, Nathan Clinton, —— Duck, James McHard, John M. Hannah, James M. Burkett, William H. Cole, John Hart, Robert Hart, Thomas Porter, Henry Paine, David H. Hutson, Daniel Rumsey.

ONE HUNDRED THIRTY-FIFTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY.—Martin L. Brown, John Read, Robert Tweedy, Lewis Ringo, Samuel Bailor.

ONE HUNDRED FIFTIETH ILLINOIS INFANTRY.—Lieut. Joseph Hollis, William Lawrence, George N. Stark, Jacob R. Rose.

Miscellaneous: Gen. Theodore Read, Maj. F. M. Osbourn, O. Carr Shaw, Noble Dows, Thaddeus Payne.

55th U. S. Colored Infantry: Lieut. Wilson A. Price.

Additional list: William J. Partridge, 30th Illinois Infantry; Joseph Fears, do.; Isaac McCann, 34th do.; David Langley, do.; David P. Clark, 21st do.; Harrison Nay, 79th do.; John Clemmens, do.; Lincoln J. Conkey, do.; Harvey Ray, 66th do.; E. B. Pratt, do.; Jesse W. Hendricks, do.; Augustus C.

Nye, do.; William Ward, do.; Samuel E. Jones, 12th do.; Isaac Blackman, do.; Samuel J. Joy, 12th New Jersey Infantry; Niles Collins; John Lindsey, Kansas; Oscar Gooldy; Isaac Y. Quinland, 11th Indiana Cavalry; Wm. M. Powers, do.; Harry Winser, do.; Francis Morgan, do.

At the conclusion of the roll-call of Edgar County's contribution to the great army of the nation's defenders who gave their lives for Union and Liberty, the children sang a patriotic song, and prayer was made by Rev. W. M. Reed; after which, Rev. John R. Eads delivered the following

ADDRESS.

It is with no ordinary emotions that we come to this hour and to this hallowed ground. We stand in the midst of the ashes of many who yielded their lives in defense of our imperilled country.

Dead must be that heart which is unmoved by such surroundings. We are here that we may, by appropriate ceremonies, honor the memory of those soldiers who went out from this County and lost their lives in the late civil war. Thousands of our fellow-citizens, in all parts of our country, from the Lakes on the north to the Gulf on the south, and from ocean to ocean, are this day engaged in the same generous and grateful task.

While we all feel that this is an occasion of no little interest, widely variant are the emotions of particular individuals in this assembly. Many are here who lost no near relative in our recent bloody war. They come, therefore, not to stand by the graves of brother, husband, son, or father, but to render patriotic honors to those who gave their lives for their country's good, and to sympathize with those who lost their friends in a noble cause.

Their feelings must be different, in some respects, from those of many whose beloved dead lie here among the remains of companions-in-arms or sleep in a soldier's grave in some distant part of our country.

Some mothers, like Rachel, refuse to be comforted because their children are not. Some of these fathers saw almost the last ray of earthly hope expire when a beloved son was numbered with the offerings made on his country's altar.

And here are the survivors of the dead, once their companions-in-arms, now joining with others in honoring their fallen comrades. The martial music and step, and the staccato words of command, must remind them of other days, when stern duty urged them into thickest dangers. But their days of battle are over, and we earnestly hope forever. A common sentiment of

patriotism animates, it is to be hoped, every bosom; but with that sentiment there mingles, in some hearts, much more of the feeling of bereavement and sorrow than in others.

Some of these graves received their sacred deposits early in the war; others later. Some of the men who offered themselves from this County did it in response to the earlier calls for soldiers. Others of them lingered at home, in the bosom of their families, and engaged in the peaceful arts of life, till the country's extremest peril called loudly for every man who was capable of military duty. And, though last in the struggle, they evinced no less courage and patriotism than those who answered their country's summons at an earlier day.

Some of both classes sleep in these grounds, some in other cemeteries in this County; others have left their bones in Southern soil—on the mountain-tops, in the valleys, along the rivers; while others still, perchance, rest in the ocean's deep bed.

You, my bereaved friends, bade them farewell in your own joyous homes, pronounced your blessings upon them, and sent them to the tented field invoking the benedictions of Heaven on them and their cause.

Some of them fell where the fight was the thickest; some at the picket post; some died in the hospital, of wounds or disease; and some others wasted away in prison-pens.

A few came home to die of wounds or army disease, in the arms of dear friends. The dust of some others was gathered up from the places where they fell in the face of the enemy, and afterwards received in the same bloody soil a soldier's rude sepulture, and now sleep well in these quiet grounds. While we could all sincerely wish that the bones of every one of our soldiers who fell in the recent war might be deposited with those of their kindred at home, this cannot be. Let them rest where they lie. Their names and their deeds shall not be forgotten. Let the grass and weeds, fattened into rank luxuriance on the blood of the patriot dead, cover the spot where repose their remains, if it must be so. The cold, hurrying Winter winds cover some of their graves with pure, driven snow, and moan over them a soldier's requiem. The Summer night weeps over them its dewy tears in tender and solemn silence. The first beams of the morning sun kiss the pendent dewdrops from the straggling grass and weeds which bend over them, and the quiet evening twilight lingers about these spots as if to do them homage.

In all ages and among all enlightened people great honor has been paid to the virtues and deeds of those who have offered themselves as self-devoted sacrifices for the public good. Sunk-

en to the lowest degradation must be that people who would refuse to their noble and patriotic dead the reverence and homage which we this day offer to the memory of our deceased soldiers. If there were any considerable number in your community who were not ready for this task, or whose meed of praise and gratitude toward those who lost their lives in vindication of the national authority and integrity should be found empty or stinted, I should not like to remain among you.

We feel almost ready to forgive the ancient heathens for their deification of their heroes and benefactors, especially when we reflect that this method of honoring the worthy was but the perversion of a most generous sentiment, and that that perversion was due to their want of the Christian religion. They sought the highest expression of their appreciation of those whom they deified. We do not propose to imitate the ancient Greeks in the apotheosis of their heroes; but, under the refining and elevating influences of the Christian religion, it is the purpose of a grateful country to write the names of her defenders on the historic page, and engrave them on brass and marble, that they may be known and honored in the coming ages.

Are there any here this day—are there any in all this region—who are ready to question the propriety, or even the good, of such a demonstration as this? Do they ask what good there is in such a display as we this day witness? What do they mean, when they ask for the good there is in these memorial exercises? What good, I may ask, is there in anything we do? What good is there in the railroad which runs through your town and county? It is easy to answer, that it multiplies population by inviting immigrants to your county; it facilitates the interchange of commodities between different parts of the country; it increases the conveniences, and cheapens the necessaries of life, and affords a most agreeable and profitable intercourse with distant parts of the country. This is all well said; but does the chief advantage of a railroad lie in these outward and material advantages? If so, how can it be shown that it is any great good to your community? If you have, by your railroad, ten thousand inhabitants instead of five thousand, who possess no moral or intellectual worth, who can say there is any good in the increased number? But if you have ten thousand instead of five thousand honest, good people, possessing moral and intellectual qualities such as men should have, you have a decided advantage in the increased population. It is, therefore, just in proportion as by physical and material means the higher moral and intellectual qualities are developed and fostered, that these means become good.

Tried by this test, who can doubt the utility of the significant rites performed in your presence to-day? Can they fail to awaken and cherish noble, grateful, and patriotic sentiments in all hearts? None will be more ready than myself to acknowledge the connection between material prosperity and the higher improvement of men. Railroads, manufactories, improvements in agriculture and architecture, all have a refining and elevating tendency, but they are really useful only so far as they encourage and facilitate the intellectual and religious improvement of our race. They are to be esteemed just so far as their ultimate tendency is to make men better and happier.

The ceremonies of this occasion, though they may not directly increase any man's wealth or promote his physical health, are to be estimated according to their power to beget and encourage good feeling. If we leave these grounds and carry about with us for days to come any quickened and improved sentiments of gratitude and patriotism, these exercises will prove of great value to us. And now I put this question to every one who hears me: Do you not, under the inspiring surroundings and rites of this hour, realize a quickened sense of gratitude toward God for our country's integrity, and toward the brave men who laid down their lives to this end? and do you not feel that, by the sacrifices which it has cost to preserve our nationality, as well as to achieve it at first, we are laid under indissoluble obligations to protect and transmit it unimpaired to the coming generations? If you will allow me to answer this question, I will say for myself, that I feel committed anew to do all in my power to promote my country's welfare, and to cherish toward it a more enthusiastic reverence and affection. And this expression of a personal feeling, I doubt not, is heartily responded to by every generous heart before me. Cold must be the heart and stolid the intellect which receives no fresh fire from that altar on which we have come this day to lay our offerings. Even these children, who have brought their Spring flowers and sweet patriotic songs, feel their young hearts stirred with unusual emotions, and cannot fail to receive impressions from this day which are to make them wiser and better citizens of this Republic. It is eminently appropriate that they should participate in these solemn rites. It is of the highest importance to the public weal, and to the domestic happiness of our country, that our children should be taught, when young, sentiments of patriotism, honor, and liberty, that they may strengthen in them with their strength and grow with their growth. They should be taught that the blessings which we enjoy as a nation are the price of much toil and of the blood of thousands of our best citizens.

I most earnestly entreat the parents whom I now address, to spare no pains to inculcate in their children the principles of patriotism, as well as those of private virtue. Teach them that, next to God and their families, their country challenges their highest affection. Mothers, as you bend over the cradle of your little ones, and soothe them to sleep, let it be with songs of praise to God first, and then with ballads celebrating the soldier's deeds, or with the stately epic which exalts our country's glory. And as soon as they can sing, teach them the numbers into which the poets have woven the beauties, the treasures, the virtues, the valor, and the noble institutions of Columbia's fair land. Let them be taught that true patriotism is to be the mainspring of their actions as citizens of this Republic—that their first offerings are to be made to the God of their being; that their second are to be laid on their country's altar.

You have done well for your children this day. They are here in large numbers. You have decked them with chaplets and posies, and filled their hands with evergreen wreaths intertwined with beautiful and fragrant flowers. You have taught them the sweetest songs to chant in this city of the dead, about these tombs of fallen heroes. You have provided that they shall be effectually taught sentiments of the true, the beautiful, and the good. To us, who are older, these graves of our fallen soldiers appeal with unspeakable solemnity, to guard sacredly the cause for which they gave up their lives. The blood of our brothers crieth to us from the ground. Its language is, "Love your country; cherish her liberties; maintain her honor." Wretched ingrates must we be, utterly unworthy of the national blessings which we enjoy, if we do not conscientiously and faithfully heed that sepulchral voice. Great as our country is in the extent of her territory, the variety of her soil and climate, the wealth of her fields and forests, and the undeveloped treasures of her rocky beds; in her intellectual and moral forces, in her science and art, and in the glory of her past history, without a constant, deep, pure, Christian patriotism, she cannot endure as a republic. But it may be asked by some, if such exercises as these do not tend to excite sectional feeling, and to beget vindictiveness toward those who were recently at war against the Government? I think not. We are bound by every consideration of patriotism and reverence toward those who sacrificed their lives for our country, to honor their memory now that they are gone. This we can do without cultivating, in any low, sectional sense, feelings of hostility toward the South. We honor these dead because they fought and fell for our whole country—for an undivided country—and not for a

mere section of it. All our thoughts and purposes and feelings, therefore, on this occasion, should have, and I trust have, a national and not a sectional character. And while we must forever, and without qualification, condemn those wicked and misguided men in the South who, for the perpetuation of an institution which, I doubt not, many of those considered as allowed by the law of God, and which was plainly tolerated by the law of the land, plunged the country into the most bloody war of modern times, let us, at the same time, endeavor to cherish toward the whole South those sentiments of magnanimity and generosity which a great nation, after a victorious struggle, and conscious of the righteousness of its own cause, can well afford to entertain; and, above all, which our holy religion teaches us to exercise even toward our enemies. Though they were once our enemies, and though there are among them now many who are just as hostile toward the Government and its friends as they ever were, as a community we should regard them as our kindred, and as members of this great Republic. I do not now, in these remarks, touch upon any questions of policy in the political reconstruction of the South. This would not be appropriate here. I only speak of the sentiments which we should entertain toward this desolated and smitten section—smitten of God and man. While we honor our own dead, let us not condemn them, if, prompted by natural affection, they weave garlands for the graves of their own soldiers. We cannot ask them to sunder the ties of affection for their fallen brothers, which death itself has not broken. Let them cherish their dead. Let them raise monuments, if they wish, to perpetuate their memory. Let them write their names in the fair pages of history; let them embalm them in song; let them show that they have hearts to love; and the liberal Christian world will applaud, and not condemn. But let them yield the unholy cause for which they fought—a cause which is held in utter detestation and horror by all the most enlightened Christian nations on the earth—let them do this, and henceforth we are to have one history, one purpose, and one destiny. As we stand in the midst of these graves, let us rise above all petty feelings of low revenge toward our brothers of the South; let us feel the holy inspiration of the Christian doctrine, that all men are our brothers and that it is Christ-like to do them good, and not harm. By the exhibition of Christian charity and a large-hearted generosity toward them, and not by withholding deserved honors from our own cherished dead, we are to exemplify the spirit of our Master, and to win back to our country and our firesides those who, in an hour of madness, laid violent

hands on our fair Temple of State, and sought to mar its almost faultless proportions. We most sincerely and solemnly aver that it is not our purpose, that it is not our desire, in the honors which we pay our dead, to alienate sections nor to excite animosity or revenge among the citizens of any part of our common country. But we do purpose to do our utmost to give an imperishable fame to our nation's defenders. They must live in its history. They have accomplished their work, and now rest from their labors. No war, nor blood, nor fatal fray will be witnessed by them again. Silent, still, and undisturbed is their rest in this consecrated place. To these graves, in the coming days, the patriotism of this country will make many willing pilgrimages. Over them many hearts will sadden and beat with tenderest emotions, till their throbbings shall cease in death. Over the ashes of these quiet sleepers will be kindled anew the waning fires of patriotism in many a loving bosom. Sleep on, now, ye fallen heroes of a noble battle, and let us who live, live for God and our Country.

After the address, the following original poem was delivered:

OUR HONORED DEAD.—BY HENRY W. DAVIS, M. D.

Who fears to speak of Boys in Blue?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock such patriots true,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or Treason's slave,
Who sneers at loyal dust;
But true men, like you men,
Will weep to-day with us.

We bless the memory of the brave;
We claim them for our own;
Some lie before us in their grave,
Some sleep in graves unknown.
'Tis true, they're gone: but still lives on
The fame of those who died,
And true men, like you men,
Remember them with pride.

Many there were who, far away,
Life's sacrifices made,
And some by strangers' heedless hands
In lowly graves were laid;
But though their clay is far away,
Their memory's with us now;
And true men, like you men,
Will keep it with a vow.

The dust of some beneath this earth,
Among their own's at rest,
And the same soil that gave them birth
Hath caught them to its breast.

And we will pray, that from their clay
Full many a race shall start
Of true men, like you men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose, in dark and evil days,
To strike for Freedom's land,
And loyal fires sprang up ablaze,
That Treason could not stand.
With buoyant life they sought the strife,
They fell, and passed away;
While true men, like you men,
Mourn them with us to-day.

Some fell where Mississippi rolls
Its restless, turbid tide;
And, 'neath our banner's starry folds.
Some on Atlantic died.
But where all fell, there's none can tell,
Yet, at the final call,
With true men, like you men,
One Roll shall hold them all.

Our Roster fails to name the man
Who bore, o'er field and flood,
His country's altars in the van,
And baptized them in blood;
But when each mound, at trumpet sound,
Shall ope, and all appear,
With true men, like you men,
Will promptly answer "*Here!*"

From North and South, from East and West,
Their country's call they heard,
And rushed they forth, while every breast
With patriot beating stirred;
They little recked the death that becked
Them on, to homes now here,
Where you men, like true men,
May drop the manliest tear.

They stood for right, for right they spake,
And stemmed each angry flood,
While Southern gulf, and Northern lake,
Was crimsoned with their blood.
Yet, thanks to *God*, *one* country's sod
Enshrouds each fallen brave;
And true men, like you men,
Will deck each honored grave.

On Shiloh's bloody plain went down,
In death, full many a score,
And night's dark pall was gathered round
Stark forms in crimson gore.
In tearful mood each comrade stood,
And in his heart he vowed,
As true men, like you men,
To win, or wear their shroud.

They bore aloft the Flag that flashed
When Vicksburg's heights were stormed,
And fearless on the foe they dashed,
Where serried ranks were formed.
And when the flash and thunder-crash
Of battle passed away,
Of true men, like you men,
'Twas many fell that day.

At New Orleans, at Mobile Bay,
With colors nailed to mast,
Triumphantly they plowed their way,
Though death fell thick and fast;
And every heart, that did its part
Ere life's last sigh was breathed,
To you men, as true men,
His memory bequeathed.

And there's the march which histories trace;
Among our dead they be,
Those gallant souls, who left their base,
And sought the distant sea:
Recording age, on brightest page,
Writes, "Death and glory won;"
As true men, like you men,
Their souls are marching on.

'Twere vain to name each glorious spot,
Where freemen battle bore—
In vain recall each sacred grot,
Enriched by patriot's gore;
But here or there, or everywhere,
Immortal dead they lay,
And you men, as true men,
Will honor them to-day.

See, who are gathered here to-day,
With wreaths and garlands wove;
Mark who will deck each mound of clay
With mingled grief and love.
The father, mother, sister, brother,
The wife and child are found,
Of true men, who, true men,
Rest in this hallowed ground.

Then live their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our love of liberty,
And teach us to unite.
Through good and ill, be patriots still,
For God and right be found;
Be you men, as true men,
As those beneath this ground.

It is due to some one, to me unknown, to say, that the verses read on Memorial Day are indebted for perhaps all their spirit

to a poem read many years since, and on which I drew from memory for some of the language and the construction.

The exercises at the cemetery being concluded, the procession was re-formed, and marched to the Methodist graveyard, where the graves of soldiers were decorated, and, after benediction by Rev. W. M. Reed, the people quietly dispersed to their homes, feeling that it was good for them to have been there.

At Alton, Ill.

The procession was formed about ten o'clock, A. M., at the hall of the Post. First in order came the band; next the members of the Post, clad in their handsome Zouave uniform, and armed and equipped; then followed in carriages and barouches the invited guests, and many ladies and young girls. The line of march was taken up to Middletown, and from thence through the principal streets of the city; after which they returned to their hall, where a lunch was partaken of. The procession was then re-formed, and proceeded to the cemetery. The ceremonies at this place were opened with prayer by the Post Chaplain, Lieut. Wm. Cousley, after which the ladies proceeded to decorate, with the wreaths and flowers, the last resting-places of the patriot dead. About 110 graves received this tribute of affection. A martial salute was then fired over the graves by the soldiers. Eloquent and impressive addresses, appropriate to the occasion, were then delivered by Capt. Flannigan, Commander of the Post, Prof. Mitchell, of Upper Alton, Rev. D. Morgan, of New York, and other gentlemen. After leaving the cemetery the procession proceeded to Upper Alton, where it marched through the principal streets, and then proceeded to the cemetery of that place, where the same impressive ceremonies were performed, and speeches were made by Rev. Dr. Frazer, of this city, and Rev. Mr. Root, of Upper Alton. At Upper Alton the participants in the exercises were most cordially received by the inhabitants, and every assistance possible rendered them in the performance of their sacred duty. On the conclusion of the exercises at this cemetery, the procession returned to Alton and dispersed.

One of the pleasantest incidents of the day was the call made upon Capt. Johnson, of Upper Alton. This gentleman was desperately wounded at Atlanta, four years ago, and has ever since been confined to his bed. The character of his wound is such that he is compelled to lie constantly in one position—upon his face. The members of the Post testified their sympathy for this long-suffering hero by visiting him, giving him each a hand clasp, and a kindly word, and then uniting in patriotic songs, together with music by the band.

At Westfield, Ill.

The members of Post No. 226, Department of Ills., at Westfield, Clark Co., Ills., met Saturday, May 30th, at 12 o'clock M., at their encampment, for the purpose of performing the ceremony of decorating the graves of their fallen comrades, who sleep in the neighboring cemeteries. At 1½ o'clock the members of the encampment were formed in procession on horseback, under the direction of comrades C. C. Givens, P. C., and J. J. Brown, S. V., assisted by comrades E. Shanon, Officer of the day, and W. G. Wood, P. Q. M., with comrade Wm. Watkins, at the centre of the column, bearing the flag of our nation draped in mourning, and each member wearing a badge of the order, also draped in mourning. Marched from thence to the public square, escorted by the Westfield martial band, under the supervision of Dr. J. H. Parcel, where they met a large concourse of citizens; then proceeded according to the following programme:—1st. Vocal music—"America;" 2d. Prayer—By Chaplain Rev. Cornell; 3d. Vocal music—"Don't forget me when I am gone." After which Col. James A. Connelly of Charleston, was introduced to the audience, who gave a very touching and patriotic eulogy on the Soldiers.

The procession then re-formed and marched to the Methodist Cemetery, the G. A. R. in front, on horseback, and the citizens in rear, on horseback and in carriages. Here the solemn ceremony of decorating the graves of the fallen comrades was performed, as follows: 1st. Vocal music—"O, wrap the flag around me, Boys;" 2d. The military history of each sleeping comrade was read. Then a beautiful wreath of flowers, prepared by fair hands and sympathetic hearts, was placed upon the tombstone of each, with appropriate remarks by comrades, after which was vocal music—"The Soldier's Prayer." The ceremonies at this cemetery then closed with prayer by Chap. Rev. S. Hedges. The procession was again formed, and proceeded to Otterbein Parker, and Good Hope cemeteries, where similar ceremonies were performed as at the first. At the close of the exercises the procession returned to town, and was drawn up in line, in front of the hall of the G. A. R., where three loud cheers were given for the old flag of our nation, while the band played a national air; after which the procession was disbanded by P. C. Givens.

At Metamora, Ill.

At this place about thirty soldiers met at Band's Hall, and the citizens and ladies met at the Congregational Church, for

the purpose of decorating the graves of our deceased soldiers with flowers. Wm. Lawson, Esq., was appointed Marshal, and soldiers and citizens to the number of near three hundred marched in procession to the Metamora Cemetery, where the Rev. Dr. Lemon offered a very appropriate prayer, and the following address was delivered by Dr. Whitmire:

ADDRESS.

SOLDIERS OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, COMRADES IN ARMS, AND ALL LOYAL MEN AND WOMEN WHO GAVE US THEIR SYMPATHY, AND SUSTAINED US IN THE FIELD WHILE BATTLING AGAINST REBELLION: This time has been set apart by our Grand Commander to do honor to our noble and thrice glorious dead, who were our comrades in the field, battling for the Union, Liberty, and the rights and universal brotherhood of man. This day is, at this time, being celebrated in this same manner, though in many places by a grander array of ceremonies, throughout the length and breadth of this glorious Union, this mighty Republic. But while these ceremonies may be performed with more pageantry in different sections of the Union, yet there are none who dare have a higher appreciation of the services, living and dead, of the Grand Army that saved the Union from disruption than we in our humble condition have; and there are none, however great their position can be, permitted to entertain a more profound reverence and respect for our martyred comrades than we ourselves. Our noble and patriotic dead sacrificed their lives upon their country's altar, not for themselves and posterity alone, but for us and our children for all time to come, that we might enjoy the blessings of Liberty and the advantages of a Nationality, bequeathed to us as a blessed inheritance from our fathers of the Revolution. May this reverence for our dead comrades in arms never be forgotten by us or our posterity forever. And may this respect and love we owe them, ever remind us that all of them have left behind their precious jewels, more valuable than glittering gems, that must not be forgotten, and must for a time, of necessity, remain the objects of our fraternal care, love, and esteem. The widows and orphans of our immortal dead are the prices of their sacrifices, and left to us as an inheritance that must neither be neglected nor abandoned, but cared for and left to the care of our children after us. May the blessings of Almighty God rest upon them, and the support and sympathy of all loyal people, who were our shield and stay in that terrible conflict, be theirs.

But, comrades and friends, the honored dead are not all who are entitled to be remembered with love and admiration for

their heroic deeds, and splendid achievements; we see all around us the lame, the halt, and the maimed, who received their honorable wounds while facing the enemy on the field of carnage, in terrible conflict, where American met American in a death-struggle for the mastery, at the deep-toned cannon's mouth, amid the clash of arms and the rattle of musketry. They too have claims upon us. They have come among us with an empty sleeve, a single leg, or perhaps a shattered and broken-down constitution, as living memorials of their heroic daring and self-sacrificing patriotism, in the defence of their country, and the protection of our own peaceful firesides, which, by the blessing of God, we are at this time permitted to enjoy. Let us honor them! because they too are nature's noblemen.

It is true, comrades and friends, that it is our duty to remember, at this time, in honor and gratitude, all those noble boys, patrons of manhood and fidelity, who fell in this great struggle for our nationality, and for Liberty, from whatever section they may have come. They were soldiers, and therefore entitled to our respect, and we here do honor to their memory, whatever may have been their state or condition previous to the rebellion. But we have assembled at this time for the special purpose of doing deeds of *love* to our own noble dead, whose memory, if not their graves, is yet fresh among us.

Among those from our own town, all of whom we loved while living, and now delight to honor their memory, are, Edwin Page, Wm. and Cicero F. Ormsby, Luellin and Daniel Stoddard, Wm. Trunnell, W. W. Egbert, Joseph Stowder, Horace Dutton, Wm. Lyons, Jesse Plank, James Plank, Eddie Barker, Augustus Fauber, Charles Greening, Martin Walker, John Stivers, Arthur C. Rallston, Edwin Walton, Thomas Sunderland, David Evans, John Kindig, and Theudus Slemmons.

The graves of some of these martyrs to the cause of freedom are among us; others who were less fortunately situated rest quietly, wrapped in their soldiers' uniform, with their blankets for a winding-sheet, in the sand-hills of the South, or on the banks of the Father of Waters, where there is no more sound of the cannon, nor picket-duty to perform; where they will rest in peace; where no sound is heard, and no sentinel to pace his beat save the *midnight* owl, who keeps his silent vigils over their lonely graves. There they will remain and rest in sweet, delicious slumber, till the last but early Reveille of the Judgment morn, when our comrades will rise to the roll-call of our Redeemer, where every one of our comrades will stand in his place, and answer to his own name as of old in the company to which he belonged.

We will now attend to the sacred duty of strewing the graves of those who are buried among us, and decorating them with flowers, not forgetting to strew, in imagination, the graves of those who lie in Southern soil, lonely, but not forgotten. Peace be to their remains.

At Centralia, Ill.

At 1 o'clock the procession was formed at the City Hall by Capt. R. D. Noleman, Marshal; Capt. E. M. Wright and Maj. E. W. Jones, Assistants, in the following order: 1. Centralia Brass Band. 2. The National Flag, draped in mourning, borne by a color guard (in a neat uniform) from the G. A. R.; followed by the comrades of the Centralia Post of the G. A. R. —under the command of Captains Wellman and James Cunningham. 3. Decorating Committee of Ladies, in carriages. 4. Chaplain and Orators, in carriages. 5. Citizens.

In this order the procession proceeded to the City Cemetery, where the exercises were opened by prayer by Rev. J. D. Gillham. Escorted by the G. A. R. the Decorating Committee then proceeded to visit and decorate the graves of soldiers which were in various parts of the Cemetery, and designated by a guidon and an evergreen cross, the soldier's name on a card being attached to it—finally arriving at the spot where was a collection of graves, being the last resting-place of those soldier-boys who had died at the Soldiers' Home, in spite of the kind care and treatment they there received at the hands of our noble citizen women. The following is a list of the soldiers buried in the City Cemetery:

Milton Vanatter, 1st Ill. Cavalry, 1st Lieut. Robert Jehu, 11th Ill., Wm. Montgomery, W. Flanders, 38th Iowa, James Harrison, 4th Va., Daniel Handy, 4th Mass., C. Cummins, —— Wis., John Brown, 4th Mass., L. Hage, 45th Mass., —— Parkhurst, 11th Ill., Joshua Earl, John Lucas, 77th Ohio, F. Wright, 38th Iowa, James Martin, 18th Ill., John Frank, —— Ill., James Monroe, J. Gilmore, 13th Iowa, George Patchen, 34th Iowa, James Brown, 18th Mo. Cavalry, Andrew Allison, 40th Ill., Wm. Neighbors, 1st Ala. Cavalry, Jos. Krunk, —— Ill., W. Ballard, 13th Ill. Cavalry, John Smith, 11th Ill., John Deboth, 14th Ill. Cavalry, M. Temmy, 65th Ohio, James Massey, 7th Ill. Cavalry, C. Winnie, 1st Ill. Cavalry, James Stallions, 1st Lieut. Jos. Zick, 41st Ill., Thomas Kell, 136th Ill., Albert G. Ball, 48th Ill., W. A. Brookins, 48th Ill., A. H. Randall, 107th Ill., Joseph Stockhamer, —— Ill., John Shade, 111th Ill., H. A. Schauber, —— N. Y., Joseph Stockhammer, 12th Mo., James Patton.

Here the decorations concluded, and were followed by an appropriate song from a club composed of Messrs. SAM MCNEIL and GEORGE JONES, and Misses ADA BRIDDELL and LIZZIE WILLARD. After the song Gen. E. N. BATES delivered an eloquent and appropriate address, paying worthy homage to the sacrifices of the patriot soldier on the altar of his country. He deemed that a sacrifice in its most complete sense, and the people had here assembled to pay a feeble tribute and to bear evidence of their remembrance of that sacrifice. He alluded to the widows and orphan children of the Nation's defenders, and claimed that it is the sacred duty of those now living under the benefits of a restored Government to aid and comfort them—a work in which the Grand Army of the Republic, composed of the comrades-in-arms of those who fell, those who could fully appreciate the trials and dangers undergone—was doing a noble share. The Band then played an appropriate dirge, which was followed by the reading of LINCOLN'S Gettysburg Address, by Adjutant I. S. TAYLOR. The club then sang a piece entitled "Lay him low," with marked effect.

Maj. E. W. JONES being then announced took the stand, and delivered the following address:

COMRADES AND FRIENDS: We come here to strew the graves of our fellows in arms, who have died in their country's service, with flowers—flowers which offer fragrant incense to their memory and whose ruddy bloom typifies the blood they have spilled. We come here fully realizing the dangers and privations which caused, and the sufferings which attended many of their deaths. We who marched and fought in the same cause and you who upheld their arms, with words and acts of cheer and love and praise, and guarded their backs from the stroke of the Northern traitor, all come with hearts full of the tribute which every American owes to their memory. It is fitting and just that strewing such graves with flowers should become a National custom. Whose name so worthy of being enshrined in the warmest niche of the patriotic heart, as his who sacrifices all the sweet comforts of life, its prospects and the companionship of all that makes life dear to him, and finally life itself, on the altar of his country? These graves contain the remains of those who thus laid down their lives. These remains, could they speak, would tell of Donelson, of Shiloh, of Corinth, of Vicksburg, of Chickamauga, of Kenesaw, of Knoxville, of Atlanta, and of the "March to the Sea;" perhaps of Petersburg, of the Wilderness, of Shenandoah and of Appomattox. They could perhaps recount the horrors of Andersonville, of Salisbury, of Libby and of Belle Isle. They could tell of long marches

through dust where every breath was suffocating; through heat which seemed to scorch their brains; through mud knee-deep, where the worn-out body would have been glad to sink down even to its last sleep; under pouring, drenching, pitiless rains; over burning rocks and blistering sand; over rugged frozen earth and bitter snow and ice, with feet bare but for a scrap of shoe sole or a rag. They could tell of sleeping in their soaked clothing night after night, or with the bitter winter wind whistling through their single blanket; of eating their single hard-tack or handful of corn by the little blaze of the few damp sticks which they had scraped together.

They could tell of the random shots along the skirmish line —of the rattle of musketry—of the advance into the enemy's fire—of the *charge*—of the enemy's deadly welcome—of the re-forming—of the charge again—of the scattered foe—the pursuit and the shouts of victory. They could tell of the glorious swelling of the heart when the battle was won. They could tell, probably, many of them of the keen twinge of pain at the first stroke of the bullet, of the hole torn through flesh, sinew and bone as 'twere with a red-hot iron; of the racking agony when carried from the field, and of weary, agonized weeks in the hospital. Some of them lived to see the great cause for which they had been contending crowned with complete success. Lived to feel the cloud of sorrow and gloom deeper than of the darkest days of the conflict, settle upon their hearts at the cruel murder of the soldier's great-hearted friend and idol, the martyr President; and lived at last to be greeted with peans of praise and welcome "When the troops came marching home again." At last, here they lie; we can no longer reward them for their services. No grateful country can now fill its posts of honor and emolument, with these its most tried and faithful friends. They are finding their reward, we trust, in the land where Treason is *eternally punished* and Peace forever reigns. But we can keep their names green and rose entwined in our memories. We can make patriotism regarded as noble and sacred, and its deeds and sacrifices remembered and perhaps rewarded in the future by offering our tribute to the memory of the soldier dead. We, comrades, can keep fresh in our affections the recollections of the kindly deeds of our deceased comrades; of sharing the last hard-tack, the last spoonful of coffee, the scanty blanket or overcoat, of lifting from our shoulder the heavy musket or knapsack when worn out and foot sore on the weary march; of the nursing as of a sister when sick in body and soul, and of the thousand brotherly offices which only fellow-soldiers have occasion to offer. Let us then strew these flowers upon their graves, feeling that we

are ennobling ourselves, setting an example for the future and performing a kind and sacred duty; and the spirits of the sainted dead who are hovering about us and looking down upon us to-day, may scatter flowers upon our paths of life.

"Bring flowers, bright flowers, to strew o'er the grave,
Where each fallen hero sleeps;
They will speak to the heart of an arm that saves,
E'en while the mourner weeps.

"Scatter flowers! they may tell where the buried hopes,
Where the pride of each household sleeps;
But they smilingly speak of a higher sphere
To the heart that mourning weeps.

"Scatter flowers! they will tell of the tongues that join
Aloud in sweet Freedom's song—
Of the millions of voices in grateful praise
On the breezes borne along.

"Scatter flowers, bright flowers, o'er the soldier's tomb—
All bright and blooming and fair—
They will drive from the silent grave its gloom,
And leave a glory there."

Rev. J. D. Gillham, being next called on, responded by making a few appropriate remarks, extemporaneously, heartily commending the exercises of the day, and hoping they might become an anniversary event in the coming future. A patriotic song was then sung by the club, the entire assemblage joining in the chorus.

At Palatine, Ill.

The members of Post 107, G. A. R. proceeded to the cemetery to-day escorted by a band of music, a large number of the Masonic Fraternity, and a large concourse of people, and decorated the graves of the soldiers buried there with wreaths and flowers. Several speeches were made for the occasion by Messrs. R. S. Williamson, M. S. Johnson, Rev. Geo. Wallace, and others. It was estimated that one thousand people were present. At the close the comrades avowed themselves anew through their comrade, A. F. Dohmeyer, that they would stand by and defend the Stars and Stripes, which was proudly floating over them, as they had done during the Rebellion, should the occasion ever require it.

At Canton, Ill.

About five hundred persons assembled on the public square, and proceeded, under the leadership of Mayor Wright, to the

cemetery, than which a more beautiful place cannot be found in the country. The Canton band accompanied the procession and discoursed soul-stirring music. Speeches were made by Rev. J. H. Rhea and Col. Haskell of Canton, interluded by a song by the Glee Club.

Post No. 79, at Hamilton, Ill., also held commemorative services.

At Cincinnati, Ohio.

At about 9 o'clock the various organizations that had assembled to join in the exercises formed in line on Vine and Eighth streets, displaying northwardly, and when all preliminaries had been arranged, General J. Warren Keifer assumed command, and the procession moved off. First in order came the police force of the city, presenting a very fine and soldierly appearance, both in garb and demeanor. The body was commanded by Chief Ruffin, and manœuvred by Captain Lew Wilson and the several Lieutenants having charge of stations. Behind the police followed a number of carriages, containing the orators of the day, members of our City Council, and many of the civil authorities. A detachment of one hundred United States regular soldiers, from the Newport Barracks, marched next in line. Following this company came the German Veteran Society and the Turners, some two hundred strong; and after these organizations marched the Fifth Ohio Legion, and delegations from seven posts of the Grand Army of the Republic—numbering, in all, about four hundred men. The procession was well supplied with flags and banners. After pursuing the line of march arranged—from Eighth and Vine to Fourth, westwardly through Fourth to Elm, up Elm to Eighth again, down Eighth to Baymiller, and thence to the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad depot—the soldiers, the German societies, and the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, boarded the train which had been reserved for them, and were conveyed to the cemetery. Here they found at least three thousand persons waiting for their arrival and the commencement of the ceremonies. The march was continued up the broad avenue until the Soldiers' Monument was reached. The vast audience having assembled in front of the soldiers' monument, General J. Warren Keifer, Grand Commander of the G. A. R. for the Department of Ohio, announced that the exercises would be opened with prayer by the Rev. B. W. Chidlaw. After music by the Maennerchor, Turners and other societies, General Keifer introduced General H. L. Burnett, the orator of the day, who said:

Comrades and Fellow-Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen: We are met to-day under the shadow of this beautiful monument, to strew flowers upon and fittingly decorate the graves of those who died in the defence of their country; to pay this graceful tribute to their memory, and honor to the cause for which they paid the last great measure of their lives. In all ages and climes the living have paid honor to the memory of those who died in defence of home and country. History records and poets sing the laudations of those who die that the yoke may be lifted from the oppressed, that those who live after them may be free. Thus died those whom we meet here this day to honor. A little more than seven years have gone by since the winged words of the President sped to the uttermost parts of the land, "appealing to the loyal citizens to favor, facilitate, and aid the effort to maintain the honor, the integrity, and existence of our National Union, and the perpetuity of popular government." At last the conflict had come which this patriot statesman had partially foreseen and prophetically foreshadowed; the great moral conflict of ideas had crystallized into the physical conflict, and the wager of battle was upon us. With a prescience almost inspired, he had foretold that this conflict of ideas "will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed;" that there was then in existence, in 1858, and had been, almost from the foundation of our Government, an active struggle between "opposing and enduring forces," that would never cease until one should entirely prevail, and the other pass utterly away. This conflict was old as time, yet, in its changing forms, ever new. It was the conflict between the idea that man should be free, against the idea that man should be enslaved. These two ideas, so deathlessly antagonistic, had each its supporters and advocates under the same flag and form of government. Swept of all sophistry, this moral conflict was at the foundation, and was at the basis of our fierce and bloody struggle. This away, all questions of State rights, State sovereignty, Federal supremacy, or centralization of power, would have found judicial and peaceful solution. Without this great question of universal freedom, without the demand on one side that wherever the old flag should wave within our broad domains, there should be recognized and upheld the equal rights of all men, and on the other hand the enslavement of a people, there would have been no death grapple. The men of the North maintained that, "while the lower animals look downward upon the earth, God gave man a lofty face, and ordered him to look at heaven and lift his countenance upward, and look at the stars," and that all men, of all grades and castes, if they

be but men, and have immortal souls, are equal in their *rights* before Jehovah. The men of the South believed not so, but exercised dominion over men, and over the souls of men, and made them do their bidding as the beasts of the field that look downward upon the earth, and thus came war. And when, by the light of the storm, on the 15th of April, seven years ago, Freedom's chief flashed his appeal to the "loyal," to those who loved freedom and desired the "perpetuity of popular government," there was a great shout of glad response, and all over the free North, along the highways, and in the streets of our beautiful cities, from the rising to the going down of the sun, and in the still night-time, was heard the trampling of the mighty hosts as they gathered to the defence of freedom and the republic. For long years had the people endured what they believed to be national dishonor and innumerable wrongs at the hands of a people who advocated the enslavement of man. In response to this and subsequent calls of their chief, they came, millions of men, to fight for the rights of man, and that the nation might live and be free.

"They left the plowshare in the mold,
The flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unsworn grain,
The corn half-garnered on the plain,
And mustered in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress,
To right those wrongs, come weal, come woe,
To perish or o'ercome the foe."

Of their great deeds during four long years of bloody war, of their heroic deaths, I cannot now and here speak. They are engraven on the memory of their living comrades, and in the hearts of the good of the land; they were witnessed by the all-seeing eye of God, and entered in the book of life by the recording angel of heaven. Their little mounds dot this great land from lakes to gulf, and from ocean to ocean. Upon the banks of the great rivers, in the sunken valleys, upon the far-stretching plains, on the hill-sides, and on the tops of the great mountains, by the shores of the ever-murmuring seas they are silently and sweetly sleeping, to be disturbed no more until the last great reveille. *Requiescat in pace.* Their little mounds are silent monitors to us, appealing with pathetic power, sacredly to cherish and preserve what they—yielding their lives to save—saved. Around the graves of these our dead comrades we gather with bowed heads and chastened spirits. Gazing upon these nameless little mounds, the tear of sorrow will fall that the silver chord should have been so rudely broken. The tear of sym-

pathy falls silently for the gray-haired sire, the fond mother, the sister, brother, or loving wife, whose all of joy and light went out with the light that once illumined the dust that rests here. We can but mourn these patriotic, unselfish young lives sacrificed. Sad it is to think of the bitter cup that might not pass from their lips, of the sweet ties of affection so ruthlessly sundered, of the golden dreams so rudely shattered, of their aspirations and undefined soul-longings for glory—for names and places in the world—all yielded up to the great King of Terrors. What unutterable agony must have compassed the souls of these young soldiers expiring by the way-side, in camp, on the battle-field, in the prison-pen, as they thought of their entombment in nameless graves, to be known and heard of among men no more, forever. And yet these lonely deaths, without any watchers of earth's children, were not without their twilights of glory. It is a soldier's death to meet death face to face and shrink not, with no human eye to witness the struggle, and yet to meet the grim monster with courage and fortitude, dying conscious of duty well performed, and in the faith of the approval of God. How passionlessly pure and exalted is such a death. The soldier shot on picket guard, or wounded and left on the field of battle, as the red life currents were ebbing, had only the angels and God for his watchers and the earth for his bier.

"And had he not high honor,
The hillside for his pall,
To lie in state, while angels wait,
And stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?"

The ambition to have their names live after them, and to have their names handed down through the ages, has been the inspiration moving men to some of the most glorious deeds in the world's history.

Yet this motive was selfish and unworthy compared to that which filled the hearts of our common soldiers who faced death and died, knowing that they passed over the dark river unknown, unsung, forgotten, save as they were a part of a great army performing a mass of heroic actions. Their eulogy no human tongue can fittingly speak. Their trials and endurance, their exalted patriotism, and their great deeds, only God can compute and reward.

"From the graves of the dead, beautifully and fitly decorated with chaplets which should be unfading, it is our duty to

turn to the living, and ask whether we have done our whole duty to the survivors of these dead heroes. How many, with broken strength and crippled limbs, have lived to find the charity of the world growing cold. How many have returned to find their places in the counting-rooms and the workshops filled, and to learn that the enthusiasm which hailed them when they went forth to battle, has passed away with the war-clouds? Let us take this occasion to stir up anew the hearts of the people, and arouse again the enthusiasm for the soldier. Let us go hence to-day with the resolution to organize some efficient and systematic provision for giving employment to those who need it, sympathy and assistance to those who are still suffering; words of good cheer and hope to those who are humbly but earnestly working their way back into the ordinary walks of human industry. Let it not be recorded in heaven against us, that we, the people, strong and prosperous, in the days of our prosperity and safety, are ungrateful, and have forgotten those who in the days of danger and battle made of their breasts a wall of protection for our lives, our homes, and our country. The thought should be in our hearts, that we shall most effectually honor the dead by giving help, and hearty, brotherly sympathy to the surviving.

Let us place the garlands of flowers on the tombs of the dead, but let us beware of concluding that our duty ends here. Let us remember, as the years go by and we are passing away, that

> "Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

After paying this fitting tribute to the memory of the dead, let us bear away in our hearts this Scriptural injunction: "These things ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone."

And while we mourn here to-day, and our hearts are filled with grief and sorrow that nearly four hundred thousand of the noblest, best, of our land, have perished that the Republic might live—while we mourn, we turn to the Great Father in heaven, and give thanks that they died not in vain.

> "Who dies in vain
> Upon his country's war-fields, and within
> The shadow of her altars? Feeble heart,
> I tell thee that the voice of patriot blood
> Thus poured for faith and freedom hath a tone
> Which from the night of ages, from the gulf
> Of death shall burst, and make its high appeal
> Sound unto earth and heaven."

It can but be true that this sacrificial blood of the Country's first and best children will save and preserve us as a Nation; that this "Government of the people, * * for the people" will endure through the ages.

We emerge from the war on to a higher plane of civilization. Our flag is the synonym of freedom everywhere. Throughout all our broad land there breathes not a slave. In truth, now is our starry banner the emblem of liberty and equal rights to all men. We start on a new career of progress and prosperity; and, founded, as we are, upon these eternal and immutable principles of justice and freedom, the power and position, the honor and glory to which we may attain as a nation, no mind can conceive or compute.

When this great plain, that is unrolled as a scroll, and stretches from the Mississippi westward to the Rocky Mountains, and as yet unwounded by the plowshare, shall be filled up with busy husbandmen, and dotted with towns and great cities, when the mineral wealth of that great space extending from the Rocky Mountains to the sea shall begin to be developed, and pour its treasures of silver and gold into the commerce of the world, and when we shall have completed our railways across the continent, and opened a highway for the wealth and commerce of Asia, with her six hundred and fifty millions of population, then, and not till then, will any human mind begin to compute our possibilities of wealth, greatness and power. Omniscience has decreed us, as a people, a great destiny. Let us be worthy of that destiny.

While all good men deprecate the terrible ills of war and deadly conflict, yet out of these great struggles of nations and peoples, great truths are evolved, and thereafter stand revealed and immutable. It is nature's law, that only by the heated furnace and the conflict of compressing forces, is the pure metal produced. So it has seemed that all the great truths in the world have come to the people only through dire conflict and the furnace of war and battle. The roar of mighty cannon, the shocks of embattling armies, seem to be but the heart-throbs of mighty nations, as they move on to higher civilization and grander destinies.

REMARKS OF GOVERNOR R. B. HAYES.

After music, General Keifer introduced Governor Hayes, who spoke as follows:

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen: I will not detain you from the ceremonies but a moment. No unconsidered sentences of mine would fitly express the sentiments and feelings which

properly belong to the theme of to-day. The brave and noble men, who gave the last full measure of devotion to the cause of nationality and of freedom—"who died that their country might live"—Lytle, McCook, Lathrop, Will. Jones, Fred. Jones, Patrick and the others, whose names are on the long roll of the honored dead, to whom the beautiful ceremonies of this day are a dedication—I know that no poor words of ours can add to their enduring fame. But wishing to gather some flowers in honor of much-loved friends and comrades, who perished in the great struggle for union and liberty, I turn to the pages of a favorite poem, and read these few verses:

"You whom
Our song cannot reach with its transient breath,
Deaf ears that are stopped with the brown dust of death,
Blind eyes that are dark to your own deathless glory,
Silenced hearts that are heedless of praise murmured o'er ye,
Sleep deep; sleep in peace; sleep in memory ever,
Wrapt, each soul, in the deeds of its deathless endeavor,
Till that great final peace shall be struck through the world,
Till the stars be recalled and the firmament furled,
In the dawn of a daylight undying; until
The signal of Zion be seen on the hill
Of the Lord, when the day of the battle is done,
And the conflict with Time by Eternity won.

* * * * * * * *

"What is worth living for, is worth dying for, too,
And therefore all honor, brave hearts, unto you,
Who have fallen that Freedom, more fair by your death,
A pilgrim may walk where your blood on her path
Leads her steps to your graves.
"Let them babble above you!
Sleep well, where no breath of detraction may move you,
And the peace the world gives not, is yours at the last."

REMARKS OF GENERAL J. WARREN KEIFER.

At the close of Governor Hayes' address, General J. Warren Keifer said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I do not come here to-day, by invitation, to address you, if, indeed, there is anything I could say which would add to that which has been so well said already. We did not assemble for the purpose of hearing addresses, but for the purpose of going through the solemn ceremony of strewing flowers, emblems of love and affection, over the graves of those noble spirits who died that their country might be saved. While we thus strew the graves of our fallen comrades and friends, let us not forget those who died upon distant fields of battle. Let us drop a tear to their memory, also—those noble heroes who went down, like suns, but left upon the mountain-

tops of death a light that made them lovely. As I said before, I did not come to deliver you an address. I came here because of my attachment to some of the citizens of your noble city with whom I served and with whom it was my great pleasure to serve in the late war—Lytle, and others that I will not name, whom I had the honor of serving under. Those noble men—you know their history; you know their character; you know their patriotism; you know their gallantry; you know the great service performed for their country and for human liberty. It is now desired that we repair to the graves of our fallen soldiers here, and there, under the direction of a committee of ladies, perform the last of the ceremonies of the day.

At the conclusion of the General's remarks, the ladies of the Floral Committee gathered together, and at once proceeded with the grateful work of ornamentation. The three beautiful little knolls, which cluster around the lake, near the colossal bronze sentinel, was first visited, and the circles of graves strewn with thousands of flowers, which loaded the air with fragrance. In the centre of the knoll nearest the soldiers' monument rests the gallant General R. L. McCook, who fell at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. His grave was very handsomely decorated, and many bouquets were deposited at his feet. In the middle of the next circle of mounds the lamented Colonel Fred. Jones lies buried. His grave was heavily laden with flowers arranged in many fanciful designs, and was visited during the day by large crowds of ladies and gentlemen. The sod under which the noble General Wm. H. Lytle lies, was bedecked with all the charming flowers the spring has yet brought forth. The mound was overrun by tender myrtle in which were entwined variously-hued flowers, sprigs of evergreen, while from the corners of the marble monument erected to his memory depended elaborately-wrought wreaths of white and crimson roses. The grave of Colonel Elsner, of the Fiftieth Ohio, who was killed at Atlanta, was also very tastefully ornamented. His portrait, in a frame of rose geraniums, was hung from his monument, and the lot plentifully strewn with all kinds of flowers; and there was not a neglected grave of all the hundreds that surrounded those most distinguished.

REMARKS OF REV. MAXWELL P. GADDIS.

After the ceremonies of decorating the graves of the soldiers had been concluded, a small band of ladies and gentlemen gathered in front of the monument of General W. H. Lytle, where brief remarks were made by Rev. Maxwell P. Gaddis. After a short introduction, he said:

I shall never forget the last time I met General William H. Lytle. It was in his own tent, only a few days previous to the time in which he fell so gloriously on the field of battle. I had been with him in Cincinnati. He said, "I have been for the last time in Cincinnati." Said I, "Lytle, you will live long after victory shall have perched upon our starry banner, long after the wild peans of liberty shall have gone up from ocean to ocean and from the lakes to the Gulf." Says he, "Not so; the next battle in which I go, Lytle falls; and I say to you to-night, in the calm quiet of this camp, that I fall simply in defence of that country for which all men who value liberty should love to die." Lytle, thou hast indeed fallen. To-day thy grave is decked with flowers, fresh from the rays of the spring sun that is giving back untold life to our earth, and not many days hence the southern birds now winging their way to northern homes will sing over thy grave that thy immortal spirit still lives; and we feel to-day that thou didst fall upon the battle-field that man might be free. As he died, the last chain, the last fetter, fell from the limbs of man; as he died, slavery was wiped from the soil that had been consecrated and hallowed to freedom; as he died, the upper clouds opened to receive him, with the welcome plaudit, there shall be peace and good-will toward man. We leave thee now. The flowers may fade, but green in our memory shall live Lytle, the poet, the scholar, the gentleman, and the soldier. Here

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Thy solemn tent is spread,
While glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

At Springfield, Ohio.

The people, with a solemn feeling of reverence, came from the city and country, and, with the first flowers of spring, decorated the graves of those who offered their lives as a sacrifice upon the altar of their country. Fern Cliff and Greenmount were both visited during the forenoon by members of the Grand Army of the Republic, and those interested in the decoration of the last resting-places of our valorous soldiers. The business houses of the city were closed from one to four o'clock P. M., and those who attended the exercises at Fern Cliff, according to correct count, numbered one thousand five hundred and fifty seven. A stand on the beautiful slope at the approach to the cemetery had been erected, and appropriately draped with national flags. The national colors were also flying from the soldiers' mound; and all the graves were more or less strewn with flowers, while some were decorated in the most beautiful manner.

Upon the drooping branches of a tree, at the foot of Linden Avenue, was hung a tasteful bouquet, to which was attached a paper bearing these words: "In memory of one, of whose resting-place nothing is known. Wounded by Indians in Arizona, he wandered away before help could reach him, and of his fate nothing is known to this day."

At three P. M., music by the band announced that the exercises at the stand were soon to commence, and, when the band ceased playing, a prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Ross.

REV. MR. BAUMME'S ADDRESS.

We are assembled here to-day, relatives, comrades, and friends of our noble soldiers who sacrificed their lives in the late war, that we may join in paying another well-deserved tribute to their hallowed memory.

It is proper that all of the nation who have the loyalty to prompt to it should be permitted to join this expression of love and regard for these fallen heroes. They belonged to the whole nation; fought and died for the preservation of its Government and liberties. The sacrifices they made resulted, under God's blessing, in a glorious success, whose benefits became our common heritage. In leaving all personal and private interests for the common good, they became, in assuming the soldier's armor, ours. Their glory is our glory as a nation. We claim, as a loyal people, their blessed memory; their sacred graves as ours. Their noble deeds have ennobled the national heart. Their sacrifices not only saved the nation in its hour of peril, but has lifted us still higher in the esteem of other Governments, and given us a potent influence in their councils. We claim their graves, therefore, as *ours* as a nation, and we intend to express by this tribute of fairest flowers, moistened by widows' tears; sacred hymns made patriotic by tremulous voices of the fatherless children, mourning parents, and affectionate brothers and sisters; of national airs and death marches, played on trumpets heard on the battle-fields. We mean by this majestic tribute, paid to-day in every city and town throughout the national borders, where are loyal graves and loyal hands to decorate them, to express our undying and undiminished love and veneration for these noble warriors. These tastily arranged bouquets, and wreaths, and mottoes, speak the nation's heart. It is a magnificent holocaust, saying, in the tender language of the nation's fairest works and sweetest voices, that if there be one sacred intention firmly fixed in the nation's heart, it is that the memory and glory of these patriot soldiers shall never fade. They won

the nation's love by the noblest deeds, performed in the most generous way, and they shall live in the nation's heart, and history, and songs, and speeches. And the longer the nation's existence may by Heaven's favor be prolonged, the stronger and deeper will the nation's gratitude to, and veneration for them become.

Their heroic deeds take rank in that moral grandeur whose full appreciation requires the lapse of thoughtful years. Their greatness, heartily as it is recognized now, will grow more in splendor as the fruits of their victory shall fall in successive years to enrich the nation's history. It has happened to them as to all prominent actors in either religious or political contests, that the excellency of their deeds could not be fully discovered until the smoke and dust of battle had been swept away. In such time the aspersions of slandering enemies and the jealousy of lukewarm associates, and the timidity of friends in faintly claiming deserved praise, all conspire in withholding that generous award of honor which after generations take delight in bestowing. Thus the generations to come will continue the repetition of the tributes to these patriots which we have this day inaugurated, rehearsing with ever increasing praise the moral grandeur of their deeds. As to-day's offerings have been made with a spontaneity of affection that shows that it was no task, so a grateful people will never weary in honoring those who preserved its liberties at the sacrifice of their lives, as they do not weary in honoring those earlier patriots who thus won their liberties.

And it may be said without detracting from our revolutionary patriots, that the services of those slain in the late war will rank as high as theirs. There was less sacrifice of personal feeling and national pride on the part of the revolutionary patriots in taking up arms against a nation, to which but a few of them were bound by near ties of kinship, and which geographically, as well as by sympathy, was so far removed from them. The issue between them and the crown of England was based on principles more clearly defined and distinguished, while the loyal soldiery in the late war were called to take up arms against a portion of their own people at a great sacrifice of pride, as we were taunted with being guilty of engaging in a civil war of persecution on the part of the stronger against the weaker, and to engage in deadly strife with a people whose fathers had sat with our fathers in the halls of legislation, whose sons many of us had associated with pleasantly in school days, and not a few of whom were near of kin to thousands of our families. Moreover it required a finer appreciation of the rights and in-

alienable liberties of the people of other races, a keener sense of justice between man and man, and a broader love of our race, to engage in the last war, whose issue was upon principles affecting the rights of a large class whom the revolutionary fathers left in servitude while they fought for their own liberties Without detracting one iota from the perpetual honor so fittingly bestowed upon the fathers, we may say of these that they and their deeds claim the fulfilment of the inspired author, that "the last shall be first." The work of those sleeping in these graves amid which we are assembled, will make unrivalled chapters in the world's history.

It is fitting that these decorations should be made under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic, by whose Commander-in-Chief the different encampments throughout the nation were joined with relatives and friends in this tribute. Not only is this organization made up of the surviving comrades of the dead we thus honor, and therefore best capable of appreciating the heroism that brought them to their untimely graves, but one of its primal objects is to foster and perpetuate the friendship and associations of camp life, all of which have been made strong by hardships shared, and secured by stronger claims to all.

In this organization we but follow the example set by Washington and his surviving comrades, who formed a similar society for this purpose after the close of the revolutionary war. And while cherishing our friendship and regard for each other, we take sad pleasure in joining with relatives and in perpetuating our love and veneration for our departed comrades.

And now, fellow-citizens, let us offer year by year the incense of spring flowers as incense to their memory, while we offer the incense of a heart's gratitude to our Heavenly Father for giving such men to us in such a time of need, for such a host as they, and for His mercy in hearing the nation's daily prayer, and for His blessing upon their endeavors in behalf of our tottering government. We shall go away from each successive visit to their graves, feeling that we have been lifted up into a nobler spirit of patriotism, that a sanctifying influence has spread over our minds and hearts—as here we have recalled the scenes of their childhood days in homes and in sports shared with us, as we have recalled the days when they left our firesides and we bade them "Go to the battle," invoking God's protecting blessing upon them; the anxiety with which we looked over the lists of the dead and wounded in reports of battles, and again when their lifeless forms lay before us, or tidings reached us that they were dead and the place of their burial unknown—sadness

will deepen on our hearts, but hallowed fruit will come of such visits as this. Then let us do it for our sakes. They need not these offers of sorrowing love. They live, as one has said, in a higher, broader sense than any of us. They live in a disembodied spirit of love of country, of equal rights, of self-denial, which spreads its inspirations through all hearts which are in a frame of feeling to imbibe it. Of them we may truly say,

"They need
No statues nor inscriptions to reveal
Their greatness. It is round them, and the joy
With which their children tread the hallowed ground
That holds their venerated bones, the peace
That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth
That clothes the land they rescued—these though mute,
As feeling ever is when deepest—these
Are monuments more lasting than the fanes
Reared to the kings and demigods of old.

Then let us strew the sod
With the first flowers of spring, and make to them
An offering of the plenty nature gives."

ADDRESS BY DR. SPRECHER.

It was not an unmeaning ceremony, or without reason, in the Grand Army, making this floral offering in memory of those who fell in the cause of human liberty, and the great martyr of a nation of freemen. The sacrifice was for all, and all should keep fresh their memories and their illustrious deeds.

Our temporal institutions, extending over the length and breadth of this mighty land, was a cause for rejoicing. They had been perpetuated by the heroic dead, especially honored this day by the people of this great nation, and we stood here enjoying the blessings and immunities of the thousands who offered themselves as living sacrifices for those dear privileges; and we stood to-day a great nation, with our territory unbroken, mightier, prouder, grander, and exercising more influence than any on earth. Why was it? The country was not excited now. Our forefathers had passed through a great Revolution, and through valor and privations had bequeathed us a heritage, but not without a great evil. It, with the strife it had engendered, hung over us day by day and year by year, until, as a free people, loving the great principles which many of them laid down their lives for, we could stand it no longer. It must be settled. The crisis came, and well did he remember the morning that the President's call for seventy-five thousand men flashed over the country with lightning speed. The national emblem had been torn from the ramparts of Fort Sumter, but the great men

in Congress said the flag should rise again. It was a time of great fear and trembling, and had we known all that would happen ere the old flag should again be unfurled over the land, it would have been greater. It had taken millions for the fight, and hundreds of thousands for the sacrifice. To seventy-five thousand were added three hundred thousand more; and tramp, tramp, they come, three hundred thousand more, Father Abraham. But many never returned. But was it not meet for those who did, to remember their fallen comrades, and strew their graves with the early tokens of Spring? Bring the fresh blossoms from the green wood, and year after year thus remember them.

He had looked back over the past, and asked himself what would have been the fate of liberty in the world, had not the good men of this nation responded favorably to the call; and imagined the great nation and the liberties we enjoy stamped deep beneath the heel of despotism. How long again before the apostles of liberty would rise? He fancied he could look back to 1861, and see some noble spirit rise from the wreck of freedom, and grasp at the great principles of human rights, abandoned to its enemies. But the loyal men of the nation had willed otherwise, and the great principles of human liberty still survive among us. What more appropriate offerings could we bear to the graves of a nation's dead than flowers? They were fit, and should be offered at the shrines of the fallen in Liberty's cause throughout the civilized world. Let the custom be repeated next year, and continued from year to year. They gave their lives to the country, and they are ours, and we should stand a united people in the glorious work of honoring their memories all over the land.

ADDRESS OF T. F. M'GREW, ESQ.

Thos. F. McGrew, Esq., followed in an address of much earnestness and power. He remarked that there are in the history of every nation great battles—memorable conflicts in which its destiny is shaped and determined. To the heroes of such struggles monuments were erected and peculiar honors were paid.

With other nations, it was the conspicuous leaders in such contests to whom the tributes of respect were offered; with us, it was the common soldier whose deeds we keep in grateful remembrance, and to whose remains we devote our reverent and thankful offerings. Mr. McGrew proceeded to review the progress of the great historical struggles for freedom, carried on first among European nations, and then, upon a broader and worthier

foundation, in our own country. In England, the rightful predominance of the House of Commons, and the principle of self-government as opposed to the absolutism of monarchy, had been asserted and established. In America, it was not only the idea of popular government which had been vindicated, but the yet loftier and more comprehensive principle of equality of rights, irrespective of arbitrary and accidental distinctions—the doctrine of a common humanity, which is the inspiration and vital element of our republican institutions.

The Proclamation of Emancipation was the grand characteristic event of our recent struggle. It determined the question whether the people, even to the lowest and humblest citizen, should share, equally and justly, the sovereignty which of right belongs to them. Four millions of our fellow-beings constituted the race for whom this question was decided, whose liberties were thus solemnly guaranteed, and who were thereby lifted from hopeless degradation into the light of freedom, education, and independent citizenship.

To the brave men who won for our country, and for the human race, this memorable triumph, it was meet that we should pay these tokens of respect and adorn their hallowed resting-places with wreaths and evergreens—the tokens of mingled grief and gratitude. Our community had been favored above many others, in that so few, comparatively, of the great number of its brave sons who had gone forth to protect and preserve the Government, had failed to return to us.

But we were still called upon to mourn the loss of many of our dearest and noblest, whose lives have been sacrificed for freedom. Two such instances came freshly to the speaker's memory, and he would ask permission to recall briefly the circumstances of their death. One was a surgeon of a regiment serving in the far West, who was wounded by Indians, and, before help could reach him, had wandered away, and was never heard of more. The manner of his death, and the place where rest his remains, were alike unknown. The friends of that soldier had placed a bouquet of flowers on a drooping bough in this cemetery to-day, with a record of his loss, as follows: "In memory of one of whose resting-place nothing is known. Wounded by Indians in Arizona, he wandered away before help could reach him, and of his fate nothing is known to this day."

The missing soldier was a surgeon in the U. S. Army, and a nephew of E. M. Stanton, late Secretary of War.

The other case was that of John Way, a soldier of the 44th Regiment, who served under the flag of his country until he was captured by the enemy, and consigned to that charnel-house

of the Rebellion, the prison-pen of Andersonville. There he died of starvation. In his last agonizing moments we may well believe that he asked himself, "Will this great nation, in whose cause I perish, remember me in the day of its triumph and the bright future of prosperity and grandeur which lies before it?" We are here to-day to answer that question—to answer it by tokens of grateful recollection and imperishable honor. No! the heroes of the war which saved us from dishonor and ruin are not forgotten. They will be treasured in the hearts of this people as long as time shall endure. Mr. McGrew concluded his address with an eloquent tribute to the memory of the Union soldiers who died under the flag.

The band followed with a selection of music, after which the benediction was pronounced by Rev. S. Williams, and the audience slowly dispersed.

At Fremont, Ohio.

Shortly after one o'clock the procession moved towards Oak Wood Cemetery, by way of Ballville, in the following order:—1st. Chief Marshal, Major A. J. Snyder; 2d. Fremont Brass Band; 3d. Carriage with minister and speakers; 4th. Color-bearers: Mr. Brockway carrying the United States Flag, and Mr. John Ramsey carrying the old State Flag of the 72d O. V. I., both flags draped in mourning; 5th. Soldiers on foot; 6th. Omnibuses and carriages with the committee of ladies who had charge of the bouquets; 7th. Citizens in carriages. The procession moved through town to the beautiful music of the Band. The number of carriages in line, and those which went to the cemetery by other roads, numbered nearly three hundred, while the crowd in the cemetery was estimated at from two to three thousand. At the cemetery the Ballville people and the friends from the surrounding county had already arrived. A speaker's stand was erected in the beautiful grove, on which the flags were placed. The graves of soldiers were marked by small national flags. The proceedings were opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Wykes, after which there was vocal music. The names of soldiers buried in both cemeteries were then read by Major D. C. Smith. The list is as follows:

Roll of Honor.—Oak Wood Cemetery: John Stahl, Eugene Rawson, Maj. 72d O. V. I., Edward Lewis, John Cochran, Lieut., William Scrymager, 72d O. V. I., Joseph Gilmore, 72d O. V. I., Tobias Hershey, J. Purdy, 72d O. V. I., John Kessler, Maj. 49th O. V. I., I. O. Totten, 49th O. V. I., Chas. Wood, Maj. 51st O. V. I., S. Cook, 72d O. V. I., Jacob Snyder, 72d O. V. I., George Stewart, 25th O. V. I., Isaac Nigh, 25th O. V. I., J.

Lemmon, 8th O. V. I., M. Morrison, 8th O. V. I., Manville Moore, 8th O. V. I., A. J. Moore, 8th O. V. I., Charleston Tyler, 21st O. V. I., John Peters, 8th O. V. I., William Kirk, 8th O. V. I., Andrew Fisher, 72d O. V. I., Peter Glass, 72d O. V. I., I. W. Stewart, William Mason, 72d O. V. I., Chester Buckland, 72d O. V. I. Old Cemetery: Richard S. Beaugrand, 57th O. V. I., Henry Michaels, 49th O. V. I., Wm. Parish, 8th O. C., Wm. Fields, 8th O. V. I., Grant Holcomb, 59th O. V. I., A. H. Holcomb, 72d O. V. I., L. Holcomb, 169th O. V. I., — Holk, 72d O. V. I., F. W. Russell, 8th O. V. I., — Coles, 8th O. V. I., Seth Cloud, 72d O. V. I., — Pryor, 72d O. V. I., Geo. Tillotson, Capt. 8th O. V. I., — Boyer, Wm. Nyce, 111th O. V. I. Private Cemetery: Joseph Williams, 8th O. V. I., Gilbert Williams.

The band then played a dirge, and the president of the day, Col. J. R. Bartlett, announced the speakers, Hon. Homer Everett, J. K. Hord, and H. W. Winslow. Mr. Everett spoke first, as follows:

The list of the honored dead, just announced, contains many dear personal friends, the mention of whose names here has awakened emotions that unfit me to speak and almost choke utterance. You will pardon me, therefore, for brevity and imperfections of thought and speech.

It was a noble impulse which prompted the surviving soldiers of the late war for American Liberty and Union, to thus do honor at the graves of their departed comrades. And the means by which it is to be done, decking their last resting-places with earth's brightest and sweetest flowers, was as happy in conception as the motive was noble.

By the ceremonies we not only honor ourselves and the dead, but assure the surviving soldiers mingled with us, of a people's gratitude, and that they too are and will be held in grateful remembrance. We do well to strew flowers on the graves of the children of the republic—the martyrs. In the book of nature, where every emotional, mental, and spiritual quality of humanity may find its correspondence and illustration, flowers represent good affections, thoughts, and intentions toward others. As the flower precedes the fruit, and gives notice of its coming, so good thoughts, affections, and intentions precede and give promise of deeds in love to others. These cherished dead are now beyond the reach of our good deeds; to bring fruits to them would be vain, but to indulge good thoughts and affections toward them, should enlarge our souls and wake in our breasts a more vigorous determination to sacrifice ourselves for the good of others. The indulgence in such thoughts

and intentions may lead us so to act and speak that those who come after us will be encouraged by our instruction and example to sacrifice themselves if need be, when the good of the country and liberty shall demand it.

The great attendance on this occasion from far and near, attests the fact, that the suggestion was only the publication of a sentiment and desire latent in every loyal heart, and already yearning for expression. It seems as if the people were moved by one spontaneous impulse to come up and manifest their thanks to those who died that the nation might live. The fathers and mothers, the widows, the orphans, and the affianced of the dead heroes are here. They visit again the sacred ground where their brightest hopes and the objects of their fondest affections are buried. The whole people have come with them to acknowledge their gratitude for their sacrifices and sufferings for the common good. The flag of the Union, the glorious Stars and Stripes are upon the grave of every departed soldier here, and seems as if it would almost stir to life again the heart that could utter with his expiring breath:

> "Then wrap the flag around me, boys,
> To die will be most sweet,
> With Freedom's starry emblem, boys,
> To be my winding sheet."

While doing honor to those heroes whose mortal remains are buried here, we must not forget that many of our patriotic braves are buried in far distant localities; perchance in the terrible exigencies of war some were never buried, and their bones are mouldering where they fell. Let us, therefore, now and here proclaim that our offerings are tokens of gratitude, not only to those buried near us, but to every brave soldier who lost his life in the cause of the Union. Let us extract some wisdom from the hour and the occasion. Why were these brave men sacrificed? Nothing more nor less, my friends, than to settle an error in statesmanship. By false teaching, two conflicting ideas were taught amongst the people and arrayed them in hostile parties. This is no time nor place to discuss political questions, but lest I be misunderstood, let me say, that this conflict, on one side, was that we were not a nation but a confederation of sovereign States, which at all times have the right to withdraw from the Union. On the other side it was contended that the United States has a nationality, a common constitution, a common flag, with a government having the right to enforce its own laws and preserve its existence by force against all enemies, within or without. These two ideas moved the contending hosts on the

battle-fields of the late, terrible conflict of arms. By the sword it is decided that we HAVE a common country, a common flag, and that the Union of these States is not a rope of sand, but a bond so strong that no foe can break it. Let us all then accept the teachings of the hour, expel from our minds the fallacy it has cost so much to settle, and here by the graves of these martyrs to liberty—inspired by the sacrifices they have made, resolve, that cost what it may this "Union must and shall be preserved."

At the conclusion of Mr. EVERETT'S speech, there was another song by the choir. Mr. HORD then addressed the assemblage as follows:

The lateness of the hour and the many duties of the day yet to be performed, admonish me not to detain you longer than the ten minutes allotted to me by the committee. I am glad to perform the part assigned to me in this day's proceedings, and to participate with you in these interesting ceremonies. We have met to strew flowers as mementoes of our affection upon the graves of America's sacred dead. By this we confer no benefit upon the illustrious patriots who are quietly sleeping in their hallowed tombs, but we testify to their surviving comrades whom we exhorted in the name of our country, of liberty, of christianity, and of the revolutionary fathers, to follow the flag of the nation to the field of carnage and death, assuring them of the future love and gratitude of their country, and the grateful remembrance of posterity; that those were no idle words, but meant in truth that they should ever have a dwelling-place in the hearts of their grateful countrymen. No idle curiosity has prompted this immense gathering. The same impulse which has brought us together; devotion to our country and love for her defenders; is the mainspring to the highest and noblest action, the moving power which makes a free people great and respected. We celebrate to-day the patriotic devotion and self-sacrifice of those who died that this Nation might live. And while we lament their untimely death, we mourn not as if they had died in vain. Though they have departed from amongst us, they are not lost; their images and their memory are cherished, not alone by their relatives and personal friends, but by the whole community, and by their countrymen of the present and future generations; and their patriotism and devotion will render their names illustrious and cause them to live forever. All people in all ages, of all nationalities and religions, have ever paid the highest respect and honor to the memories of those who died for their country, for liberty, and the rights of man. They have been the heroes and demigods before whom the people have bowed down and worshiped. And the feeling which prompts

this reverence is not irreligious. It is but an acknowledgment of the great service and sacrifice of such as were willing to become martyrs for the good of the people. It seems to be so ordered in the economy of this world, that no great and lasting good can be accomplished but at the cost of great sacrifices. We cannot tell why this should be, but history proves the truth of the assertion. No people ever secured their liberty and established free institutions but by the shedding of blood. The ancient republics renowned in history, and the empires which have swayed the destinies of the world reached their success and greatness through seas of blood. And all the kingdoms and empires of modern times which have become great and powerful, have reached their preëminence through the blood of their citizens, flowing for centuries until, as it were, it reached to the bridle-bits of the horses of their warriors.

This is the fearful price of National life, vitality and power, of the supremacy of law and order, and the predominance of right over lawless might and mob violence. Our own Republic was established after eight long years of bloody strife, and Warren was the first hero who fell in the strife. Though the great name of Washington has seemed to eclipse all others, yet in the hearts of the people, Warren and his fallen compatriots are cherished as the real saviors of the Country. And when we look back over the record of that great struggle, we find the names of many who have made its battle-fields illustrious by their heroic death. Without the shedding of their blood, without the noble sacrifice of those great and good men who, uninfluenced by selfishness, but prompted only by a love of Country, and a desire to promote the welfare of their fellow men, willingly laid down their lives, the establishment of the American Republic could never have been accomplished. As the first period of our history opened amid the fires of the Revolution, so the second has been inaugurated amid the carnage of the greatest battle-fields of the world. Before we could enter upon the stage of this new era, and fulfill its destiny, it seemed to be necessary that we should pass through this second baptism of fire and blood, to fit us for the accomplishment of our great and responsible duties. We have emerged from this Red Sea of affliction, and are here to honor such as fell in the struggle. As I see the faces of the mothers, wives, daughters and sisters of the buried dead, I am reminded of incidents which occurred upon the battle-field six years ago to-day. I saw on the field, stiff in death, a soldier from Georgia, with an open Testament, a gift from his wife, clasped in his icy hand. It was not opened to any of the passages which might have contained words of promise and

hope for himself, but at a page on the fly leaf where were written the parting words of his wife, dedicating to him the sacred volume. Another soldier, of General Sickles' command, as he lay cold and lifeless, held aloft in his hand a letter. I glanced through its contents, and found that it was from her, who, doubtless, that night as the telegraph told its tale of death, was broken-hearted. An officer in our regiment, as he double-quicked into the line of battle amid a hails-torm of bullets and bursting shells, took from his pocket the picture of his wife, and, kissing it, his last words were "F arewell, wife!" A soldier, as the battle commenced, came to his captain and said "I shall not survive this battle, but I am determined to do my duty. Tell my sister, she who gave me her last blessing, that my dying thought shall be of her." In a few moments he was dead. As I laid upon the field thinking of these, together with many other like incidents, a beautiful thought occurred to me. It is held by some scientific men, that when a person dies, the retina of the eye retains, after death, the impression or image of the last object which it beheld in life, and that the image can be discovered and the object identified by the aid of the microscope. So I thought might it be with the soul, that as it left the body, it would retain the image of the object of its last thought while in the body, and bear its impression into the world of the great hereafter. Then I thought how happy, after all, will these sad mourners be in the end.

How great the compensation to these noble women of America for their devotion and beautiful self-sacrifice upon the altar of their patriotism! What happiness for them to know that their images have been borne upon the souls of heroes and patriots, into the very presence of Divinity, there to dwell throughout the ages and forever! Let me say further to you who have buried the loved forms that you cherished beneath the sod, look at the grand results of the toils and sacrifices endured and suffered by you and them—the Union saved and peace restored, the supremacy of the Constitution and laws of the nation reëstablished throughout the whole country, and the institutions founded by our fathers preserved from the hand of violence, and saved to us and our posterity, and the flag and emblem of our nationality again floating triumphant over every State, and honored and respected in every land and upon every sea. Would you, if you could, sacrifice all these, that you might call back to life the noble dead? Would you roll back the events of the past seven years, and reopen the strife for national existence, and incur the hazard of a possible defeat and failure? Would you, that you might have them again with you during their

short lives at best, be willing to see the Union dissevered, our flag dishonored, rebels holding sway over one half the country, and the land convulsed with fear and agony, and shrouded in gloom? Call up the brave spirits of those who sleep their last sleep, who are done with life's cares and sorrows, and ask them if they would be recalled to life at such a cost. And I hear their answer—"Never! never! Long live America!" Let us profit by their death. The light that shines from a patriot's grave is a pure and holy light, and while we are guided by it, we shall never go into the paths of treason and rebellion. Let that light illumine our pathway, and the noble example of the dead strengthen our love of country and devotion to duty. When patriotism in the hearts of the people is dead, all is lost. It is the life-blood and soul of the national existence, the animating fire which makes a people great, and their history grand and beautiful. When we no longer have brave men who are willing to fall in defense of their country, and have women willing to sustain them in the conflict; when, if ever, we are compelled to rely upon a hireling and mercenary soldiery to defend our liberties, we will have no liberties worth defending, and our institutions will soon perish and decay. When the Romans fought their own battles, they controlled the destinies of the world. When they came to depend upon a mercenary army, they became slaves, and the empire of the world passed from their hands into that of barbarians. May the teachings of to-day induce us to quell party strife, to strengthen our devotion to our country and her welfare. And here, in the presence of the illustrious dead, let us renew our oath of fealty to the Union, and swear upon their graves that, notwithstanding the machinations of political tricksters and demagogues, this grand American Republic shall endure forever.

REMARKS OF H. W. WINSLOW.

Fellow-citizens: The occasion that calls us together to-day is fraught with so many associations and incidents, that I can hardly find words adequate to express the deep emotion of my feelings. It is not the first time the living have paid tribute to the memory of their dead soldiers. It was done in other ages and in other lands. Flowers have been strewed along the pathway of the great and upon the graves of fallen heroes; but it is something new with us. We meet to decorate the graves of the brave and noble men who laid down their lives in the struggle to maintain the pillars of this great and glorious Republic. Bravely our fathers of the Revolution fought to establish this Union, and bravely have their descendants maintained the

cause. But for the sacrifices and death of these noble patriots, we should not now enjoy the blessings of this glorious Union. They laid down their lives in the cause of Liberty for you and me. Their spirits have gone from earth, but their acts will live forever. This occasion is one of national importance, in which we ought all to take a part. It will become historic; rising generations will read this demonstration of respect, and will visit the graves of the fallen.

When ambitious and dangerous men plotted to overthrow this Government, these brave patriots rallied under the Stars and Stripes, and went to the front to uphold, maintain, and preserve the Union. But a few days ago they left their friends, their relatives, and all that was dear to them, and went forth and battled for the cause of Liberty and Right. They accomplished their purpose; the Union is saved, and ambitious men and traitors, who sought to destroy it, are defeated. And we meet here to commemorate the sacrifices and services of those noble sons, who died that our country might remain. As we this day strew flowers over the honored tombs of the departed, we must remember those gallant heroes who have died in camps, in prisons, and those who have been buried on the battle-fields, far from home, in a foreign land, without the care or soothing words of an affectionate mother, father, brother, or sister—no one to administer to their wants. To those alike will we pay tribute and keep sacred their memories. Those who have sacrificed their lives in defense of the Republic are worthy of national respect. We must not, on this occasion, be forgetful of the living. Those brave defenders who have returned home from the smoky field of battle, crippled, emaciated, with broken constitutions, impaired minds, with wounds and disease contracted in the service, are each entitled to our gratitude; and we, as a nation, would be dishonored and recreant to duty, did we not attend to their wants and try to alleviate their sufferings. The terrific conflict through which this Republic has so recently passed, and in which it has so nobly and honorably sustained, and maintained its existence, gives proof of its value, and the valor of its defenders. Other forms of government have existed for a while, and then been overthrown by much less energy and far less resistance. Empires, which have been governed by kings, emperors, and monarchs for ages, have looked upon our republican form of government as a weak and fragile experiment; but when this gigantic strife and conflict ended, and the result proclaimed through the length and breadth of the land, every nation acknowledged the greatness and the perpetuity of the Union. Though the loss and sacrifice have been great—those

who have been near and dear to us have been swept away in the heat of battle—nevertheless, the Government made and adopted by the fathers of this Republic still remains unshaken and unimpaired. Those wandering orbs that sought to separate, have been held together by the hand of bravery and patriotism, and are being placed back upon the azure field of our national ensign, there to remain for all coming time.

Now, in commemoration of the gallant heroes who lie entombed beneath that national flag, we will strew these flowers. The flags denote their resting-places.

"All hail, the Stars and Stripes!
The words are graven now on every heart,
A nation's watchword, Freedom's song—
Of every future act a part.
All hail, the glorious Stars and Stripes!
The echo leaps from hill to hill;
We first drew breath beneath its folds,
We'll live and die beneath them still."

The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Wykes, and the crowd dispersed to strew flowers on the graves. This beautiful ceremony was performed not only by the committee of ladies, but by hundreds of others. All the soldiers' graves were covered with flowers and evergreens, and their monuments and tombstones hung with garlands and wreaths. When it was completed, the procession re-formed, and moved to the old burying-ground, where, after prayer, and a song by the choir, Mr. Winslow made a brief address. Flowers were then strewn on the graves, and at their leisure the people dispersed for their several homes.

At Warren, Ohio.

A large number of the citizens of Warren participated in the solemn and impressive services of the occasion. About 2, P. M., a procession was formed on the public square, under charge of Col. H. G. Stratton, Marshal, and, headed by the Warren Band, proceeded to Oakwood Cemetery. On arriving there, the exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. Benj. St. John Page, after which Rev. George Pierce delivered a brief address, substantially as follows:

Alluding to the fact that great events in history were imperfectly apprehended by the actors in them and their cotemporaries, and illustrating it by reference to the experience of the last ten years in our country, he said: We are all too near and too much moved by our personal interest to form any comprehensive judgment on them. But we know enough already to fill

us with a profound sense of gratitude to the living and dead soldiers of the Republic. The condition of the country in the Winter and Spring of 1861 was described. State after State seceded. There was exultation and confidence at the South. The Government was controlled by imbecile and treacherous hands, that interposed no obstacles to the disintegration rapidly going on. The loyal States were divided, its leading men were prophesying peace, and trying to patch up some form of compromise. It makes one's ears to tingle to think of the deep abasement to which we submitted to avoid a conflict. The loyal people seemed to be fitly represented by Ezekiel's vision of bones that were "very dry."

And then came the great awakening that followed the assault and capture of Fort Sumter. Then our people received a new baptism, and we had a Pentecost of patriotism. President Lincoln's Proclamation, and call for seventy-five thousand men, was like the Prophet's call upon the dry bones, and we found an exceeding great army ready to suffer and die for the fatherland. Then all divisions ceased, all loyal lips were outspoken, all loyal hands were active, treasure flowed into the national coffers with unparalleled liberality. Then, and all through the weary struggle, we sent into our armies our choicest treasures. Our fathers and sons, husbands and lovers, from every department of life, from farms, and shops, and schools, rich men and poor men in one fraternal band of as noble men as ever breasted the dangers of war. We sent them forth with our benedictions and promise of everlasting remembrance. We cheered them with the assurance that every scar they received should be a badge of honorable distinction; that, if disabled, they should be made comfortable by a grateful country's bounty; that the names of the battle-fields on which they should fight should be associated with their own; that on our gala-days and national festivals they should be honored guests. And we promised that, if they should fall in the service, they should not be forgotten; that places stained with loyal blood, and graves of fallen braves, should be shrines of patriotic pilgrimage; that it should be a patent of republican nobility to the son, that his father died in his country's defence against rebellion. The war was fought—we all remember through what delays, discouragements, and difficulties—to a triumphant issue. It raged over an unexampled extent of territory, between immense bodies of men, in innumerable engagements, until the last stronghold was captured and every enemy was subdued. The strife cost immense treasures, sacrificed a multitude of lives. Hardly a home but has had its dead from the camp or battle-field. But we can

already see, in part, what compensation it has brought. We have an established Government; we have a Government purified and freed from the curse and stain of slavery. Aristocratic hopes have been forever crushed, democracy has triumphed over its enemies at home and abroad, the Declaration of Independence can be read by us without suppressing any part of it, and, embodying its glorious truths in our national life; we have promise of a future of greatness and glory such as even eclipses our wonderful past.

In view of our solemn promises in the past; in view of the wonderful achievements of our citizen soldiery; in view of the precious interests they have defended and secured; in view of the glorious future they have opened to us, we do well to honor the living and tenderly and gratefully remember the dead. Most fitting is it that to-day, all over our land, that surviving comrades, loving relatives, and earnest patriots, should visit the graves of the fallen braves, and, recalling and recounting their acts of virtue and noble daring, adorn the mounds over the silent dust with Spring's choicest flowers. So shall we make them live again in the character and spirit of those who come after them, and help form a generation worthy to enjoy the blessings they have died to secure.

At the conclusion of Mr. Pierce's remarks, the procession was re-formed, and proceeded to the several graves to be decorated. The wreaths were placed in the following order, by the persons named, who, upon depositing the flowers on the last resting-place of their fallen comrades, pronounced brief but eloquent and befitting eulogies:

REV. GAYLORD B. HAWKINS.—REMARKS BY REV. R. M. WARREN.

The peculiar glory of our country is its Christianity. The most powerful element among us of true prosperity and progress is the Christian element. We recognize this as the corner-stone of all that is virtuous in our national life. Are we, as a people, becoming proficient in the study of human rights—are we learning the great lesson of justice? The text-book is the Bible; the original code of moral ethics is in the handwriting of God. Hence, to preserve and protect our fellow-men in the enjoyment and exercise of their inalienable rights, and to defend from every foe a Government founded in such principles of equal justice, is the manifest and positive duty of every Christian man. Nobly was this responsibility met by the churches of our land in the recent war. The brave boys at the front heard from our pulpits no uncertain sound. They felt that behind them was a power all Divine—the prayers of Christian men and women. And

the thought that loved ones were praying for them, nerved many an arm in the day of battle.

While members of our churches by thousands went forth at the call of duty to die for truth, the pulpit had also its representatives at the front. Christian ministers were at the head of regiments and companies; in the rank and file of our armies, and as chaplains of regiments and agents of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, they everywhere administered to the physical and spiritual necessities of suffering and dying heroes. It was the recognition of the loyalty and work of the Christian churches that, more than aught else, encouraged the heart of our martyred President. In answer to the address of a delegation of a prominent religious body, he said: "God bless the Church! and blessed be God, who, in this the hour of our greatest trial, giveth us the churches!"

We honor, to-day, the memory of a noble representative of the Christian ministry in the list of fallen heroes—Rev. Gaylord B. Hawkins, of the Erie Conference. Like many, he went forth from a sense of duty, and, like many, he died at his post. I well remember to-day his last speech at the session of our Conference, at Youngstown, in the Summer of 1862, when burning words of holy trust flowed from a heart filled with love to God and man. A man of noble impulses, of a generous and self-sacrificing nature, a kind husband and father, a consistent Christian, and an able minister of Christ, his works follow him.

And while we to-day thus appropriately unite in these memorial services, may these emblems, in their freshness and beauty, be truly emblematical of that respect and affection which shall ever bloom in our hearts in memory of the buried dead.

CHARLES BOUTON.—REMARKS BY E. B. TAYLOR, ESQ.

In this grave lies the body of Charles Bouton, late a sergeant in the 171st Ohio Volunteer Regiment. In civil life he was kind and honest; in camp, cheerful and obliging; in battle, noble and brave. Let us, then, as we decorate his grave with flowers, and bedew it with tears, also be mindful of his good qualities, and keep his memory green in our hearts.

HARMON GRÆTER.—REMARKS BY G. T. HULL.

To the memory of our comrade, Harmon Græter, of the 84th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, who died at Cumberland, Md., Sept. 29, 1862.

ULYSSES M'QUISTON.—REMARKS BY W. B. KING.

To cherish the memory of the dead, in whatever form affec-

tion may prompt, is an observance that commends itself alike to the favor of God and man.

The lowly grave, the ponderous tomb, the rock-hewn sepulchre, the funeral crypt, and the stately mausoleum, have evoked the highest efforts of Art in the beautifying of the last homes of the honored dead.

As the patriarchs of old, amid the hills of Palestine, met to embellish the graves of their departed, so we meet to-day to decorate the graves of our fallen braves with an offering of the young year's sweetest flowers.

The silent occupant of this grave, Ulysses McQuiston, was born in 1842. He enlisted in 1861, and returned home to die in 1863. Of him, as of all who have passed away, may be said, He was born, he lived, he died. In these three great essentials —birth, life, and death—all mankind have a like destiny. The only universal epitaph would be the simple sentence, "He was born, he lived, he died."

He was with the Grand Army of the Potomac in its first advance on Richmond, taking part in the seven days' disastrous battles, and also in those of Slatersville and Williamsburg. The hardships of the campaign, with exposure to the deadly malaria of the swamps of the Chickahominy, which swept away twenty thousand of the bravest soldiers of the Republic, so poisoned his system, that, after a long siege in hospital to regain lost health, he was discharged for permanent disability. Returning home, he lived ten months, and was then consigned to the narrow house appointed for all the living.

Of unquestioned bravery as a soldier, and unswerving fidelity as a friend, he presented traits of character worthy both our admiration and imitation. He died in his country's service. He gave his life to fill the measure of her liberty and glory, and, we may confidently hope, reaps a soldier's reward. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." No drum-beat, bugle, or roar of cannon will break his dreamless sleep.

"Rest, soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;
Dreams of battle-fields no more
Days of danger, nights of waking."

ORSEMUS DUNLAP.—REMARKS BY GEORGE VAN GORDER.

A comrade-in-arms, whose experience in the service of his country, though brief, was honorable and full of glory. To-day we see recorded in the long list of Freedom's martyrs the name of Orsemus J. Dunlap, of Co. A, 171st Ohio Volunteer Infantry, who fell at the post of duty, the 11th day of June, 1864.

We thus honor his memory by decking his tomb with Nature's smiles, in the form of beautiful flowers twined by fair and loyal hands.

LIEUT. J. J. MUSSER.—REMARKS BY J. M. STULL, ESQ.

We are now at the grave of John J. Musser, who enlisted as a private on the 26th of April, 1861, in Co. F, 24th Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry, under Capt. A. S. Hall. Early in the campaign this soldier was in the contest at Cheat Mountain and Green Briar, and afterwards in the battles of Shiloh, Perryville, Stone River, Mission Ridge, and Ringgold; and in all these fiercely-contested battles he did his duty heroically. At Mission Ridge, after three color-bearers had been shot down, he picked up the old battle-flag, and called to his companions to follow him. His officers commended him as one of the bravest of the brave. He served three years, then came home, and afterwards enlisted in the 196th Infantry, where he was promoted and commissioned Lieutenant. He served until Lee's surrender, and was honorably discharged, having faithfully served his country during the whole war. While in the service, he contracted a disease which produced death, and which occurred at his home in Warren, on the 22d of November, 1865, in the 26th year of his age. He was a moral, upright young man, a brave, true, and ever-faithful soldier. Let us cherish his memory and his heroic deeds.

JOB D. BELL.—REMARKS BY O. M. MESSER.

Job D. Bell entered the three-months service, April 27, 1861, under the first call of President Lincoln. He was honorably discharged July following. Sept. 15th, of the same year he enlisted in Co. C., 19th Regt. O. V. I., for three years. He was elected 2d Lieutenant by the Company at its organization. He was promoted 1st Lieutenant after the battle of Shiloh, which position he held until January 2d, 1863, when at the battle of Stone River he was instantly killed by a shot through the head. By kindness to us on the field of battle he won our love, and to-day we cherish the memory of his many noble deeds. May we never fail, as year by year shall roll around, to come and leave a tribute of our love

MAJOR GEORGE L. WOOD.—REMARKS BY JUDGE YEOMANS.

Here sleeps George L. Wood, a fellow soldier, and Major of the 125th Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and while we this day in grateful remembrance of his services to his country deck his grave with flowers, I would that I could give you, in more than general terms, a history of the services which entitled him to the honor of a soldier's grave.

My acquaintance with him prior to the war was slight, I

only knew him as an attorney, commencing his professional course with a high sense of honor, which entitled him to respect, and with that honesty and candor in his business and professional engagements, which told that he was what I afterward found him to be, not only a faithful companion in arms, but a true and noble man.

It was on the 15th day of April, 1861, that President Lincoln issued his call for 75,000 men. Early in May the 7th Ohio Infantry went into camp at Columbus, and among its number was George L. Wood. It would be presumptuous in me to attempt to recount the deeds, or to extol the merits of the gallant 7th Ohio.

It is right and proper that each soldier feels in his heart that his own regiment was the best, while recollections of the camp and the field come back upon us, and fond memory brings before each of our minds the loved comrades who with us have shared a soldier's life, whose hands and whose hearts, as brothers, were linked with our own. With kindness and with pride we remember them, and we cannot but feel that ours was the best that went to the field, and yet as if by common assent every soldier will say that the name of the 7th Ohio stands second to that of none other during the war. Faithfully they worked, and bravely they fought, from the commencement to the close, and until disabled by wounds received in battle at Port Republic, among the bravest of the brave of that regiment was he who now rests here.

While recovering from his wound in the summer of 1862, as an acknowledgment of his services, he was promoted to the rank of Major of the 125th Ohio, then being formed, and although his wound was not yet healed, he was with us in our camp of instruction, and his efforts to thoroughly drill and properly instruct that regiment tended much to make it what it afterward became, and showed to us that his heart was in the cause in which he had enlisted. A strict disciplinarian he was ever respectful, courteous and kind to officers and privates; and when we found upon leaving camp for the field, that his health had so failed that he could no longer be with us, he had not a comrade that did not part with him with regret, and from the time of his association with us until now, there is no member of that organization with whom he was acquainted, but has ever spoken of him with the highest regard and now remembers him with feelings of the most sincere friendship.

His lamp of life has gone out, and here he rests. May each returning spring-time find his grave strewn with flowers as fresh as the memory of him will be bright and fair in the hearts of his surviving comrades.

JOHN HEWITT.—REMARKS BY CHARLES ABELL.

In memory of a true soldier—one who never missed a roll-call, or shirked a duty. Dear John, the flowers we place upon your grave will fade and die, but your memory will ever be green in the hearts of your loving companions.

GEORGE N. HAPGOOD.—REMARKS BY H. A. POTTER.

Although we might stand around the grave of a fellow soldier in silence, and that silence be more eloquent than words, and though it seems to be needless to bestow praise on those whose lives have been brilliant with good works, and who to be be loved have but to be remembered. Yet may we not with propriety make mention of their virtues, that others may be led to emulate their worthy example? Nor need there be fear of passing too high encomium upon the character of him whose ashes rests "upon this lap of earth," and on whose grave we, his comrades, delighting to do him honor, scatter flowers to-day. This wreath, which has been twined by fair fingers, and given us to place upon his tomb, although composed of the beautiful of earth, is but as a pebble to the diamond, or a spangle to a star, when compared to that wreath which decks his brow in the land of spirits. In the year of 1864, the hour of our nation's trial, the time when the patriot's heart sank within him, and the Christian's faith seemed to waver and grow weak as to the ultimate success of our cause, Gov. Brough, calling out the regiments of Ohio National Guards, of one of which the deceased was a member (the 51st O. N. G., and 171st O. V. I.), he sought not to find a substitute, or obtain a sword, although well qualified to wield one; he shouldered his musket and went, though much he had to leave, and did his duty and did that duty well. Lieut. George N. Hapgood, as a citizen highly respected, as a soldier greatly esteemed, as a mess-mate honored and beloved, unselfish, sacrificing, full of kindness, ever employed in good works, naturally reticent and reserved, yet to be acquainted was to admire, to know him was to love. I have seen him by the couch of a wounded fellow soldier, serving him with the constancy of a brother, with the devotion of a wife, and the tenderness of a woman, and almost nurse him back to life. I have known him weary and worn with a long tedious march, quite exhausted as the rest, unmindful of self, ministering to the wants of his comrades, who, in appreciation of his excellencies, afterward unanimously elected him their Lieutenant. But he is gone. Great heart, to us it seemed all too soon. Although he fell not in battle, had it been so ordered, none would have submitted more cheerfully than he. Fellow soldiers! let us never

forget our fallen comrades; their virtues let us imitate while fighting life's battle, so that when tattoo shall sound, reminding us of closing day, and that life's setting sun draws near; when *taps* shall beat lights out, aye, even the light of life, we may rest in peaceful slumbers until the great *reveille* shall marshal us again, not with call to arms, that we may be led to scenes of blood and carnage, but to bear palms of victory and shouts of triumph over all our foes.

PETER H. DUBENDORF—REMARKS BY GEN. T. J. MCLAIN.

This beautiful wreath of flowers, prepared by gentle and sympathetic hands, I place over the gallant dead. The brave boy whose remains rest beneath these lovely symbols, was one of our own patriots. Born and reared to manhood amongst us, the moistened eyes around this grave to-day attest the worth of the soldier who laid down his precious life for his country, that liberty and freedom might live.

Sergeant Dubendorf enlisted in the 6th Ohio Cavalry, and was a member of Capt. Abell's company, fighting bravely for the flag whenever and wherever he met the foe. He fell at his post of duty, as hundreds and thousands of his glorious comrades did. He was shot by a rebel deserter while standing sentinel on duty near Fort Stoneman, in the region of Washington.

It is eminently fitting that the loyal millions of our beloved country should lay aside their ordinary business and with one heart and impulse gather around the honored graves of our gallant dead, and decorate and bestrew their graves with beautiful flowers. Those noble fellows who left their homes to defend our country against the vile assault of traitors and rebels, who stood like a wall of fire between us and the enemy, must never be forgotten; no, never, while grass grows or water runs.

On every return of the flower season may we witness scenes like the present. We promised the boys, when urging them to battle, never to forget them; let us be true and faithful as they were true and faithful. Whilst remembering the brave boys who died, let us extend the sympathizing hand to their comrades who are with us, and to the mourning friends of those whose spirits are gone, we trust, to the land of flowers and immortality, where no clash of arms or rebel yell will ever disturb them more.

HENRY ADAMS.—REMARKS BY J. C. HUTCHINS, ESQ.

The privilege of decorating the grave of Lieut. Henry Adams, has been accorded to me. Those of us who were fortunate enough to know Henry Adams personally, will remember him as a kind friend, an accomplished and a Christian gentleman, and a patriotic citizen and soldier.

Many of us well remember how determined he was to enter the service of his country in the early days of the war; how his anxious friends, fearing that he, physically, was but illy prepared for such a service, prevailed upon him to defer. But when the dark days of the winter of 1862–3, the gloomiest period of the whole war, came upon us, he rose above all mere prudent considerations, and in December, 1863, entered the army as 2d Lieutenant in the 105th O. V. I.

On account of his fine business qualifications, he was at once appointed commissary of Colonel Hall's brigade, the duties of which position he discharged with signal ability until the close of his career.

But alas, the result proved that the fears of his anxious friends were only too well founded. It soon became evident that his constitution was too feeble to resist the hardships and exposures of army life. In one short month he was prostrated by sickness, from which he never fully recovered, although it was supposed at one time he would do so.

Encouraged by these delusive hopes, he, on the 19th of February, telegraphed to one of his brothers to meet him in Nashville, Tennessee. On the 20th, that brother received a despatch that Henry was dead.

Thus perished in the prime of life, our lamented friend, deeply regretted by all who knew him. We, his surviving companions and friends, do, upon this beautiful day, scatter the flowers of May over his tomb.

H. H. AND OSCAR O. MILLER.—REMARKS BY COL. H. G. STRATTON.

I tender this to the memory of Horace H. Miller, private Co. C, 19th O. V. I. His health gave way under the exposure of the soldier's life. He came home but to be buried here. He did what he could.

And this to our dear friend and brother, Oscar O. Miller, private in Co. C, 19th O. V. I., during the three months' service. 1st Lieut. in the same company and regiment when reorganized in the fall of 1861, promoted to the captaincy of Co. I, and afterwards appointed Capt. and Asst. Adjt. Gen. U. S. A. He passed through Rich Mountain, Shiloh, Stone River, Perryville, and Chickamauga. Was one of the first to reach the summit of glorious Mission Ridge, from thence to East Tennessee, Rocky Face, and on through the daily battles and skirmishes of the Atlanta campaign, to lay his offering down in the last day, last hour of that ever memorable campaign. He left us but to be brought back a moment afterwards—clay. His brave, eager spirit, had passed beyond, to reap the reward he so justly

merited. We think not only of his loyalty, his bravery, and his kindness, but we also remember his character so pure, so strong, so confident, standing out like a bright beacon of light in the midst of so much passion and moral darkness. We remember this and more. But let us not forget that, while so many of our comrades have been mustered and are sleeping, we remain to finish our term of service. Shall we not fight a good fight? Shall we not be true to the memories this day calls forth? Comrades and friends! let these mounds never be forgotten by us; let us endeavor to follow in the footsteps of the departed, that we may join them where the bivouac's rest will not be broken, where joy and peace will reign for evermore!

At Brimfield and Kent, Ohio.

The ceremony was designated by the Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, but the duty was not left to the members of that society alone.

The exercises at Brimfield were at 12 M., and the concourse of people was very large. The ladies and friends had exerted themselves so as to call out the best citizens of that vicinity. The exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, and appropriate remarks were made by Mr. H. S. Carter and Rev. Mr. Wilson. Fitting and beautiful music was furnished by the choir under the direction of Mr. Warren Sherman. The old flag—the banner of beauty and glory—was placed at the head of each grave. The decorations, furnished by the ladies and comrades, were tastefully arranged on the last resting-place of our brave boys, and the audience was dismissed with the benediction.

The exercises at Kent were at 4 P. M. Every one was astonished at the immense number of people in attendance. The assemblage was one of the best in point of numbers and character ever gathered in this county. They honored themselves by their attendance and participation in fitly and beautifully decorating the graves of the dead with chaplets which should be unfading. The exercises were opened by prayer by Rev. Mr. Wilson, in a fitting and impressive manner. The comrades and friends then proceeded to decorate with choice flowers and wreaths, the graves of those brave and noble men who gave the last full measure of their devotion to the cause of nationality and of freedom. Then followed brief addresses by Major Marvin, of Akron, and Rev. Mr. Wilson. The assemblage was then dismissed with the benediction.

In the evening the Congregational Church was filled with a very large and attentive audience, to listen to the

ADDRESS BY REV. B. P. JOHNSON.

SOLDIERS OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC: It is by your courtesy that I am invited to address you upon an occasion, which, in view of the past, is at once one of sadness and of lively gratitude. The exercises in which you have engaged to-day have awakened in your breasts sentiments both of sorrow and of warm emotion, as memory has recalled scenes of varied cast. Views of military life have come up before you, associations of the years of war from the sounding of the tocsin calling to arms the country's brave, till the issue came in victory and peace.

The picture which thus comes before us is one of light and shade, clouds and sunshine. Who can take in review such a past and stand unmoved. Such a panorama passing before us, the heartstrings thrill with patriotic zeal as we hear the country's call; we commend the brave who, with many a "God speed," go forth to her redress; we rejoice to see kindling on every hand the fire of devotion to one's country. The more are we moved because partisan strife and minor differences are cast aside, and men come forward with united purpose to drive back the enemy. Noble sacrifices, where our countrymen and countrywomen give friends, property, and themselves, heart and hand, to aid the cause at stake!

Then comes the cry, to battle, and firmly onward moves the determined phalanx; no river too broad or deep to stay them, no secret mountain pass that cannot be threaded, no hidden foe that daunts the intrepid warriors, no bristling steel, no serried hosts, no roar of cannon can check in purpose the defenders of the right till the laurel crowns them.

Thus we see inscribed upon the canvas before us *patriotism*, *resolution*, *bravery*, *triumph*. These are the parts of the panorama that awaken the more pleasant sentiments of our emotional nature. There are other scenes, clouds mingled with sunshine; no joy without its counterpart; we plucked the rose but with it came the pain the thorn produced. It is through much tribulation the crown is won. From the time that Ladd and Whitney fell in the streets of Baltimore till the sad fate of the immortal Lincoln the scene is one of mingled sadness.

In four years of strife many of our noble soldiers fell a sacrifice to the cause which they espoused.

It is of the memory of these we are to speak. This is a subject of interest to all. The soldier is a common benefactor, and every American citizen may well shed a tear of love and gratitude at the grave of the fallen. The life that aims to maintain the honor of the nation, that seeks the preservation of her

liberties, that risks every peril in the endeavor to uphold the banner of right and freedom, is ever esteemed worthy of the brightest laurels a people can bestow, and where such a life is lost in the conflict it deserves our fullest honor, our highest ecomium. We would be recreant to duty, false to the instincts of our nature were we to be ungrateful for our dearly-purchased liberties, and did we not cherish the memories of the dead. Our country has recognized this debt of love and gratitude, and one of her first acts after the close of the contest, was to lay out and beautify national cemeteries for the resting-place of those who fell in her defence. We may not come behind the nations of ancient time in showing respect for the brave that have perished. The lore of antiquity abounds in panegyric pronounced upon those who, inspired by the love of country, were intrepid in the midst of dangers, bared their breasts to the foe, and, in defence of home and liberty, gave themselves to death. The empires of the Orient, long since passed away, still in monumental inscription and costly sepulture speak of their regard for their benefactors. The bards of Greek and Latin tongue chose the heroes of war for their subjects when they would put forth their greatest power, and in all ages, from Bible times till the present, the good, the noble, the brave, who have perished in battling for the right have been accounted worthy of the highest ecomium man can pronounce upon his fellows. In fulfilling our duty here, then, we but follow the instincts of humanity, and imitate the examples of our predecessors in all ages of the world. In our eulogy we, of course, include all who have in any way paid with their lives the price of our liberty, whether at the cannon's mouth, in hospital, in prison-pen, or in the arms of friends at home, where many of the sick and wounded came only to die.

All honor to the patriot dead, who full of hope and trust and zeal went forth to the battle-field; honor for the sacrifice they made, the exchange of home comforts for camp life, the delicacies of the table for soldier's fare; soft couches for bare floors, or the damp earth; the shelter of the homestead roof for the relentless storm, a life of ease and comfort for military discipline; fond parents, brothers and sisters they left behind, not that they loved these less, but their country more. It was a noble impulse that thrilled their breasts and led them to break away from such endearments and to go forward to meet the foeman. At the sound of danger the artisan dropped his tools and went out to protect us; the yeoman exchanged peaceful labor upon his fruitful farm, for the clangor and toil and harvest of bones upon the battle-field. These noble-hearted men were from all the ranks of life. The student, the teacher, the physician,

the lawyer, the minister stood side by side with their countrymen; rich and poor, old and young went together. No land has ever had such cause as ours to boast its gallant defenders. God favored us in sending willing hearts and strong hands for our defence. The call of the country thus met with quick response from her sons. *A country's benison be upon their memory. Honor to those sleeping warriors for their bravery.* It was no coward foe they went out to meet, but a determined one fired with settled hate and thirsting vengeance, and stoutest hearts were needed to oppose them. The men whose memories we would cherish and perpetuate were intrepid before this maddened host, and met them steel to steel, till God gave them victory. Gave *them* victory, do we say? Yes, though the multitude of the host fell before the glorious news was sounded forth, still the victory was theirs; theirs in the mind of God, theirs in its near approach, theirs to bequeath to their surviving compatriots. Peace be to them. "Peace to the slumberers." We cannot say of them "vain was their bravery," as did Sir Thomas Moore in eulogizing those slain in an unsuccessful contest. Our fallen heroes have left us inheritors of what they won by their deeds of valor. The blessings of a free Republic should be upon them. The tombs of these our heroic benefactors are throughout the length and breadth of our land. Some sleep in unknown graves. Where the fatal missile pierced them, there they fell and were buried, some by the kindness of friends; some by ruthless hands. At the great battle-fields we have gathered them into cemeteries and tenderly committed their remains dust to dust. There are few churchyards in the land that do not bear in their bosom some part of this precious charge. They sleep. *Their memories* never.

"Ah! never shall the land forget
How flowed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed warm with hope and courage yet
Upon the soil they fought to save."

You, soldiers, and friends of the soldier who have had an interest in decorating the graves of the dead to-day, have testified that you have not forgotten; that the memories of the past are still dear to you. Flowers are emblems of purity and love, and all that is good and noble and true. They are the gifts of affection; given by God to beautify the earth and to awaken and cherish in us the sentiments they symbolize. They have a language man has not fully learned, and when we bestow them upon loved ones they speak more than the lips can utter. To scatter them over the sleeping remains of the soldier is a tender and most expressive act. May this be repeated in coming years.

Let these flowers of spring-time, the first floral fruits of the year, continue to be offered upon this altar of memory. You whose peculiar work it is to perpetuate the fame of our country's heroes, let no minor motive lead you to forget your mission. If you are true to your noble work, the influence you exert will not end with the present generation, but posterity will catch your spirit and imitate your example in honoring the champions of American liberty; and so too will your own names be held in remembrance by those who shall succeed you upon the stage of life. I cannot close without digressing somewhat from the subject allotted, and bespeaking from all a sympathy for the living whose crippled forms or broken health testify to the service they have rendered. They are worthy of no small share of your regard, and it is the paramount duty of all citizens to render assistance to any such who may be in need. Lastly; in rendering these honors to our fellow mortals, let us not forget our duty to God, to whom we are indebted for every national (as well as every other) blessing. It was he who raised up these heroes for our defence. They conquered because the God of battles was with them. He who is ruler over the nations, putteth down one and setteth up another. We believe it was he who directed our fathers to these western shores and established them a free people, with the good government which they bequeathed to us; and when some rose up to destroy the nation, when tyranny and oppression were rife, it was God who called forth a patriot band to break the shackles. While, then, we honor the instruments, let us acknowledge God as sovereign, and bow as willing subjects before Him who will judge the nations and try every man according to his work.

At Sandusky, Ohio.

All the forenoon the weather was threatening, and doubtless kept many away, but at 2 o'clock, when the procession formed, the clouds broke away, and the evening proved a most propitious one. More than a thousand persons, in carriages and on foot, bearing flowers and banners, proceeded to Oakland Cemetery, led by the members of Weller Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, and by the Great Western Band. On arriving at the Cemetery, the procession massed near the graves of Col. Weller and Dr. McMeara, where a temporary stand had been erected. Here a most eloquent and touching prayer was offered, by Post-Chaplain Rev. Robert McCune, of Kelley's Island; the band played a dirge, and short addresses were made by Messrs Nettleton, Colver and Van Tine. After another

piece by the band, the comrades and friends proceeded, with as much system as was practicable under the circumstances, to strew flowers on the graves of the fallen defenders of the Union. It was a most beautiful and moving sight. A company of young girls, dressed in the habiliments of Spring, their hats decked with blossoms, bearing baskets of flowers, wreaths and bouquets, passed from grave to grave, accompanied by the comrades and relatives of the fallen, and strewed the little hillocks with "the bright children of the Spring." Tears came to many eyes as memory called up the recent bloody past, and all came away feeling renewed gratitude towards those who gave their lives to their country. Everything passed off most pleasantly, for which great credit is due to T. H. Goodman, Post Commander, and Mrs. O. Follett, the Soldiers' Friend.—*Sandusky Register.*

At Cleveland, Ohio.

At West Side Cemetery: the arrangements here were under the control of the G. A. R.—A large number of citizens, including many good women who deeply sympathized with the efforts of the departed to save the Nation from destruction, engaged in the work of love and commemoration. Rev. J. A. Thome, after a very touching prayer, addressed a few words to the audience, alluding chiefly to the fact that it was impossible for the human tongue to utter the sentiment of gratitude due to these fallen heroes. In the prayer, the burden of his petition was that the Country might be spared from such another conflict, and that the wounds made by the Great Rebellion might speedily be healed. The graves were decorated by little children—beautiful girls, handsomely dressed. Evidently accustomed to the arrangement of flowers, their work won the admiration and deeply touched the feelings of all present. The sleeping comrades, unknown to very many of those who scattered garlands over the graves, were mostly from Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Ohio, Indiana, New York and Germany—54 in all.

After concluding the exercises at the West Side Cemetery, the procession moved to Woodland Cemetery, preceded by the German Band, which discoursed many very sweet and appropriate airs during the day. A large number of persons gathered there early in the afternoon, and patiently awaited the coming of the procession. When it arrived, Col. John N. Frazee led the way to the Monument of the 23d O. V. I., which had been previously covered with beautiful and exquisitely wrought wreaths and bouquets of the most fragrant flowers that could be

obtained. Halting in front of the obelisk, Mr. T. A. Oakley offered a prayer, and was followed by A. T. Slade, Esq., with an address, of which the following is a synopsis:

REMARKS OF MR. SLADE.

Soldiers and Citizens: Not having been favored with time to prepare a short address, and not now having time to make a long one, let us in an imperfect way call to mind the lessons of the hour.

To commemorate those great events which have elevated National character, has been the custom in all ages. History, poetry and eloquence, have each vied in celebrating those exhibitions of courage which reflected so much honor upon the Republics of antiquity. Rome, a nation which surpassed her cotemporaries in love of arts and arms, erected statues and garlanded triumphal arches in honor of her victorious brave. It is then in conformity to an ancient custom—the most natural and honorable of feelings, the spirit of the loftiest patriotism and of the deepest gratitude—that we have this day assembled, in this beautiful cemetery, to decorate the graves of the heroic dead, who fought and fell that their Country might survive.

We desire, by thus reverently approaching the sepulchres of our departed heroes, mingling our tears with the dews of heaven, spreading fresh flowers—mementoes of love and friendship—over the green mound of the silent sleeper, not only to show our respect and patriotic remembrance of the dead, but to keep alive on the altar of our hearts that living love of country, in defense of which death is so sweetly and so nobly met.

It is but natural that flowers should give expression to our love for the departed; theirs is an oratory that speaks in perfumed silence. Joy and sorrow have their appropriate expression in these mute yet eloquent letters of "the blooming alphabet of creation."

It was a custom among the Athenians to take the bodies of those slain in battle, and bear them back tenderly to the city of Athens, when, on a day appointed, funeral cars were provided, in which were placed the dead of each particular tribe; but there was one empty car more highly adorned and more beautiful than all the rest, in memory of those whose bodies they were unable to recover. In like manner, let us not forget those brave men who lie scattered on the battle-fields of the nation; their graves are consecrated ground, destined to become classic. The time shall yet come when Lookout Mountain will surpass in renown the Pass of Thermopylæ.

Wherever their graves may be found, let no pains be spared to beautify and adorn them. Man and Nature should alike contribute to preserve such hallowed ground. Well has it been said,

> "How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
> With all their country's honors blest!
> When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
> Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
> She there shall dress a sweeter sod
> Than Fancy's feet have ever trod;
> By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
> By hands unseen their knell is rung;
> There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
> To bless the turf that wraps their clay."

It is but natural that the soldiers and sailors who have survived the struggle should form a league of friendship, and that it should take, in this instance, the name of the Grand Army of the Republic—pledged to protect the widow and the orphan of the soldier and the sailor; bound together by the common danger and hardship they have suffered in defense of the "dear old flag." Time will but increase their love for each other, and, in years to come, they will delight to recount their deeds of noble daring in the War of the Great Rebellion.

Here, standing upon the freshening sods which shut from our mortal view the cherished remains of our patriotic dead, we might mention the names of those we knew most intimately, but forbear to make distinctions where all did so well; while we might, too, neglect to mention the name of some humble private of the grand army of the dead, who nobly did all man could do.

It is a touching reflection, a sublime thought, that at this hour, in almost every city, village, and hamlet churchyard throughout the land, little children are strewing the graves of our sleeping heroes with garlands and flowers.

Throwing aside all prejudice and unkind feeling, in the spirit of a true union, let each year witness a renewal of these beautiful decorations. A fitting tribute to the dead, it will cultivate a high and noble sentiment in the living. While we thus honor the dead, let us not forget these, the companions and survivors of the departed.

> "The seed which, in these few and fleeting hours,
> Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
> Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
> And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers."

Additional wreaths were then nicely interwoven with those

already on the monument, by the ladies having charge of the decoration. Graves in the vicinity were visited and made more lovely by floral decorations. Erie street and Catholic cemeteries were also visited by the members of the G. A. R., and ladies, late in the evening.

At Chillicothe, Ohio.

The procession, under the supervision of Comrade Charles Schleyer, as officer of the day, formed, at 2 o'clock, on Paint street, right resting on Second. The following was the order of formation: 1. Guard of Honor, composed of eight men, uniformed and armed, and under command of Comrade Henry C. Taylor. 2. Brass Band 3. From eighty to one hundred little girls, dressed in white, and bearing garlands of flowers. 4. Sill encampment, Post No. 118, G. A. R., members of other Posts, and old soldiers generally, carrying a number of war-worn, battle-stained flags, and a large wreath of roses bearing the motto, "In Honor of our Fallen Comrades." 5. Maimed soldiers in carriages. 6. Orator of the day, chaplains, and singers, in carriages. 7. Mayor and City Council, in carriages. 8. Citizens in carriages, Expresses, &c. The procession arrived on the ground in due season, the spot selected for the services being that portion of the cemetery known as Monumental Circle, it having been selected and donated as the place whereon to erect the Soldiers' Monument, now in process of completion. Before proceeding to the Circle, the procession filed through the main portion of the cemetery grounds. As the grave of each soldier buried there was approached, the procession halted, and a number of beautiful little girls were sent forward, who strewed each grassy mound with flowers—a most grateful tribute, and one calculated to impress upon the minds of the youthful participants the sacredness of the cause for which the dead heroes had given their all.

This ceremony completed, the march was continued to the Circle, in the centre of which had been erected a tall scaffolding in pyramid shape, around the bottom of which were hung garlands and wreaths of roses. To many of these were attached cords bearing the name of some dear one, accompanied by the date of his death, and one or more appropriate verses, placed there by loving hands. (Those names and verses are given below). The upper portion of the pyramid was appropriately draped, while from the top floated a large silken emblem of those liberties which the dead comrades had fought so manfully to uphold. Within the base was placed the model of the monu-

ment to be erected, which formed an attractive portion of the decorations.

The exercises opened with the reading, by Comrade A. Kopp, of the General Order from the Commander-in-Chief, setting aside the day as one to be simultaneously observed by the Order; after which came the offering of prayer by the Rev. W T. Harvey, pastor of the Walnut street M. E. church. Then followed singing by a quartette, consisting of Messrs. S. W. Pearson, L. P. Hatch, Edward McKee, and J. L. Dunlap, who were accompanied on the melodeon by Miss Belle Hatch. The song rendered was an original composition, composed expressly for the occasion, and dedicated to

OUR HONORED DEAD.—BY L. P. HATCH.

No more the bugle's blast shall wake,
Nor war's alarms the nation quake;
Silent as Summer's smiling morn,
When earth with joy she doth adorn.

No hostile bands to-day arrayed;
War's bristling front once more is stayed;
Rolled back those clouds that hovered o'er—
Their blighting curse has lost its power.

And now we come, and offerings bring—
The fairest, loveliest flowers of Spring,
And here, with tears, these gifts we spread,
Where soon shall rest our honored dead.

Comrades, though parted, still thou'rt here;
We ever feel your presence near;
And as we deck this hallowed spot,
Thy virtues ne'er shall be forgot.

Some hearts with us are sad to-day;
Death's cruel dart no arm could stay;
We'll try to dry the mourner's tear;
The widowed, wounded heart to cheer.

Comrades, farewell! we'll drop a tear;
Though parted, still to us thou'rt dear;
Thy virtues cherished, and each name,
Shall be enrolled on the list of Fame.

After the song, Capt. T. A. Minshall delivered the following

ADDRESS.

COMRADES AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: It is told in Grecian story, how, once, all Athens met to do honor to those who fell in the Peloponnesian war—one of the great struggles of that renowned people for individual existence, and one of the first orators of

Greece commemorated with his eloquence the heroic lives of those men who fell in defense of the integrity of their country. We are here to-day in obedience to the suggestion of our Commander-in-Chief, and the impulse of deeply awakened recollections, to do honor to those of our members who, in our recent struggle for national existence, with us marched forth to battle, and are now numbered with the unreturning brave.

A little more than eight years since, Peace smiled upon a contented and happy people. The land was filled with the hum of industry, and our commerce urged its sails to every quarter of the globe. In the permanency of our Government we felt secure, because our institutions were free. They recognized no castes, with their privileges overshadowing the energies of the people, and exciting the jealousy of the ambitious. On a sudden, the whirlwind of battle broke the quietude of the land. Our sky, then so bright, was in a moment overcast by deep, lowering clouds. The tread of armies, with their preparations for war, succeeded the hum of peaceful industry, and the terrible realization pressed home to the convictions of a generation grown up under the auspices of peace, that there was no means left but the sword wherewith to maintain the birthright of their fathers.

The exigency was upon the country. The peril was great; but with the peril there came this assurance, that proved in part the salvation of the nation—that there was no compromise. Rebellion, as it raised the standard of revolt, dropped every disguise. It was not a reformation of abuses that was sought, but the establishment of a separate national existence—a people with a government, history, and flag of their own. As there was no peaceful solution, the nation must at once become a nation of soldiers. The suddenness with which this transformation was effected, excited the wonder of Christendom at the time, and remains one of the most remarkable events connected with the war. The boy whose mind had never raised above the pursuits of husbandry, left his plow standing in the field, the anvil ceased its merry chorus, the many-wheeled mill stopped its clatter, the student left his half-conned book, the counting-house was deserted, and all, all pressed for a place in their country's service.

The French historian records with pride how the provincial youths of France were, in a few months, from the habits of peasantry transformed into veteran soldiers, and advanced to victory, the ensign of their country upon the many historic fields of the French Revolution. It cannot be said that the American youth has the quick martial perceptions of that coun-

try. They are descended from a race more renowned for stubborn courage combined with a manly independence, than the impetuous ardor of the former. But the history of both demonstrates that the most invincible soldiery is the battalion of freemen—that there is no word like Liberty to enkindle the enthusiasm of men, and to inspire heroic action.

The master-spirits of the Rebellion—and it must be admitted that they were such—went at their work like bold and decided men, bent on the accomplishment of their designs. I cannot here undertake to recount the events of the war; this belongs to the historian. All remember how, for months, the result trembled in the balance, and none could predict with confidence final triumph for the nation.

Many and great were the trials for the country. Fear, as it were, oscillated between doubts of competency on the one hand and patriotism on the other, in those to whom the country had entrusted its sword. We hardly knew, at times, whether there was more to fear from the enemy in arms, than the treachery which lurked in the bosoms of some who were the nation's captains. It is one of the most incomprehensible problems of history, that the cause of human liberty should be so frequently betrayed by the treachery of professed adherents. Cæsar, the people's idol, and one of the great captains of the Roman Republic, overturned the liberties of his country. Görgey threatened the aspirations of Hungary, in 1848; and Louis Napoleon, chosen by the people as the President of the French Republic, like a viper, stung to death the virtuous confidence that warmed him into existence. These lessons of history, recalled by circumstances that but too plainly justified the suspicions they awakened, kept the public mind in a continual state of anxiety and dread. Fortunately, the country, in its great struggle for life, was saved from the ruinous consequences of such base betrayals as is furnished in the history of other nations; and the reason is to be found in the virtue and intelligence of the citizen soldiery, upon whom the nation relied as its right arm of defence. With such a soldiery, the Rubicon could not be crossed, because they were more attached to the institutions of their country than to the name of any military chieftain. They followed their flag, and were but little dazzled by the pomp of military splendor. They were soldiers from a sense of duty, and ever anxiously looked forward to the day when they could in peace return to the quiet of their homes and the enjoyment of their liberties; and had the experiment of a desertion of their country's cause been tried with them, they would have followed the example of those noble Greeks who, in a distant country,

put to death a traitorous captain, and returned to sustain the liberties of their native land.

Whatever were the doubts and fears of the people, the soldiers always had faith in the ultimate triumph of the country's cause. Who can forget those terrible moments in which the country learned of the first great disaster to its arms—a Waterloo defeat accruing at the very moment the time of every volunteer soldier expired. Then it was the hopes of the patriot sank within him. Under defeat and national humiliation, the enemy flushed with victory, and buoyant with confidence, would the youth again return to the life of the camp? The question received a speedy solution, and before the early fall had closed, the call for three hundred thousand had placed the Government in the attitude of defense. What a glorious chapter is this in American history, illustrating as it does, how thoroughly her institutions have taken possession of the affections of the people. The representatives of arbitrary power could but ill disguise the disappointment felt in not witnessing the speedy destruction of republican government on this continent.

They had felt confident that there was not sufficient virtue in the people voluntarily to make the sacrifice required to sustain their Government. Trusting to the predictions of their wise men, they hoped and believed that the knell of American liberty had been sounded.

In this they were disappointed. The call for three hundred thousand was promptly filled, and when the ranks of these had been depleted by sickness and the casualties of battle, another three hundred thousand came with the same alacrity, while the people contributed their treasure to the prosecution of the war, as the rivers pour their waters into the ocean. And woman, true to the instincts of her heart in the organization of aid societies, added another bright chapter to the history of her many virtues, and gave evidence of a patriotic devotion as noble and beautiful as that of the Roman matrons, who contributed the hair of their heads to string the bows of their country's defenders.

At length, after many vicissitudes, the cause of the nation triumphed in a glorious victory. The rebellion was vanquished, the Government was restored, and the old flag again floated in peace from every fortress of the nation.

Then it was that the joy of the people swelled into a volume that knew no control. It seemed to lift them above the very mountains. From every hill and from every valley, from every rock and from every glen, a song of praise and thanksgiving went up to Him who sitteth in the Heavens and ruleth the affairs of men.

And with reason, for in all the annals of the world there had not been a more gigantic struggle—one fraught with so many and momentous consequences to mankind. Had the nation been defeated no one can tell what would have been the future of this country, divided as it would have been into numerous petty states, each jealous of the growth and prosperity of the other.

And now, comrades and fellow citizens, we have to-day to pay this tribute of respect to the memory of those who sacrificed their lives on the altar of their country that such great and dire calamities might be averted from the future of this land. In doing so we not only testify how dear to our hearts are the memory of these men, but the most exalted public virtues are those which spring from fidelity to country.

Of the many thousands that have from time to time responded to the calls of their country, how many thousands never returned! Where are their graves? Go to the churchyard where sleep the remains of their fathers, and they will not be found. Their sepulchres are in the soil of another climate on the nation's battle-fields. Where they fell in their country's defence there were they buried. Comrades alone performed for them the rites of sepulture. Not in sheet nor in shroud were they wound, but in the humble army blanket as warriors they were laid to rest, and a rude board carved by the hand of some faithful comrade alone marks the spot. Comrades, by the ceremonies of this day, how many such places are brought to a vivid recollection in your minds. General Thomas, in his congratulatory order on reaching Atlanta, the great city of the South, well said the route of the army could be traced by the graves of our buried soldiers. Every theatre of the war is thus, as it were, mapped out by the graves of our comrades—those who, on the field of battle paid the forfeit of their hearts' devotion to country; of the language of the poet:

> Soldier, rest, thy warfare's o'er,
> Sleep the sleep that knows no waking,
> Dream of battle-fields no more,
> Days of danger, nights of waking.

No flowers can be strewn by us upon their graves to-day. In a few years the greensward will hardly swell into a hillock o'er the spot where they lie, and the rude boards that now mark their graves will be gone.

But the memory of their heroic virtues can never perish. These we will cherish in our heart of hearts, and coming generations, as they trace the glory and power of the Great Repub-

lic in its future course will recall with patriotic pride the manly heroism of those who fell in the great struggle of '61 for the perpetuity of the nation.

> We tell their doom without a sigh.
> For they are Freedom's now, and Fame's.

We cannot neglect the memory of our fellow comrades without becoming recreant to the duty we owe to ourselves and posterity. A great American author has said: "A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds; they constitute a common patrimony of this nation's inheritance. They awe foreign powers, and they arouse and animate our own people." Since the days of our revolutionary sires, no such addition has been made to the common patrimony of heroic deeds, and it is our duty to transmit them to posterity as a part of the nation's inheritance. Then in the future let us omit no measure required to discharge this sacred duty to the dead, as well as the obligation we owe to the living, and those who are to come after us. Annually as the spring returns, let their graves be strewn with garlands of flowers, while the monumental marble shall rise, and in all the noble eloquence of statuary, testify to the life and self-sacrificing virtues of our departed heroes.

At the close of the address the quartette song, "Stand by the flag of the nation." The song was rendered with fine effect.

Prayer was then offered by the Rev. H. W. Biggs, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, following which a list of all those whose graves were to be decorated, was read by H. C. Taylor. The band then played a dirge, after which the procession reformed and marched around Monumental Circle, the children strewing flowers on the spot where the monument is to be erected, thus typifying the graves of all who were buried here and elsewhere.

At Mansfield, Ohio.

The Grand Army assembled at their Hall, at 3 o'clock, and promptly at 4 formed in line, and preceded by a wagon containing flowers for the decorations, and the Mansfield Brass Band, marched to the Cemetery, at the entrance to which, the following ceremonies were held: Prayer, Chaplain J. E. Twitchell; Music, National Hymn; Reading Order, Adjutant E. Potter; Remarks, Comrade Isaac Gass, as follows:

Comrades and Fellow-Citizens: In view of the interesting and impressive exercises which have just taken place, and of those which are to follow, the Committee of Arrangements did well in limiting to a very few minutes the time to be occupied

with remarks. E'er to-day's sun shall have set, the graves of dead comrades, who sleep their quiet sleep because they were their country's defenders—and whose remains lie buried in almost every city, village, and rural cemetery in the land, will have been honored, as we propose now to honor those who lie here. In issuing the order just read in your hearing, the Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R. was but carrying out the principles of the organization. By this organization, is proposed, among other things, the preservation of those kind and fraternal feelings, which have bound together with the strong cords of love and affection, the soldiers and sailors who have stood together, in many weary marches, sieges and battles—to cherish tenderly, the memory of our heroic dead—to make provision, where it is not already done—for the support, care and education of soldiers' orphans—and for the maintenance of soldiers' widows. Was it not, then, eminently proper, that the Grand Army of the Republic, composed as it is, of soldiers and sailors yet in service, and of honorably discharged soldiers and sailors of the marine corps of the United States—an organization existing in almost every county, from Maine to California, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, should designate a day, and not only unite themselves, but invite all patriotic and liberty loving men and women of this land to unite with them in rendering *honor* to the memory of our *heroic* dead—to those who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes. Their soldier lives were the reveille of Freedom to a race in chains. *They died* that *Liberty* might *live*. Then let us guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated *wealth* and *taste* of the *nation* can add to their security and adornment, is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her *slain defenders*. "Let not wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed ground." Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let neither *vandalism*, nor *avarice*, nor neglect—testify, either to the present or coming generations, that we, as a people, have forgotten the *terrible* cost of a *free* and *undivided* Republic.

Comrades—if other hands should weary, and other hearts grow cold, in this solemn trust, *we* should keep it well—as long as the *light* and *warmth* of *life* are in us. In the recent great conflict—the votaries of Union and Freedom were not confined to nationality, nor sect, nor race, nor sex, (for what words can justly portray the untiring devotion of the matchless women of our country, in securing its triumph) so, now, with like absence of distinction, let us all, as the common heritors of our nation's boon of civil and religious freedom, gather around the *sacred*

remains of our *patriot dead*, and garland the passionless mounds above them with the chosen flowers of spring. Let us in this solemn presence, renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom *they* have left amongst us, a *sacred charge*, upon a *nation's gratitude*. Life's evening tattoo has sounded to our comrades who sleep here in their bivouac—and they have lain down in their undisturbed repose. For them the long and weary march is over—no more for them the sentinel's lonely beat—the battle's furious fray is past. They but sleep—let loving hands strew flowers o'er the bed of their repose. They but await reveille—the reveille of the skies.

Song—Star Spangled Banner.

The decorations were then proceeded with, the entire company marching to each grave, where a detail was taken from the column, and decorated each grave by placing a bouquet of white flowers at the head, and one of colored at the breast and feet, with a wreath of evergreens at the head and breast. Each grave was then covered with loose flowers, the whole presenting an elegant appearance. Thirty-eight graves and three monuments were decorated in this manner, the names of those honored being as follows:

Col. Alex. McIlvain, Col. Jas. Cantwell, Col. T. H. Ford, Maj. Wm. McLaughlin, Adjt. A. G. Phillips, Capt. J. Christefel, Capt. G. E. Winters, Capt. F. A. Coates, Capt. R. L. Avery, Capt. John Costin, Lieut. C. P. Meredith, Lieut. Geo. Schemes, Lieut. Philip Drakert, Lieut. Fred. Harding, Privates Harry Sims, Albert R. Moore, Adam Endly, And. Beacher, John Leahy, H. Potter, Geo. Uhilch, Jos. Alcock, Oliver P. Crouse, J. E. Dennison, —— Brown, John Hownie, James Barden, Aug. McIlvain, Jos. Campbell, Thos. Croft, W. P. Cook, N. C. Dickey, Hiram Potter, Edward Allen, John Bristor, Val. Beinsott, R. M. Schreffler, Chas. McComb, Wm. Thompson, James Avery, George Lemon.

After this part of the ceremony was concluded, "Old Hundred," was sung by the choir, the multitude of persons present joining in, and making the cemetery ring with the solemn music. The benediction was then pronounced by Rev. J. A. Mudge, when the crowd dispersed, and the Grand Army of the Republic returned to their hall.

At Dayton, Ohio.

It was just 27 minutes after four o'clock on Saturday morning, when three Napoleon twelve-pounders simultaneously announced that the eventful day had opened, and that it was time

to begin the preparation for the patriotic offering. One of the guns was planted at the foot of the flag-staff at the National Soldiers' Home, and was manned by veterans who had seen four years of the most desperate service; another field-piece was located on the highest point of Phillips' Hill, overlooking the city, and was served by a squad of cadets from the Western Military Institute, in command of Captain Rodgers; and the third gun was planted on the area in front of Turner Hall, in the eastern part of the city. The gun on Phillips' Hill was removed to the head of Main street, about 10 o'clock A. M. These guns were fired every half hour during the day, "waking the echoes" from dawn to sundown. Long before one o'clock the people had commenced gathering at the Court-house, and when the hour arrived the sidewalks and steps were filled, and on Main street, south and north, as well as on Third, many were waiting to witness the forming of the procession. Promptly at one o'clock Gen. Wood, Grand Marshal, with his aides, Major F. Loury, Major P. O'Connell, Major J. V. Thomas, Captain Henry Dornbush, Captain J. T. Patton, Captain James Reber, and Lieutenants Gottschall and A. Knecht, Jr., were on the ground, and the procession was formed soon after, and in the following order: Regimental Band; Soldiers' Home Band in car; two waggons tastefully ornamented, in which were seated the young ladies who were to aid in decorating the graves. Three vehicles were also loaded with flowers; the orator of the day, with the clergy; King Encampment, No. 20, G. A. R., Capt. Steve Hayes; Allen Encampment, No. 152, G. A. R.; Veteran Post G. A. R., from Soldiers' Home; city police; city judiciary; city council; board of education; the judiciary and civic authorities of the county; citizens in carriages.

Proceeding down Main Street, the procession kept on its way to St. Henry's (Catholic) Cemetery, and thence to Woodland, where thousands had congregated before it arrived. Over the entrance to St. Henry's Cemetery was a large arch, in rustic fashion, of cedar, and it was inscribed in evergreen letters—"Honor to Our Unburied Dead." The mystic and potent initials "U. S." marked the bases and apex of this beautiful arch. We learn that the inscription was wrought by the ladies of the Merchants' Hotel, and was their tribute to the memories of the gallant dead. Inside the grounds a platform was erected under a weeping willow, and it was most handsomely draped with flags, and festooned with evergreens and flowers. Here and there over the cemetery the graves of soldiers—to the number of nineteen—were designated by little flags planted on them, and loving hands had already initiated the work of decoration.

Owing to the absence of Father Goetz, the ceremonies at St. Henry's were brief. The graves were tenderly decorated, a funeral dirge was played by the band, surviving comrades fired a funeral salute in honor of the sleeping warriors, and to most solemn music, the column resumed the line of march to Woodland—"beautiful city of the dead."

In Woodland, *one hundred and twenty-five graves* were marked with bright little flags, which silently announced the number of departed heroes who slept there. Already the majority of these graves were most handsomely decorated by friends, who were thus vieing with each other in showing their tender regard. The main point of attraction, where the Committee on Decorations had devoted much admirable taste, and expended a great deal of material, was on Monument Point, the summit of a small mountain which towers above the hills in Woodland, and overlooks the city, and the hills, valleys, and rivers, for miles beyond. Over the two avenues by which the Point is approached, on either side, were erected rustic frames, on each of which is the inscription—on one side—"A Votive Offering to Our Unburied Comrades." And on the other side —"They Slumber on Southern Battle-fields." Suspended beneath these inscriptions were handsome wreaths, encircling pretty crosses of evergreen. On the Point a rustic platform was erected, around the base of a mammoth flag-staff, to which a regulation flag was suspended at half-mast. The platform was surrounded by rustic railing decked with evergreens, wreaths, crosses, immortelles, and flowers; festooned with mosses, and draped with flags and crape, and most handsomely canopied with the "banner of beauty;" and the place was appropriately furnished with rustic chairs, sofas, and benches. On the east side of this beautiful rustic platform was planted a 12-pound Napoleon gun and caisson, festooned with crape and evergreens; and on either side were arms stacked, and a hundred men were on guard! The huge rocks which protrude from the hill-side in the vicinity were draped with flags, and the entire surroundings were made to harmonize with the grand central figure. Arrived at the cemetery, the column passed under the great flag at the gateway, and entered the grounds. The Grand Army at once proceeded to the pleasant task of decorating the graves of their comrades. In the meantime the main body of the procession marched up to the vicinity of Monument Point, to listen to the interesting exercises. After an inspiring air from the Regimental Band, the Throne of Grace was addressed by Rev. Elder Van Buskirk. The National Band then played a dirge, after which Rev. Mr. Ernshaw, Chaplain of the National Soldiers' Home, was introduced by Mr. Winchell.

ADDRESS OF CHAPLAIN EARNSHAW.

COMRADES OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I rise to address you with a heart swelling, and with the deepest emotion, and when I contemplate the grandeur of the occasion, I am reminded that it demands a higher appreciation and a more eloquent tongue than mine. You will indulge me if I say that I am irresistibly carried back to the days of our great National struggle. This great gathering of the loyal people reminds me of the time when the country was endangered, and when we pressed the hand and received the farewell kiss from those we loved. The tramp, tramp, tramp, of the soldier, recalls the time when we used to sing "We are coming Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand more." The booming of cannon and the glittering arms borne on the shoulders of men dressed in blue, carries me back to the days of our conflict and the days of our glory, and this picture is complete to my mind when I remember that we are this day led by one of the Nation's truest and bravest chieftains. It is difficult, indeed, to realize that the battle has been fought, the victory won, and the Nation saved. A closer inspection, however, reveals the faces of men familiar with the trying scenes of war, and these shattered braves from the Soldiers' Home, with empty sleeves and leaning on their crutches, together with the hundred graves, and now this hour bedewed with tears and covered with beautiful flowers, tell me in language unmistakable that the work has been done, and the great sacrifice made. When we look out on this immense assembly and behold the unheard-of devotion to the men who laid down their lives to save the Nation, we are compelled to say that the old adage so spitefully thrown in our faces by our enemies that "Republics are ungrateful," receives this day its eternal refutation. We can never forget the loyal men and the heroic women left behind, how they stood by us in our terrible reverses, and how they, through the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, loaded us with the blessings of heaven and earth, how readily they heard the wail of the soldier's widow, and tenderly cared for his little orphans. And now we at the last are thrilled with joy and thankfulness to God for the crowning act of affectionate remembrance revealed in the "National Soldiers' Home" that crowns yonder hill, where the scarred veterans may tread the beautiful grounds, and enjoy sweet repose through life. All honor to the Nation that thus rewards her noble defenders! All honor to the patriotic men to whom has been committed the management of this noble Institution. I feel it a duty and a great privilege to say to you that while the Government, so heartily

sustained by the people, has been so bountiful in bestowing favors on the soldier and his family, the dead that were left on the five hundred battle-fields in the rebellious South have not been forgotten. It was my distinguished honor, too gratefully remembered, to be detailed by order of Gen. G. H. Thomas to construct the Stone River and Nashville National Cemeteries for the burial of the remains of twenty-two thousand braves that fell in Middle Tennessee. My earnest and patriotic friend, Chaplain T. B. Vanhorn, now before me, had a like honor conferred on him in constructing the Chattanooga and Marietta Cemeteries, the one at Chattanooga containing twelve thousand, and the one at Marietta, Georgia, ten thousand. In these four cemeteries, containing more than forty thousand graves, all who fell between Bowling Green, Kentucky, and Atlanta, Georgia, and from fifty to one hundred miles right and left, we diligently searched for the graves of our heroic comrades. On the fields of Shiloh, on the well-remembered bluff, a beautiful cemetery has been constructed by Col. A. W. Wells. Also, by the same officer, at Corinth, Mississippi, a charming spot was selected, and our gallant dead of that rebellious region have been gathered and carefully laid to rest within the sacred enclosure. At Memphis, Tennessee, one containing twelve thousand has been constructed under the superintendence of Lieut. Parkerson, of the army. At Fort Donelson, on the banks of the Cumberland, where the battle was fought and won by our army, is the location of another beautiful National Cemetery. In a word, all through the South, wherever our victorious army marched, or gallant scouts fell, has been most carefully searched, and the remains most tenderly coffined and laid in these enclosures, where a grateful nation will guard the sacred dust of its brave defenders. This great National work will soon be completed. Massive stone walls, or iron fences where stone cannot be secured, will enclose these burial-places, and small detachments of United States soldiers placed to guard and keep them in repair. Many of them are most tastefully laid out. The one at Chattanooga is located on the most beautiful spot in Tennessee. I am told that while our gallant troops were charging up Missionary Ridge, and while the battle was raging furiously above the clouds, and men were falling by hundreds on every part of the field, that Maj.-Gen. Geo. H. Thomas turned to his gallant Chief of Staff and said: "That spot," pointing to a beautiful hill, "will make a grand place for a National Cemetery," and on Christmas day, 1863, he issued an order directing the work to be begun, and I am glad to say that to Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, the immovable center at Stone River, the Gibraltar

of Chickamauga, and the hero of Nashville, belongs the immortal honor of issuing the first order for the construction of a National Cemetery, and that full information be furnished of name, rank, age, marital state, date of enlistment, and address of nearest relative, and whatever is worthy of record in each case. I am gratified to state here that Chaplain Van Horn had the distinguished honor of obeying that interesting order. It is also a great pleasure afforded me to-day, to say that while we are showering these beautiful tokens of love and affection on the graves of the heroes now sleeping under the shadow of their own dear homes, all over the land, in the large Cemeteries, far in the "Sunny South," may be seen this day, loyal men and true women, with weeping eyes and earnest hearts, paying a like tribute to the deeds and memory of those far away. Those sacred spots are the dearest places on earth to the fire-tried patriots of the South, and it is to these places they go to swear afresh their allegiance to the Country saved by the blood of the men beneath its grassy mounds. Let no weeping widow, mother, sister or friend, think that their loved ones are unhonored as they are distant. I have, myself, several times witnessed the paying of floral tributes to the Union dead in the South. And as I am here to speak for the soldier, I would say that our hearts are too full for utterance, when we attempt to make a return for the love you so touchingly express by thus honoring our dear fallen comrades.

I can only say that the members of the Grand Army of the Republic bless you, every man that wore the Blue will bless you, and we will ever join in asking that the blessings of the God of nations and the God of battles may be upon you. I may congratulate my comrades in the assurance that if we be true to our past record in standing by the principles for which we fought, at the close of life we will be honored in our burial, and on the return of the flower month of each year, the loyal people will assemble to deck our graves with flowers. We express our unfeigned admiration for our glorious Commander-in-Chief, Gen. John A. Logan, whose noble and Union-loving heart prompted him to promulgate the order that brings us together on this most interesting occasion, especially that the ceremony is to be perpetuated to the latest period of our National history. And your kindness, ladies and gentlemen, in co-operating with us to-day, and the oft-assured willingness to join us from year to year on similar occasions, makes it incumbent upon me to say that we stand by the country as before. We, of the Grand Army of the Republic, have renewed our vows, on bended knees, pressing the flag of our country to our hearts, and with unsheathed sword

have sworn eternal hostility to secession and rebellion wherever found, and stand ready at the call of the country to repeat our sufferings in heat and cold, and storm, in wading swamps, fording rivers, traversing valleys and scaling mountains, and if need, to the lofty heights of Lookout, and defeat our enemies (as before) above the clouds.

Let us leave this sacred place remembering that our work has been one of holy love, and that we form a part of the mighty loyal host that have in this bright land of liberty to-day, honored the deeds and memory of three hundred thousand heroes.

After the Chaplain concluded, the National Band played an appropriate and solemn air, when a most eloquent and touching prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Kemper, pastor of the St. Clair Street Presbyterian Church. Doxology was then sung to the grand old air of "Old Hundred," in which thousands of voices joined, and Benediction was pronounced by Rev. W. T. Bunker, Pastor of the Wayne Street Baptist Church. This was the signal for closing the ceremonies of the day; and the thousands who were in Woodland departed for their homes.

AT THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

About ten o'clock in the morning, the procession was formed at Head-Quarters. The Cadets of the Military Institute, with reversed arms, the members of the Post of the Grand Army, the officers of the Home, each with a bouquet upon his breast, then the ladies, followed by citizens who had come out to join in the solemn ceremonies. It was not a long procession, but few like it was ever looked upon. Among the soldiers in the line you saw those who bore themselves upon crutches. Rebel bullets, fired in a cause thrice accursed, had mutilated their manly forms. Many an empty sleeve, pinned upon the breast, where the true heart was beating, furnished badges of honor to the bearers. Away in the distance amid the green wood, the solemn strains of music came forth as if from the grave itself. The "dead march," how mournful! Its sad notes float out like a wail for the dead. The heart is subdued. Sadness fills the soul, thus reminded, as it has been a thousand times before, that death is in the world. With slow and solemn step, as if a corpse were in charge, the procession moved through the field and wood to the graves of the departed patriots. On a gentle slope facing the East, amid the trees of the forest, lie the seventeen dead soldiers—side by side, as they stood upon the battle-field confronting the foe. Flowers are growing upon the graves,

and the spaces between are covered with the green grass. It is a beautiful place where for the last time these brave men have closed ranks—never to be broken, perhaps, till the great "assembly" call on the resurrection morn. At the graves the cadets march up and take position in double ranks on the westside of the miniature cemetery. The veterans from the Home march round, and at the sound of command halt on the west side and face inward. The orator and officers of the Home occupy a position in the centre of the line on the west, a large American flag hangs from the trees in the rear. The visitors and spectators all find places about that row of seventeen graves, which enables them to see all that is done, and hear all that is said. It is not a large company, but it is a very solemn one. The order of exercises is then announced by Gen. Ingraham. Chaplain Van Horne implored the blessing of the Most High as he devoutly acknoledged His merciful dealings with the nation during her four years of war against armed and implacable treason. He remembers before God, with gratitude of heart, that liberty had been preserved, rebellion subdued, and the rights of humanity vindicated. He recognizes the chastening hand in the sufferings which had attended the nation during its fiery baptism, and asked for Christ's sake, that comfort and consolation may be vouchsafed to the bereaved and afflicted, who, everywhere throughout the nation, mourn over the loved ones that stood in the strife against treason and rebellion. He asks for heavenly approval of the tribute of affection and of honor, which is this day paid to the memory of those who sacrificed their lives to preserve the nation—who died that the nation might live.

Next comes the soldier's tribute of honor. The Cadets are ordered to "load at will." It is done. Successive orders follow till the butt of each musket presses a shoulder. Then comes the order to fire, and the volley which succeeds is almost condensed into a single report, so accurate had been their practice at the Institute where they are studying war, and the peaceful sciences as well. The orders are repeated, and two other volleys are fired. The veterans have watched every movement of the boys from the order to load till the order to fire, and turn to each other and express their admiration of the firing. The "honors of war" having been paid, the peaceful tribute, the homage of woman to the memory of the brave, comes on. Flowers prepared by fair hands are strewed upon the graves until they are covered with these floral treasures. The gray-headed veteran joins the matron and the maiden in this beautiful token of affection, which is sincerely bestowed. The heart has given of its

tenderness, and the fresh buds and blossoms are the emblems of its purity. Now we have a scene which awakens new emotions. An officer who has seen much service, who though Southern born and bred, has always been the devoted, unswerving defender of the Union cause, stands forth to address the assembly. He is no holiday soldier, no Fourth of July declaimer. He speaks as one "having authority." He has passed the fearful ordeal of battle on many bloody fields—he bears honorable scars.*

GEN. WOOD'S ADDRESS.

VETERAN COMRADES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The rites of sepulture, the consecrated grounds devoted to the remains of the dead, and the preservation of the memory of the departed have, in all periods and in all lands, obtained the special care and regard of every race and people. The sentiment of loving regard for the dead and of reverent conservation of the necropolis, however variously manifested according to the diversities and peculiarities of different races and nations, is co-extensive with humanity. It is not limited by geographical boundaries, by diversity of ethnological descent, by differences of religious faith, nor by disparity of civilization. The beautiful cemeteries which adorn every part of our adored land, to which loving friends and relatives throng at each return of the vernal season, to lay their tributes of love and affection on the tombs of the beloved dead—the monuments and immortelles of *Pere le Chaise*—the vast, silent cities of the dead spread out on the sloping shores of the Golden Horn, hoary with age, and studded with the tapering, graceful cypresses which form as impressive a feature in that gorgeous orient landscape, are alike the evidence as well as the effect of the existence of the sentiment of loving respect for the dead, and of reverent regard for the sacred grounds in which they sleep their long sleep. All who have read the touching story of the gradual, but relentless dispossession of the aboriginal inhabitants of our magnificent domain, by the steady aggression of a more powerful and fortunate race, must have been deeply impressed with the constant recurrence of the mournful lament—that they had been driven away from the graves of their fathers. Love for the dead and respect for their final resting-places are so much a part of humanity, that the history of every race gives evidence of their existence.

But when worthily distinguishing circumstances have marked the lives and careers of the departed, such as great personal worth, the rendering of extraordinary and very useful services

* *Dayton Journal*, June 1, 1868.

to mankind by scientific discoveries and utilitarian inventions, or the falling in the military service of the State, the general sentiment of respect for the deceased is much heightened and intensified—indeed, often rises to a sublime enthusiasm, and is displayed in striking and appropriate manifestations. As an instance of the exaltation of this natural feeling into a national sentiment, it may be mentioned that the Athenians, in the pure and best days of the republic, brought home the remains of the citizens who had fallen in foreign wars, and interred them in the *Ceramicus*—the national cemetery of Athens. Perhaps the most touching, as well as the most striking recorded instance of the tender regard of the survivors for the worth and memory of a dead comrade is furnished by the history of *Tour d'Auvergne*, "The First Grenadier of Republican France." After his death, which had occurred in battle, his heart was embalmed and preserved in a silver urn (which was borne by the oldest sergeant of his company,) his name was continued on the company roll, and at each roll-call, to the name *Tour d'Auvergne*, the custodian of the sacred heart responded: *mort sur le champ d'honneur.* I envy no man who can read the story of such devotion without the deepest emotion. Respect in our own well-beloved country for the nation's dead children, elevated into a national sentiment, has been displayed in the establishment, since the termination of the late war, of numerous national cemeteries in convenient and suitable positions, in which the remains of the patriot soldiers who fell in the defence of the Government against the hands of its parricidal assailants are to be reverently interred, and placed under the protection of the gratitude and loyalty of the nation. *War-worn veterans, comrades-in-arms:* our assembling to-day is a manifestation of the national feeling of respect for the dead exalted into a national sentiment. This is, truly, a solemn and impressive occasion! With no light or trivial or irreverent feelings are we animated to day. The duty which we are met to perform this day is the result of the deep and sincere conviction that we, the survivors, owe a profound and lasting debt of gratitude to those brave and true men who fell in the military service of the country in the late war; and that a solemn obligation rests upon us to assemble ourselves together at stated times, and, by appropriate observances and ceremonies, to make such oblations to the dead as will preserve, fresh and green, the memory of their great and glorious services in the cause of the right and the truth, as well as testify the largeness of our indebtedness to them. To-day, the nation's reverent homage and gratitude to its patriot dead are ascending in a grand and mighty diapason. From the busy

shores of the Atlantic to the far off occident, where the waves of the great peaceful ocean wash the sands of the golden State of California, or jut against the rock-bound coast of Oregon, assemblies, animated by the same sentiment as ourselves, have met together this day. Throughout all this broad area, occupied by more than twenty-five millions of loyal, intelligent, law-abiding, and liberty-loving people, vast concourses of beautiful women and true men are this day voluntarily assembled to pay deserved honor to the memory of the nation's heroic dead, and to garland their last resting places, where they sleep so well after "their duty done," with appropriate tributes. Human history presents no loftier spectacle. Could there be a more satisfactory proof of the influence of an ennobling and sublime sentiment? A few moments, my friends and military comrades, may be instructively and improvingly devoted to inquiring why this grand and noble display, why this voluntary national uprising? The movement of vast masses of people, animated by a common sentiment, is ever an instructive and instructing theme. And what more appropriate place to make this inquiry than over the graves of our former comrades-in-arms where we will be surrounded by the most sacred and ennobling influences? Quietly and without ostentation, removed as much as possible from the observation of the world, in silence and in sorrow, the members of an individual family which has been bereaved by death visit the graves of its dead, and make their affectionate offerings; and such conduct is appropriate and becoming. Why is a departure from the ordinary and individual method of testifying respect for the dead and evincing a reverent care for their graves proper, and not only proper, but demanded on this occasion? What extraordinary services illustrated the lives, what memorable circumstances distinguished and rendered illustrious the death, why is a profound and intense national interest attached to the memory of those whom we meet this day to honor? In the performance of the sacred and solemn services of this occasion, surrounded by the exalting and inspiring influence of the illustrious example of these buried patriots, it is meet and fit that, we their surviving comrades, who are enjoying the fruits of their great deeds, of their sufferings and their life-sacrifice, should make these inquiries, and by the teaching of their devoted and unselfish example purify and elevate our patriotism. The simple answer to the foregoing inquiries is—and it is replete with the most touching eloquence and pathos from its truthful and beautiful simplicity—*they fell in the defence of our common country, and for the preservation of our constitutional government, and of our national unity.* Let us,

my comrades, review briefly a few of the leading features of the great conflict between the loyal and disloyal sections of the Union, the occurrence of which rendered it necessary that our deceased comrades should sacrifice their lives on the altar of duty. In the winter of 1860 and early spring of 1861, an oligarchy of a few prominent citizens in several of the Southern States, influenced by the most unholy and wicked desire to control the political power of the nation in their own selfish and tyrannical interest, and for the extension of an institution abhorred by the bulk of the christian world, and, as we reverently believe, by Him who holds the destinies of nations as well as of individuals, in his omnipotent hand, attempted the establishment of a treasonable and revolutionary government. For the accomplishment of this wicked and treasonable design an immense military organization was silently but efficiently created. While the government of the Union and the loyal people were reposing in a delusive security and a treacherous peace, the conspirators were prepared to accomplish their fell purpose by an appeal to the dire arbitrament of arms. They had equipped Bellona's chariot for a war against their own brethren! The success of the attempted revolution would have been the utter subversion of the government established by our Revolutionary fathers; and I have no hesitation in declaring my firm conviction that, if the conspirators had been successful, the government they would have established would have been more oppressive than the odious rule of the hated Ten of Venice.

The first overt acts of treason, and rebellion, and hostility, created among the loyal people an intense feeling compounded of grief, horror, and indignation; but, at the outset, they were long-suffering, and disposed to hope that a returning sense of moderation, of fraternal love, and of attachment to our common country and our benign Government, would induce our erring brethren to abandon their wicked designs and remain in the sacred fold of the Union. But this cherished, fondly-indulged hope, was destined to be sadly, bitterly disappointed; and all the forbearance of the loyal people was wasted on men already committed fully to a criminal rebellion, and whose hearts were steeped in treason. The long-suffering and forbearance of the nation was attributed to weakness, and only served to still further embolden the conspirators. Various treasonable and openly hostile acts had been committed by the rebels antecedent to the last culminating deed of aggression; all these the nation had seen with deep and painful regret, but had borne with patience. Finally, on the 12th day of April, 1861, a national fort, garrisoned by a single company of federal troops, with the na-

tional standard, the symbol of our majesty as a nation, flying over its ramparts, was fired on by the rebels, bombarded for twenty-four hours, and compelled by an overwhelming force to capitulate. This was the outrage that at last broke the national patience—the drop that caused the cup of the nation's anger to overflow. The intelligence of this last and intolerable insult to our nationality, borne on lightning wings all over the land, set the loyal people in a blaze of just and righteous indignation. This last act of rebel outrage and atrocity showed that the forbearance of the loyal people could no longer be considered a virtue, but must henceforth, if continued, be esteemed craven-hearted weakness. With unparalleled alacrity and zeal and stern resolve the people in the loyal States, of every pursuit and vocation, laid aside the garb of peace and responded to the call of the Executive to rally under the national flag against the armed hosts of treason, secession, and rebellion. It is not necessary, nor would the limits of an address appropriate to this occasion permit, that I should go into a minute detail of all the nation's struggles and sacrifices from the beginning to the end of the gigantic conflict. These are a theme that might nobly employ a loftier muse than that of the grand, blind "old poet of Scio's rocky isle;" and rightly, truly sung, would form an epic sublimer far than the Iliad. But, without too much taxing of your patience, I may refer to a few of the leading and most remarkable incidents of the great struggle. Briefly, comrades and friends, I call your attention to the extraordinary sacrifices made by the loyal people for the preservation of the Government founded by our Revolutionary fathers, and for the maintenance of our distinct nationality. I present for your consideration the prompt, generous, and unfailing manner in which the loyal people poured forth their treasures of property and money, and their yet dearer, more valuable treasure of *blood*, during the four long and dark years of the direful conflict. How, in all this long and soul-trying term, they never lost their faith in the ultimate triumph of the cause of truth, of justice, and of the right, but continued to furnish with the most generous profusion to the very end of the war, all the supplies required for military operations. How, by promptly and cheerfully responding to all his calls for the sinews of war, they bore up the hands and sustained the heart of the President—*the martyred patriot*, Abraham Lincoln. And, when the great goal had been won by the suppression of armed resistance to the Government, and when the rebel armies had surrendered, I desire especially to invite your attention to the moderation displayed by the victors, to the ready, orderly, and facile manner

in which the great national armies, amounting to more than a million of men, quitted, at the order of the Government, the ranks of their military organizations, and became once more merged in the general and undistinguished mass of citizens. The moderation displayed by the conquerors at the close of the war is rendered still more remarkable by the fact that he who had been their Executive head during the conflict, who had, during the long hours of darkness, of trial, and of sacrifice, been to them "the pillar of a cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night," was, just as the glorious dawn of the triumphant close was bursting on the sorely-tried land, stricken down by the hand of an assassin. The great shock to the feelings of the nation caused by the detestable death of the well-beloved President, though it caused the country to thrill from end to end with horror, grief, and indignation, did not change the national moderation. In this connection, I may appropriately give utterance to a sentiment to which I feel well assured you, my veteran comrades and friends, will most cordially and heartily respond. Though, in the inscrutable dispensation of Providence, it was not permitted to Mr. Lincoln to finish the great work in which he had borne the chief, the most conspicuous part—to see the country pacified and the rebellious States restored on a secure and peace-assured basis to their normal relations to the Government, with fraternal harmony smiling on and blessing the land, it is, nevertheless, the source of the intensest satisfaction, yea, more, the source of the profoundest, most reverent gratitude to the hearts of all patriots, that he was spared to see the back of the military resistance to the Government broken, and to behold the largest rebel army held captive by the national troops. I maintain, my comrades and friends, that the few leading incidents out of the many of the grand struggle to which I have succinctly called your attention, are without a parallel in the history of any other people. From them, the most important and instructive lessons of patriotism, of loyalty to the true and the right, of devotion to country and duty, and of subordination to law and order may be drawn as well for the present as future generations. No better, no more potent defence, than is furnished by these facts, could be made of republican institutions; no stronger, more compact, logical, unanswerable argument in favor of the capacity of an intelligent people, *practiced and educated in the art of political government, by actual participation*, to govern themselves, and to maintain under the sorest trials such form of government, could be adduced. But such a digression, involving necessarily a polemical, political disquisition, would not be appropriate to this solemn occasion.

We are not met to-day, my comrades and friends, for discussion, but to pay solemn and reverent homage to the memory of our departed comrades.

But the great struggle bore other fruits, not less important and significant than those to which I have briefly adverted, which should not be overlooked. It is not to be denied that the public functionaries, as well as the largely preponderating majority of the loyal people, at the outset of the war, expected to suppress the rebellion without materially altering any of the then existing political or social institutions of the Government or the country. But the history of the war shows that this expectation was not destined to be realized. The progress of the contest convinced all observant and reflecting men that the social and political institutions which had been the cause of the rebellion must be swept away before the war could be brought to a proper and successful close. The bulk of the loyal people rose to the dignity of the great crisis in the sectional contest; and acknowledging the imperative necessity for the great movement in national progress about being made, their hardly wrought-out conviction found expression in the *Executive Proclamation of Emancipation*. Thus were the loyal masses committed irrevocably to the extirpation of human slavery in the United States of America, and to the maintenance throughout all our territory of the sacredness of individual freedom. A nation of thirty-five millions of people preserved from disintegration and destruction; the perpetual nature of our national unity decreed by the triumphant and unquestionable decision of the highest earthly tribunal—*the sword;* the paramount supremacy of law and order and the sacred obligation of constitutional government asserted, maintained and established against treason, secession and rebellion; and four millions of human beings released from the galling, depressing bondage of personal slavery, and clothed with equal civil and political rights and franchises with the rest of the citizens—these are the great, the inestimable results of our civil war. In these majestic, triumphant, heaven-given achievements, are to be found the reason why the natural feeling of respect for the dead has, in regard to our departed comrades, been elevated into a national sentiment—has, in fact, been exalted to national enthusiasm. Who accomplished these grand and enduring deeds? The great work, through much labor, suffering and sacrifice, was achieved by the soldiers of the Republic. Therefore it is most becoming and proper that the surviving comrades of the heroic dead, and not the survivors only, but the whole loyal people of the land, should assemble at stated times to acknowledge, by appropriate

ceremonies, their lasting obligation to the nation's dead, to testify the national gratitude to them, and to do honor to their sacred memories by worthy tributes of respect and affection. For this purpose are we met, comrades and friends, on this occasion. From the reverent and appreciative performance of this sacred duty to our departed comrades, we may derive renewed inspiration to our patriotism, the highest of the civic virtues. The observance of this day, bringing most vividly before us the lofty and self-sacrificing example of our dead brethren to the calls of duty, will not only exalt, ennoble and purify our devotion to national unity and constitutional government—will not only make us more firmly resolve that the nation which they preserved shall not be destroyed by traitorous hands—will not only teach us to imitate and emulate their noble public deeds, but will enlarge and strengthen our love for universal truth, justice and liberty, and shed a hallowing influence over the performance of all the varied duties of life. Then with renewed and elevated convictions of our duties as citizens of a most heaven-blessed land, with a government giving liberty and protection to all who acknowledge and maintain its just authority preserved to us by the exertions and sacrifices of our dead comrades, let us sacredly vow to each other, that we will, with the annual recurrence of the season of flowers and of the natural beauty of the land, make pious pilgrimages to the graves of our heroic dead, and decorate them with appropriate offerings—thus shall we fittingly and faithfully acknowledge our obligations to our departed comrades; thus shall we vitalize and render efficacious their noble examples, thus shall we preserve perennially fresh and green, and transmit to the guardianship of posterity, their sacred memories; and thus shall we vindicate to our contemporaries and to the rising generation, which must in a few years take our places in the administration of active affairs, the truth of the maxim, *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*

At the conclusion of the address, Gen. Ingraham announced that Geo. Zincke, a German, and an inmate of the Home who did not speak English, would address a few words to his German comrades, in their own language. He referred to the generous regard for the interests of the soldier which characterized the Government and people of the United States as contrasted with the course of the monarchies of the old world. With much feeling he spoke of the tributes of affection and reverence which the scene before them presented, and closed with a few lines of of verse of his own composition which may be freely translated thus:

You who stand around these graves,
Where the green grass gently grows,
See the end of mortal life
With its cares and scenes of strife.
Those who sleep so quiet there
Once like us could do and dare.
What they are now, we soon shall be,
Dwellers in Eternity.

Chaplain Earnshaw pronounced the benediction, the procession again formed and marched back to headquarters, and the ceremonies of the day at the Soldier's Home were closed.

At West Farmington, Ohio.

The Post of the G. A. R. of this place (including citizens of this and adjoining towns), celebrated May 30th, as recommended by the Grand Commander, in decorating the graves of their fallen comrades, and other appropriate ceremonies. The choicest Spring flowers, wild and cultivated, were twined in wreaths of evergreen and myrtle, and arranged in beautiful bouquets for the occasion. The bands from Mesopotamia and Parkman were in attendance, and in turn "discoursed sweet music." About 11 o'clock, A. M., the members of the Order, with a crape badge upon the arm of each, preceded by the bands of music, and loaded with wreaths and bouquets, took up their line of march for the cemetery, a half mile east of their hall, followed by a long procession of citizens and friends of the deceased soldiers. On arriving at the Soldiers' Monument, erected by the people of the township, near the centre of the cemetery, and which had been previously decorated for the occasion, they formed in a hollow square about the same, and, at a signal from the Commander of the Post, each member knelt, while the officer of the day read a beautiful sentiment of respect and honor to the memory of their fallen comrades. On rising, each member stepped forward and deposited a wreath or bouquet at the base of the monument. Prof. A. N. Craft, of the Western Reserve Seminary at this place, then delivered an address full of historical facts, and logical deductions therefrom, discussing in a very able manner the proposition that a nation's destiny, and life even, depends upon its adherence to the principles of morality and justice; giving a history of the rise and fall of the governments of the Old World, and delineating with wonderful accuracy the character and operations of the principal actors upon the stage, during the transmigration of their governments from weakness to strength and from prosperity to decay.

At Kinsman, Ohio.

A number of the citizens of Kinsman met at the Academy, and spent some time in making wreaths and bouquets from the choicest Spring flowers, wild and cultivated. After partaking of some refreshments kindly furnished by the ladies, the friends and comrades of the deceased proceeded to the cemetery, to strew flowers and decorate the graves of our honored comrades. As they passed each grave, Mr. John T. Yeomans gave a short history of the deceased. When the graves were all decorated, the martial band escorted the citizens back to the Academy, where they appointed a committee of five to have charge of the next annual decoration of the soldiers' graves. After a few appropriate remarks by Mr. John T. Yeomans and William A. Levin, the company separated.

At Eaton, Ohio.

Under the marshalship of Col. Robert Williams, Jr., the procession formed, at 2 o'cock, P. M., in front of the Court-House, in the following order: 1. The Band. 2. The Chaplain and Orator of the day. 3. Two color-bearers—Rev. Hiram Johnson and John L. Bruce—followed by thirty-five Misses in red, white, and blue, who carried the wreaths and bouquets, and who were followed immediately by three of the old flags that had seen service, carried by Captain Lanius, J. H. Bostwick, and Tim Kelly. 4. Soldiers in the War of the Rebellion. 5. Citizens. On reaching the ground, a pleasant shade was selected. "America" was sung by a choir, and a prayer was offered by Rev. T. J. Harris. Next followed the oration of Col. A. L. Harris, as follows:

Ladies, Gentlemen, and Comrades: The 12th day of April, 1861, will long be remembered by us as a nation. It was on that day that the first gun was fired upon Fort Sumter. The South had long indulged in the threat that they would take up arms to defend ther favorite institution—Slavery. No one in the North thought for a moment that they would ever put that threat into execution. The firing upon our flag created universal amazement and indignation. You remember your own feelings, when the news of the insult to our national banner, of the battle, and of the capture of Sumter by the rebels, were flashed along the wires. Excitement, perhaps unparalleled in the history of the world, pervaded every city and hamlet, and almost every heart. The farmer stopped his plow in the furrow, the merchant dropped his yard-stick upon the counter, the black-

smith his hammer upon the anvil, the carpenter his plane upon the bench, and all, with one accord, listened in breathless silence to catch every word of the startling news. For the first time in our history the Stars and Stripes were trailed in the dust by traitors—by the very men that the flag had honored at home and protected abroad. The indignation of a loyal people, at that hour, cannot be described. Party lines, for the time being, were blotted out; party feuds were forgotten, and, with one sentiment, the young men of all political parties rallied around the flag, and pledged themselves to protect it from insult, and place it again upon the walls of Sumter without a star upon its beautiful shield being dimmed.

This was the beginning of the most gigantic rebellion that history has ever recorded. Battle after battle was fought with varied results, and month after month the cause of treason appeared to gain strength. At times, the most patriotic men of the nation felt that the life or death of the Republic hung on the scale, nearly equally balanced. But the Goddess of Liberty watched over the cause of the young Republic, and guided its statesmen in council, and its generals in the field, to victory. The last bloody battle has been fought; the last armed foe has surrendered. The earth no longer trembles with the tramp of opposing armies as they rush to the charge. The air is no longer filled with the shrieks of the wounded or the groans of the dying. The smoke of battle is no longer ascending toward heaven, indicating the terrible conflict on earth which was being fought in defense of religious and political liberty. The mighty engines of war are now silent in the arsenals of a victorious nation. The volunteers who made up the legions of our Grand Army are no longer pacing their lonely beats in the dead hours of the night, or charging on to victory against living walls of opposing forces, but have returned to the quiet pursuits of civil life.

They have not all thus returned. Many of them lie buried where they fell, flushed with victory or saddened by defeat, and their last resting-place will never be known to man; while thousands of others have been gathered together and lie buried beneath the flag which waved over them when they fell, and are to-day "sleeping the sleep that knows no waking," side by side and shoulder to shoulder in the quiet embrace of death. The remains of these warriors are beyond our reach. We would all like to make a pilgrimage to their tombs, and pay to them the same tribute of respect that we have met together to-day to pay to our brave comrades whose mouldering forms lie buried within this beautiful "city of the dead." While many who are

...ear and dear to us are beyond our reach to-day, we are consoled with the thought that some friend is paying to them the same tribute of respect that we are paying to those that lie buried here. If there is no relation near to perform this solemn duty, we know that there is a race of fellow mortals there, who were once slaves, but are now freemen; who were once in chains, but whose manacles have been snapped asunder by the bayonets of our illustrious dead, that will perform it in our stead. The child may forget its parent, the subject may deny his allegiance to his Government, but this people will never forget their deliverance from bondage. As long as the American patriot reveres the name of the immortal Washington, and loves to visit his tomb and kneel in reverence at his grave, these people will make their frequent pilgrimage to the earthly tenements of the dead patriots who lie buried far from the scenes of their childhood, and amid tears of affection and love strew flowers upon their graves.

Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, widows, and orphans, console yourselves with the thought, that while the absent, though not forgotten, remains of your kindred are far away, the Government, which they fought so nobly to maintain, will ever guard their graves with sleepless vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of this nation can do to add to their tombs will be done, and they will sweetly sleep within the sunny fields of the South, beneath the "starry flag" under which they fell. One million of surviving comrades will see that no wanton foot ever treads rudely on such hallowed ground. No insult shall ever be given them. No vandalism shall ever befall them. By our acts we will testify to coming generations that we have not forgotten them, though they sleep far from us.

The little hillocks that surround us here to-day we can keep under our immediate eye, and we will hold them sacred as long as the light and warmth of life remains within us. These graves are in no danger of desecration by a vandal hand. Their remains sleep among their living friends. They are watched over and wept over by near relations. They will never again wake at the sound of the *reveille*. Their places are vacant in our ranks, and around the hearth-stones of their families. Their cheeks, so often flushed with victory, have long ago been food for worms. Their tongues that cheered us on in battle are now still in death, but their memories are as bright in our minds as though they had fallen but yesterday. The act alone of placing these beautiful bouquets and wreaths upon their graves is but a small tribute within itself, and little

do their remains heed it as they sleep at our feet; but we do it as a mark of the love and affection which we had for them in life, and which has not been lessened by death. We love them for the cause for which they fought and fell! We honor them for their patriotism in tearing themselves away from happy homes and going forth to battle for our common country. From our very infancy we have been taught to honor, love and respect the names of our Revolutionary fathers, who, with their united strength threw off the British yoke of oppression, and handed down to us the liberties which we enjoy; and while they are entitled to all the honor and marks of affection that has been bestowed upon them by a grateful nation, yet we must claim, standing as we do in the very presence of our honored dead, among the graves of our departed comrades, that the cause for which they fought and fell is no less sacred to every patriot. Our fathers fought to establish American independence; our brothers fought to defend and perpetuate it. Our fathers offered up their lives upon the altar of freedom, and succeeded in founding the great principle of self government. Our brothers sacrificed their lives upon the same altar in defense of the same great principle. Our fathers planted the tree of liberty and watered it with their own blood; our brothers found it dying with treason, and they gave their lives that it might live. The parallel is so perfect, in fact, that when the future historian shall write the history of the nation, past and present, he will crown the heads of our fallen brothers with the same wreath of laurels that a grateful people have placed upon the brows of our fathers. If the latter are honored by all who love our free institutions, for establishing them, the other must be equally honored for defending them in the hour of their greatest peril. If our brothers had not come forward with their lives, we would have had the poor satisfaction of handing down to the rising generation a broken and distracted country; while, now, we will hand it down united. Not a star of the galaxy of States as they shine forth in the bright constellation of our political heavens shall be dimmed or wanting. We will hand it down better and stronger and freer than when we received it. When it came into our hands, the clank of four millions of human beings in slavery sounded upon our ears. Now, not a slave can be found anywhere in the land. It is truly "the land of the free and the home of the brave." We have washed out many of the errors of our fathers with the blood of this generation. We gave thousands of lives and millions of treasure to wipe out the sin of slavery, and to prove to the world that republicanism is no longer on trial. And now,

since peace and happiness once more smile upon our land, we are thankful, even with this great sacrifice, that we have been able to perfect the freedom of our Government until it now is in reality, what we have heretofore falsely claimed for it, a "land of liberty, and an asylum for the oppressed of every race." These are some of the fruits of the victory obtained by the blood of our dead brothers whose graves we decorate to-day.

Tell us not then that the fire of patriotism does not burn as warmly in the hearts of the people of this generation as it did in any generation that has gone before. Our people have the same love, the same veneration for our flag that our fathers had, and, if need be, they will undergo the same hardships, suffer the same privations and surmount the same obstacles to protect it whenever its safety is in danger. When, at any time in the past, can you point to more heroic devotion and greater love for our country, or to purer patriotism, than can be found on the pages of history, that but faintly narrates the sufferings of our prisoners at Andersonville and Belle Isle? In some of the very graves that we are to strew with flowers to-day can be found the victims of those prison pens. No man ever passed through greater trials, no man ever endured severer torture and suffering for any cause than did these patriots for their country! When starved to the very verge of the grave, when reason was almost dethroned, hour after hour and day after day, as long as they had strength to speak, they would indignantly repel the insult offered them by an unprincipled foe to abandon their flag and enlist under the banner of treason and shame! These brave men chose rather to die, inch by inch, by starvation, and be faithful to the cause of liberty, than to live and owe their lives to turning against the flag and the cause. This is one of the blackest and at the same time one of the brightest pages of our history—black, that any people claiming to be civilized would inflict such cruelties upon their fellow-men, and bright, because it brings to view the most unyielding patriotism that ever inspired the soul of man. You, my hearers, whose heads are bowed down in sadness to-day, when the forms of your deceased fathers, husbands, or sons are presented to your minds, and whose many virtues fitted them to be gathered to the Spirit Land, and there crowned with a crown of glory, you should not weep, but rather, like the Spartan mothers of old, rejoice that it has been your privilege to send forth a strong arm to stay the onward flood of treason and its kindred crimes. Friends, why should we mourn over the remains of our glorious dead? We should rather wish to be in their places, honored, respected, and

glorified by a grateful and patriotic people. Far removed from the cares of life they quietly sleep, and their names shall be handed down to generations yet unborn as the patriots of 1861. The hill on which we stand may be changed by the convulsions of time, but the names of the patriots never. Their soldier lives were the *reveille* of a race of human beings in chains, and their death the *tattoo* of rebellion's tyranny in arms. It is not only our right but our duty to visit the last resting-place of these patriots in death, and weave garlands of flowers about their graves. "If other eyes grow dull and other arms grow weak," comrades of the Grand Army, our eyes must grow brighter and our arms stronger in performing this solemn duty. We promised them upon a hundred battle-fields that if they fell in the charge, their fall should not be in vain. We rejoice to-day to know that, by the blessing of Divine Providence, that promise has been made good, and though they are dead, the cause for which they died still lives, and will continue to live long after we, who are alive to-day, "have shuffled off this mortal coil." Year after year, while ages roll on, we will cherish with softened hearts and warm affection their honored remains. We, of all ages and of every sex will mingle our tears together over their graves, and in the presence of a just God renew our allegiance to justice and to freedom.

After a piece of music by the band, and a song "Brave Boys were They," a large bouquet and wreath were presented to Rev. F. Senour, in the name of the absent dead, the brave boys who lie buried near where they fell, on nearly every field of the South, for whom he responded. The large assemblage then proceeded to surround each grave in succession, and to witness the depositing of a bouquet in a can of water, previously sunk about the centre of the grave, and surrounding this a beautiful wreath of evergreen. At each grave the chaplain, Rev. T. J. Harris, read the name of the soldier, the regiment and company to which he belonged, as far as known, the time and manner of his death, and at nearly all, expressed some sentiment regarding the memory of those who slept beneath.

At Salem, Ohio.

At 2 o'clock, headed by the Salem Silver Cornet Band, they, accompanied by hundreds of citizens on foot and in carriages, marched from the Town Hall to the cemetery. Every soldier had hung on his arm a beautiful evergreen wreath, and a fresh, fragrant bouquet of flowers in his hand, each to mark the spot where a "dead hero lay." Arriving on the ground, the soldiers

and citizens were addressed by Judge J. A. Ambler, who was the selected orator of the day, in a speech of about forty-five minutes' length, replete with the facts of recent history as regarded our country's great struggle in the Rebellion, and appropriate references to the dead in our burial-ground, who had lost their lives, directly and indirectly, in the great struggle for the Union. At the conclusion of his remarks, the band played a stirring national air, after which, under direction of Major Clemmer, Commander of the Post, the members of the Grand Army marched in silent tread from one grave to another, marked with the name and regiment of the soldier whose body it contained, and performed the ceremony of decoration. As the flowers and evergreens were strewn upon the grassy mound in well-arranged profusion, the Commander of the Post, with a clear, strong voice, said:

Comrades: On the grave of our beloved comrade we plant the dear old flag he so nobly defended. Like this wreath of evergreen, our remembrance of him as a comrade in camp, on the march, and in the field of battle, will be unbroken and ever green. In commemoration of his noble deeds in defending our national honor in the hour of trial—its glorious banner, equal and impartial justice and liberty for all—we have gathered, and now strew his grave with our choicest flowers.

At the conclusion of the interesting ceremony, the Grand Army, preceded by the band, marched to the Baptist burying-ground, and performed the same token of respect and remembrance to a soldier buried there, after which they were disbanded in regular order.

At Medina, Ohio.

The procession formed upon the street, in front of the hall used by the Post, in the following order: 1. Martial Band. 2. Chaplain of the G. A. R. 3. Color-bearers. 4. Guard of Honor, composed of twenty comrades of the G. A. R., fully armed and equipped, under command of the Post officer of the day. 5. Decorating Party, composed of young ladies, to whom was assigned the duty of strewing with flowers the graves of the fallen comrades. Two ladies were assigned to each grave, and as many more of the friends as chose, could assist in the decoration, 6. Comrades of the G. A. R., not under arms, but wearing upon the left arm the appropriate badge of mourning, and upon the left lappel of the coat a sprig of evergreen. 7. Citizens. The procession moved in the above order to the cemetery, the band playing the "Soldier's Farewell to Earth," and

the guard carrying their pieces at a "reverse arms," arrived at the cemetery; the guard filed to each side of road inside the gateway, and presented arms, the procession passing into the cemetery between their lines. The procession was then halted, and the decorating began. As each soldier's name was called, the two ladies assigned to his grave stepped forward, and, being informed of the whereabouts of said grave, proceeded to strew it with flowers, wreaths, &c. When this ceremony was completed, the column marched to the centre of the cemetery, where a large wooden cross, fifteen feet in length, was then raised and firmly set in the ground by the Guard of Honor, as a monument to those brave boys from the village who lost their lives in the service, and whose remains were never brought home. A frame, containing a piece of parchment, upon which was written the soldier's name, regiment, place of death, where buried, &c., &c., was then hung in the centre of the cross. The Chaplain then proceeded to read the names of the soldiers contained within this frame, and to give a short history of his career as a soldier; and as each name was read, a young lady stepped forward and hung upon either arm of the cross a wreath of evergreen, twined with red, white, and blue ribbons. The Chaplain then made a very solemn and touching prayer. The Guard pronounced the benediction, by firing the usual three vollies.

At Wellington, Ohio.

The soldiers, under whose auspices the ceremony took place, assembled at the Town Hall at half-past 2 o'clock, and moved for the Western Cemetery at 3, the procession headed by the Wellington Cornet Band, under the command of Maj. A. C. Houghton, officer of the day. Arriving at the cemetery, the graves of the five soldiers buried there—whose names we give below—were visited, and covered with a profusion of sweet flowers, after which the procession moved to the Hall. Being joined here by hundreds of citizens, in carriages and on foot, the procession resumed its march for the New Cemetery. The exercises were opened with singing by a choir selected for the occasion, followed by prayer by Rev. E. H. Bush, Chaplain; after which an address was delivered by Maj. A. C. Houghton, in substance as follows:

Comrades: We have come to-day as pilgrim soldiers, from the strife and dust of action, to the quiet resting-place of our fallen brothers, bearing fresh flowers to strew upon their graves, in token of our remembrance of their noble deeds and costly sacrifice. We have come, not so much in obedience to any spe-

cial order, as by the promptings of heart that bind us in sacred sympathy to those whose devotion and death we memorize in our ceremonies. We do not come as new-made mourners go to the graves of their lost, in the first deep poignancy of grief, sorrowing and not comforted; but we tread among the graves of our martyred dead as though we walked among the sainted ones, only to do them homage. No eulogium that can be pronounced in words over the remains of the men made immortal in their deeds and death, can equal the silent eloquence of the emotions that are felt in every heart awakened by the associations this hour calls forth. It needs no argument to urge a claim of sympathy and reverence upon us, which is already written in the imperishable decrees of history. It needs no recital of the struggle of years—of when they first buckled on the armor—of the early days, dark and gloomy, that bore little of hope to the patriot soldier, save in the truth of his cause and his trust in the God of nations—of the lonely, sleepless nights on guard—of the burning, thirsty fight—of the fainting, bloody couch upon the field at the battle's close—of the mounds we heaped when

> "Slowly and sadly we laid them down,
> From the field of their fame, fresh and gory—"

or of the racking fever on the hospital cot—or of the starving, and torture, and death in the rebel prison-pens—no delineation of the fierce struggles through which they passed in those years. We stand in silence by their graves, our hearts already too full for the utterance of the emotions we feel, our words too short to measure the depth of our respect and reverence for our heroic dead. It is past our power to add to the glory that gathers around their names and memories. But not alone to the dead who lie entombed at our feet do we do reverence and homage this day, but also to our dead who lie upon the line where they fell—

> "By the flow of the inland river,
> Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
> Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
> Asleep are the ranks of our dead."

No marble slab or shaft of stone marks their last resting-place; no loving hand is there to strew to-day upon their graves the tokens of a tender and reverent affection. But they are not forgotten. Prouder and more enduring than any monument of stone could be, is their cenotaph, erected amid the sorrowing desolation of ten thousand homes—in the gratitude of a loyal people—in the annals of a nation saved—in the hearts of a race

redeemed through their blood from bondage—in the hearts of the oppressed the world over. Their silent tents are pitched on Fame's eternal camping-ground, and above them bright-winged angels keep their loving watch. When we think of the places where they lie, their graves beneath an unspeaking sod, their bones bleaching upon the plain; when we think of the sorrow and anguish that have wrung the hearts of the disappointed watchers for their return, we involuntarily ask, "Was it necessary they should thus yield up their lives?" We are compelled to answer that it was. All great achievements require great sacrifices, great sins require great atonements, and the blood of these martyred and innocent dead was needed for the salvation of a nation that had greatly sinned. The nation was saved, and the blood that bought its salvation has become sacred. Upon the cross they bore have these martyred ones been raised, and are drawing the hearts of all men unto them, in devotion to the principles of truth to which they yielded up their last full measure of devotion.

This day and this occasion, while it commemorates the dead, is not without its lesson to the living. Their work is ended, their last battle fought, they are removed to the soldiers' home, and where no longer they need the inspiration that nerved them to the contest here. We are still left on the line, still at the front. The action that, with them, closed with their life's last act, still continues. And here, at the graves of those who yielded on the altar of truth and liberty all that man could yield, let us dedicate ourselves anew before the altar on which they were sacrificed, seeking, from the source whence they found it, inspiration for that deathless devotion that animated their lives and made immortal their memories.

Rev. E. H. Bush followed, in a few remarks upon the appropriateness of dedicating a day to be set apart for commemorable services over the graves of those who had so nobly sacrificed their lives in the cause of universal freedom, and in overthrowing treason.

The names of the dead were then read, as given in the list below, and the order in which the ceremonies would be conducted announced:

Western Cemetery.—Gilbert Field, 23d Inf. (cenotaph), explosion of the Sultana, Mississippi River; Ensign Hill, Edgarston's Battery, in hospital, Nashville, Tenn.; Dwight Battle, Q. M. Dept. at Beverly, Va.; Orin Green, 23d Inf., hospital, Rolla, Va.; —— Mills, 43d Inf., sick-furlough, at home.

New Cemetery.—Frank Gillett, 1st Art., hospital, Ky.; Henry W. Houghton, 176th Inf., hospital, Nashville, Tenn.;

James Foote, 176th Inf., Nashville, Tenn.; Garrison Marcy, 86th Inf., Camp Nelson, Ky.; J. C. Lang, Q. M. Dept., sick-leave at home; Preston D. Smith, Q. M. Dept, hospital, Va.; George Whiton, 2d Ohio Cav., hospital, Mo.; Frank H. Howk, 2d Ohio Cav., hospital, Mo.; Henry West, 41st Inf., Pittsburgh Landing, Miss.; Silas Kingsley, 103d Inf., Camp Dennison, Ohio; James Chapman, 42d Inf., hospital, Va.

In the Field.—Wm. Challacombe, 2d Cav., hospital, Fort Scott, Kansas; Samuel L. Drake, 2d Cav., hospital, Fort Scott, Kansas; Thomas Knowles, 2d Cav., Buffington Island, Ohio; John H. Bowers, 103d Inf., Knoxville, Tenn.; Joseph H. Robinson, 103d Inf., Frankfort, Ky.; Samuel Clifford, 23d Inf., Cloyd's Mill, Va.; Alonzo Clifford, Edgarston's Battery, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Francis Finch, 2d Ohio Cav., Diniddi C. H., Va.; Orlando Smith, 2d Ohio Cav., Andersonville Prison; Isaac Barker, 23d Inf., South Mountain, Md.; Frederick Hooker, 23d Inf., South Mountain, Md.

The soldiers moved into two lines, one on each side of the graves. Halting at a "Present" at each grave, the ladies bearing flowers were also permitted to pass through the square and deposit their offerings. Thus the grave of every soldier was visited. The band, which had been stationed on an eminence in the centre of the grounds, played a funeral march as the procession moved along. The last green mound receiving the sweet tokens of love and reverence, the procession returned to the Hall, and was dismissed.

At Toledo, Ohio.

About 1 o'clock, the members of Post No. 40, G. A. R., began to assemble in front of their hall. Busy hands had been employed during the morning in making wreaths, bouquets, and other floral emblems of love and respect, to lay upon the honored graves. These were carried in the procession, and their presence gave a novel and pleasing appearance to the gathering. At about 2 o'clock, the members of the Post fell into line, and were told off into companies, and marched to Madison street, where the procession was to be formed. On each flank of each company was borne an old warworn flag, whose tattered folds, as they fluttered in the breeze, spoke eloquently of many a hard fight and fearless charge. After allowing the stream of carriages that had assembled on the street to pass down to the left of the line, the battalion countermarched in column of companies, and the procession moved to Superior street, on its way to the City Cemetery. The column marched to the centre of

the cemetery, and closed on the first wing. The nature of the ceremonies was briefly stated by the Post Commandant, General Hill. A few speeches were made by the clergymen present, the Rev. Messrs. Raffensperger, Camp, Bacon, and Williams, each making brief but very appropriate remarks. The assemblage then dispersed, and commenced the decoration of the graves that were scattered through the cemetery, each marked by a little flag that fluttered over it in the gentle breeze. Each of these graves was visited, and not one was neglected. Every body who passed by strewed some offering of love and gratitude on every mound marked as a soldier's grave. Some were especially decorated by the hands of friends, whose love for the memory of their lost friends or relatives prompted especial care in the decoration of their last resting-place. Over the grave of Col. E. H. Phelps, of the 30th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, the banner of his regiment was planted, and its presence over the earthly remains of that brave soldier seemed peculiarly appropriate and impressive. With equal appropriateness the flag of the 67th was planted over the grave of Gen. L. C. Hunt, about whose grave a large number of the visitors were continually gathered.

At the appointed bugle-call, the procession re-formed, and marched by way of the Lagrange street road to the Catholic Cemetery. It was a long distance, and, as the road was rough, many of the carriages returned to the city from this point, but a long procession still followed the members of the Grand Army in their complete discharge of their duties toward their dead brothers-in-arms. On arriving at the cemetery, a closed column was formed, and two brief but very effective addresses were made by Chaplains Beatty and Collier. The propriety of Chaplain Collier's short address deserves especial attention. He spoke in fitting terms of the services of the dead men whose memory the nation had assembled to honor, and said that, in honoring their memory, we ought especially to remember those whom these brave men had left behind them. The widows and orphans of the nation's martyrs, and the national duty of providing for them, were his especial theme, and his remarks were very effective and appropriate. It is to be desired that every body could have heard and pondered his speech. After these remarks were ended, the column was again dismissed, and scattered throughout the cemetery on their errand of love. Especially noticeable in the Irish Catholic Cemetery was the grave of Edward McMahon, of Battery H, 1st Regt. Ohio Volunteer Artillery, over which a flag of that battery was waving. All the other graves in the cemetery were visited and honored alike,

each passer-by placing reverently thereon some token of love, honor, and respect. At the bugle-signal, the column was again formed. The carriages of those detailed to visit other cemeteries, too far away from the line of march for the procession to reach, left the column here. The main column crossed over to Cherry street, and marched in by Cherry and Madison streets, reaching the original starting-point at about half-past 6, when it was at once dismissed.

At Chardon, Ohio.

Eight guns were fired at daylight, eight as the procession was moving from the Hall to the Cemetery, and eight at sunset, three for each soldier buried in the place. The procession was formed at about one o'clock, in front of the Town Hall, headed by a Guard of Honor, followed by the Chardon Cornet Band, speakers, Colors of the 41st Ohio Volunteer Infantry, with a guard; Officers of Munn Encampment; soldiers of the late war, in two ranks in open order, with ladies bearing flowers; and, immediately after these, came a company of Zouaves, in uniform, composed of boys of twelve years and under. The line of march was taken up, to the music of the band, who played the entire distance from the Hall to the Cemetery. On arriving at the Cemetery, the ground was so wet that it became necessary to change the programme somewhat, but not enough to mar the harmony of the occasion. After the procession was halted and properly "fronted," a prayer was offered by the Rev. C. T. Kingsbury, immediately followed by the address of Tilden W. Porter, Esq., speaker of the day. Then followed volunteer addresses by J. O. Converse and Hon. D. W. Canfield.

ADDRESS OF T. W. PORTER.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Soldiers and Comrades: It is with a great degree of embarrassment that I attempt to perform a pleasant duty, though a sad and mournful one; pleasant, because it affords me great happiness to be able in the smallest degree to pay my tribute of respect to the memory of our fallen brave; sad and mournful, because it is always so to contemplate young manhood cut off in its busiest hours of usefulness, and in its flush of early hope and ambition. I know my utter inability to say just those words that should convey what every man and woman in our land feels, in love and reverence for those brave two hundred and fifty thousand dead whose green graves dot our land from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from one ocean to another. This is an occasion in which soldiers and citizens all take a like interest, but none but soldiers can realize, perhaps,

the duty, the trials, the death, the firm and lasting friendship of the soldier for comrades of field and battle. The soldier has, or ought to have, a keener realization than others can have, of the duty and importance of a day like this, set apart as a national day whereon we may meet and strew the graves of our lamented dead with flowers, conscious that, in whatever part of our land the fallen braves sleep, if there our common country is loved, respected and honored, will their graves receive the same beautiful tribute. But, alas! they do not all rest in the sleep of death among kind friends, devoted comrades, and loving relatives. Very many, by far too many, have found an unknown and nameless grave, but not an unhonored one. Some are buried alone, or in groups, in wild and solitary mountain forests. For such, perhaps, and let us hope it may be, nature puts forth her bountiful hand, and strews their graves with the living flowers of the forest.

Comrades, what time more fitting, or what occasion can more vividly recall to our minds that part of our lives' history spent in the service of our country, and saving from dishonor and shame that beautiful emblem of our glorious and happy Republic which to-day kisses the happy breeze in glorious pride and freedom? To-day, as if clothed with the poet's and artist's double power, we can live over the most momentous era in our several histories. The fearful and startling war telegrams of 1861, which set the patriotism of the whole North on fire; the enlistment into the service; the farewell to friends; the equipment, and the first novel sensations on buckling on our knapsacks, girding us about with cartridge-box, and shouldering, for the first time, our faithful friend and companion, the rifle, or, for the first time, unsheathing from its scabbard the trusty sabre, or standing, for the first time, beside a splendid death-dealing piece of artillery. Then the march, and those early annoyances of the soldier in his first attempts at pitching or striking tents, his earliest experience in the soldier's way of living, learning to take his coffee without milk, his bread without butter, and to eat his bacon raw. Then the picket post, his first thoughts as silently he treads back and forth his lonely beat. Then, as we nearer approach the enemy, and have seen, for the first time, that traitor-stained wretch in dirty homespun gray, and are advanced beyond the picket line to do vidette duty, how well can we recall the silent though ever-watchful hours that, as they pass by, challenged every moving thing. Then, as nearer still the two armies approach each other, can we behold, as if we were living it all over again, the days spent in cautious marching and countermarching until the eve of battle arrives; then the hushed and

rapid moving of columns into place and line; and, as the morning dawns upon the day whereon many of our brave comrades bit the dust, and just as the sun looks over some distant hill, we hear the sharp crack of a solitary rifle, then another and another, till along our picket line there is heard the constant report of the rifles of those men to whose fidelity the army owes its safety, and the country its salvation. It is the morn of battle! To-day the two armies are to be hurled against each other, to spill each other's blood. To-day that glorious old flag is to be torn, trampled and trailed in the dust, or to be borne aloft and guarded, honored, and protected against the polluting touch of blood-stained rebels. How well it was guarded, let these graves, containing eight of our comrades, as well as the results of the four years of vigorous war between people of the same blood, and owning the same nationality and government, bear witness. How well and how faithfully that starry banner was shielded during its terrible ordeal, may be attested by the fact that not a single star has been torn from its constellation, but to-day it is the same glorious old flag that it was when under it Washington fought and Warren fell. Only this difference—it has grown larger and stronger. And here, in the presence of our dead, let us pledge ourselves that so long as we may be permitted to occupy our earthly homes, we will bear the same fealty to our flag and our country that we have ever done. And here, too, we must pledge ourselves that the families of our fallen comrades shall ever find in us true and firm friends. We must not forget in our happiness at once again meeting friends and loved ones, those who mourn for others who will never more return. Though their grief may be bitter, and their mourning cease only when death shall reunite them with these brave men, who, in life's earliest manhood, were slain by the hands of cruel traitors, yet they have this proud recollection, that they fell in a noble cause, for their country, for the freedom of their countrymen. Aye, more than that: their cause is the same as that of the struggling and oppressed everywhere upon the face of the earth. Comrades, had we failed, the toiling millions of earth would have wept bitter tears, and tyrants and despots would have held high carnival at the downfall of republics and our free institutions. A just God would not permit that we should fail, but guided our armies to a final and triumphant victory. Ladies, to you our country owes much, her soldiers still more. How we are to pay the debt is more than I can conjecture, unless we all strike our colors and surrender without conditions. But, then, that even might increase our obligations, rather than diminish our debt. I fear we will have to go into bankruptcy, unless we can

make a compromise, and only pay a percentage of our indebtedness. To you, ladies, the army owed much of its efficiency. To your earnest and zealous efforts to relieve the suffering of sick and wounded soldiers, and to your earnest and loving sympathy for those who, in the field, faced and fought a relentless enemy, the army owed much of its moral strength. And words cannot express the pleasure of every true soldier, when we remember that your willing hands, loving hearts, and exquisite tastes this day weave garlands and wreaths of flowers for the graves of our comrades. Citizens, to you we owe much, for, with money and ballots, you maintained a reserve corps upon which we could rely with perfect faith and confidence. Permit me to thank you all, for meeting with us to-day, to join your efforts with ours, your love and reverence with ours, for these brave men, in adorning and beautifying the graves wherein they rest, as the preservers of a country that they loved, and we all love.

ADDRESS OF J. O. CONVERSE.

Soldiers and Fellow-Citizens: At a time like this, when language seems inadequate to express the thoughts that inspire the mind, or the emotions that move the heart, silence is often more expressive than the most eloquent speech, and one may well hesitate to say anything, lest, by some injudicious or meaningless word, he should mar the solemnity of the scene. Standing here, to-day, in the midst of both the living and the dead, and deeply conscious of the significance of this ceremonial, I feel that the most fitting tribute that I, a mere civilian, could pay to these, our departed soldiers, would be to bow the head reverently, and keep silence; and, were not something more demanded to satisfy the living, I would offer no other. How poor, at best, are the noblest of our offerings! For the dead we can do nothing. Whether distinguished or humble, whether of glory or of shame, the brief span of their lives here is measured; their record is complete; they have passed before us into that unseen world whither we are all tending, where they are beyond the reach of our praise or censure. No human power, but only the power of Him who gave them being, can reanimate their silent dust. But one duty we have to perform —one privilege to enjoy. It is ours to keep their memory green among the living, that the influence of the good they have done may not be lost, but perpetuated forever. More than this we cannot do; less than this, if we did not do, we would prove ourselves incapable of every noble or honorable emotion. In this view, the appointment of a day for the decoration of the graves of the deceased soldiers of the Union,

is peculiarly appropriate; and the more general is its observance the more signally will their surviving countrymen give evidence that they have not died in vain. When we consider that this place is but one of the many where the day is being observed, and these but a few of the immense number of soldiers who have died in the service of their country, we may partially, though we can never fully, realize how much of sorrow and of sacrifice it has cost to save the Republic. And think of those whose graves no hand of affection or kindness can strew with flowers; who sleep their last sleep in the far-off solitudes where they fell beneath the Old Flag, with no eye but the eye of the All-Seeing to note their exit, or watch over their ashes! Thousands of the bravest and best of our country's noble defenders, mown down in the fearful death harvest that has swept over that long belt of desolation stretching from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, now sleep in unmarked but honored graves, and will come no more to gladden the hearts of those who knew and loved them here, until the earth and the sea shall give up their dead! Thousands of others have fallen victims of the mortality of the camp, more terrible even than the horrors of battle; and thousands of others still, maimed heroes of many a hard-fought contest, are scattered here and there among us, telling by their honorable wounds more plainly than words could tell, what it is to suffer in the cause of one's country. But whether they went down amid the thunders of battle, or wasted away and died of disease in the hospital, or still linger to drag out a life of misery for which only the memory of their gallant service can compensate, they are martyrs, all, to whom should be ascribed imperishable honor. Let it ever be remembered that these men were no mere soldiers, machines to execute the will of their commanders, or impelled to do their duty by a false ambition or unworthy love of strife; but quiet citizens like ourselves, to whom the call of their country was as the voice of God, and who bared their bosoms to the storm of war, and offered up their lives, a willing sacrifice, from principle. And, of their surviving comrades who do honor to their memory, be it said that, animated by the same noble spirit, when the conflict of arms was over they returned to their homes and their former pursuits, to mingle once more with the mass of the people and serve their country as faithfully in peace as they had served her in war. History affords no parallel to this. Then strew the graves of our departed soldiers with flowers! The bright, beautiful flowers of the spring-time! Meet emblems of the purity of their devotion and the glory of their sacrifice! Would that, unlike all else that is earthly, they might never fade, but bloom

forever, and thus be emblems also of the immortality of their fame! One of the most gifted of poets has said that

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

But this is true only in the sense of our common mortality, for, in a higher and nobler sense, they lead beyond it. Though we deplore the loss of our heroes here, it is a grateful reflection that no enemy can now disturb them, for they have been summoned to join the army of that better country where the dread alarms of war are never heard.

ADDRESS OF D. W. CANFIELD.

Mr. Canfield made a brief but appropriate and earnest address, in which he reminded the people of their duty to the living as well as the dead soldiers of the Union, and paid a feeling tribute to the Grand Army of the Republic, which, he said, is not a political organization, but one whose aims are those of patriotism and benevolence. We are unable to do justice to his remarks, as they were entirely extemporaneous, and we have received no report of them.

Next came the decoration of the graves of the following soldiers: Riley W. Sanford, 177th O. V. I.; Christopher Sawin, 128th O. V. I.; Horton S. Smith, 41st O. V. I. The body of this soldier was never brought here, but the friends of the deceased have erected a tombstone for him. Capt. T. N. Pulsipher, 131st Ill. V. I.; Royal H. Munsell, 84th O. V. I.; Lieut. Amos Wood, 21st O. V. I.; B. F. Cowles, 42d O. V. I.; Lysander King, 29th O. V. I. In the decoration, the column moved to each grave, placing a cross and a wreath of evergreens and flowers upon it. The name of the soldier and his regiment was announced by Post Commandant P. M. Cowles, and, as the column passed, each dropped a bouquet of flowers on the grave. After all the graves had been thus decorated, the column was again halted, and a salute was fired by the guard, after which a prayer was offered by Elder O. Higgins, when the procession returned in the same order as it came. In addition to decorating the graves of those who were buried in this cemetery, a wreath, cross and bouquet were prepared for the following soldiers, who were buried elsewhere, and placed in the Town Hall: Alexander Griswold, Battery G, 1st O. V. L. A., buried in the Protestant burying ground, in the north part of the town; Munroe Hazen, 7th O. V. I., buried on the battle-field, near Dallas, Ga.; Charles McGowan, 196th O. V. I., buried in Mesopotamia, Trumbull County; Wm. Finney, 124th

O. V. I., buried at Nashville, Tennessee; James Melton, 7th O. V. I., wounded and supposed to have been killed at Gettysburg, Penn.; Horace F. Granger, 2d O. V. I., buried on the James River, in Virginia; Frank A. Lamb, 2d O. V. I., buried in Luray Valley, Virginia; Orville Bushnell, 7th O. V. I., buried at Harper's Ferry, Virginia. In addition to the decoration, as related above, we noticed that the grave of Capt. Pulsipher received especial attention. The grave was covered with a board, with the name, "Capt. T. N. Pulsipher," beautifully arranged in evergeens, upon it—the work of Mrs. B. W. Canfield, who was an old associate and firm friend of the deceased.

At Hambden, Ohio.

The ceremonies were observed by the members of Munn Encampment residing at Hambden, assisted by the soldiers and citizens generally. Services were held in the M. E. Church. Rev. P. A. Beane occupied fifteen or twenty minutes in interesting remarks, and was followed by C. W. Osborne, Esq., who with eloquence seldom surpassed in a country town like this, eulogized the departed heroes, and enchained the attention of the large audience with vivid delineations of the sacrifice made by the brave soldiers, and the benefits resulting therefrom. Mr. Osborne also read the "Roll of Honor," containing a list of all the soldiers who enlisted from this township, and lost their lives in the service of their country during the war, together with statistics in regard to their deaths. Hambden has suffered a loss of twenty brave men, nine of whom are buried in the cemetery, to wit: Charles Young, Flavel Stebbins, John F. Treat, Austin Cook, Orrin Whitney, Henry T. Brown, Wm. H. Hale, Martin Searl and Philo Lewis. Mr. Osborne was followed by Rev. S. L. Wilkinson, who made some interesting remarks, the exercises being interspersed with appropriate music by the choir. A procession was then formed and marched to the Cemetery, when the ceremonies of decoration were performed. Nine soldiers, each carrying a floral wreath, with their ladies, each with a bouquet, marched in front, and, on arriving at each grave, the colors were planted thereon. Following the soldiers, were citizens with flowers, who deposited their offerings as they passed.

At Oxford, Ohio.

At the time appointed the members of the Grand Army, with music and flags, left their hall, every comrade laden with bouquets, wreaths and baskets of flowers, and marched to the

cemetery. Passing the entrance gate to the grounds of the Western Female Seminary, the procession was joined by teachers and pupils to the number of one hundred and sixty, all bearing flowers, which, as the head of the line entered the gates of the cemetery the people in large numbers were to be seen conveying toward the coming multitude. The exercises at the graves consisted in prayer by Rev. J. Crozier, addresses by Comrade Edwin S. Scott, of Cincinnati, now attending Miami University, and a member of the post here, Rev. J. P. E. Kumler, and Colonel R. W. McFarland, Professor in the University, and a Grand Army man, and singing by the University Glee Club and the young ladies from the Seminary. At its conclusion the procession reformed and marched through the grounds, casting floral tributes upon the grave of every soldier and sailor, twenty in all, buried in this enclosure. The speeches were appropriate and eloquent, and all the events of the day made every one feel that it was indeed good to be there, and that the Grand Army of the Republic had done a noble work in inciting us to the inauguration of such an anniversary. The appropriateness of the presence of the young ladies from the Seminary may be seen when it is known that when at a meeting of the scholars in their chapel, the lady principal called upon all who had relatives or near friends in the army to rise, *all but two* of the scholars rose to their feet; and when a call for those who had *lost* relatives or near friends in the army to rise was made, *nearly seven-eighths* of the pupils again rose.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

At Cadiz, Ohio.

On the night of June 29, the ladies of Cadiz and vicinity assembled, by request, at the Court House, taking with them an abundance of flowers and evergreens, with which they formed wreaths to be used in decorating the graves of our fallen heroes on the following day. Every preparation being made, the members of the Post No. 43 assembled at 1 o'clock, on the 30th, when the procession was formed as follows: Adjutant; Cadiz Brass Band; officers of the Post; members of the Post; soldiers, not members of Post; sixty little girls dressed in white; citizens. After having arrived at the Cemetery, an impressive prayer was offered by Rev. Wm. Pittenger. Post Commander J. M. Garven then delivered a short and appropriate address to the members of the Post. The ceremony of decorating the graves (13 in number) was then quietly performed. Comrade G. W. Brown then addressed the assembled throng. An impromptu meeting was held that night, and speeches were made by Revs. Meloy and Pittenger, and Cols. Lewton and Pearce.

At Ashland, Ohio, the decoration was accomplished in a very peculiar manner. When the procession reached the cemetery, several young ladies took a position by the side of each grave, and at the tap of the drum, wreaths, evergreens and flowers were showered upon the resting places of the departed. The spectacle was most beautiful and interesting, every grave being decorated at the same instant. A stirring address was delivered by Judge Bushnell. The scene was enlivened by spirited martial and vocal music. The exercises were for a time interrupted by the accidental discharge of a pistol, wounding, though not seriously, Miss Sadie Deshong.

At Van Wert, Ohio, the members of the G. A. R. organization met, and showed their respect to the memory of their fallen comrades by strewing their graves with flowers. The procession was formed at the Court House and marched to the Cemetery, preceded by a band of music, where prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Elcox. Appropriate addresses were delivered by Colonel Alexander, Rev. Watring, and Mr. Saltzgaber. Then followed the "Star-spangled Banner" by the choir, and prayer by Rev. Pitcher. After strewing the graves with flowers, the citizens returned to the Court House. The exercises were solemn and affecting throughout, impressing upon all present a feeling of devotion for the fallen heroes, and increased respect and care for their living friends.

At Canton, Ohio, the ceremonies were observed under the direction of Post No. 12, G. A. R.

At Steubenville, Ohio.

The observances of the day were initiated by the belching of cannon at early sun-rise, followed by the busy notes of preparation at "Webster Encampment," which bears the name of the gallant and lamented commander of the 98th Ohio, followed with other evidences of the prevailing disposition to honor the departed dead. Battle-flags of the 2d Ohio, (Col. Kells and Col. A. G. McCook), the 98th Ohio (Col. Webster, Col. Shane, and others), were displayed from the rooms of the Grand Army, together with the flag of the 1st Virginia Cavalry. Flags hung from public buildings, business houses and private dwellings, the whole presenting a scene of patriotic grandeur. The procession formed on Market street, and at 2 o'clock it moved in the following order: Marshal; Aids; Carriages with Orator, Readers and Philharmonic Society; Band; School Children, 500 strong, under charge of Superintendent Buchanan and the teachers; Reliance Fire Company, dressed in red shirts; Phœnix Fire

Company, dressed in blue shirts; Martial Music; Altar of the Grand Army, borne by four men and covered with flowers; Grand Army, in citizens' clothes, bearing in their midst the tattered flags of the 1st, 2d and 98th Ohio Infantry, and 1st Virginia Cavalry; carriages. On reaching the Cemetery, the vast assembly, numbering some 3,000, gathered about a stand richly decorated with flags, emblems and flowers, when Judge Martin, Chief of Ceremonies, announced that the services of the day would be opened by prayer, which was done accordingly, by Rev. M. Southmayd, in an impressive prayer. The Philharmonic Society then sang, under the lead of Capt. Skull, when Rev. Mr. M'Curdy, orator of the day, was introduced, and delivered the following

ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen: The transaction of this afternoon is something new and strange in the history of our nation. It is a new method by which to sympathize with bereaved hearts, and to honor the lives and services of the heroic dead. Novel, perhaps, because it is singular, and singular, perhaps, because of the circumstances which suggest it; but certainly appropriate, honorable, just and sympathetic.

It is not an occasion for boisterous exuberance and selfish joy. Not only the object which brought us hither, but the *place* also forbids it. We are standing on sacred and holy ground. This forest city is populated by the buried dead. The flowers which already bloom over many graves seem to whisper, "Tread lightly, for temples of the Holy Ghost lie buried here; and dust precious in the sight of God lies here in peace; disturb not its quiet repose." Holy associations, precious recollections, even the strength of never-dying affections cluster here. "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." To relieve sadness, to keep alive affection, to become familiar with the place where we all must lie, we come here to weep. Here Abraham, the aged man, comes to mourn the loss of Sarah. Here Rachel comes in the strength of a mother's love, and refuses to be comforted for her children. Here David mourns for Jonathan, and in the bitterness of his soul cries out, "Oh Absalom! my son! my son!" Here the Sisters of Bethany cry from their sorrowful hearts, "Ah, Lord! if thou had'st but been here, our brother had not died."

> "And hallowed in our memory remains this grassy spot,
> Where kindred lie, not lost, still loved, and still forgotten not."

Exult as we may over the triumph of that just and righteous

cause for which these brave men fought, and others as brave as they, whose graves we cannot visit to-day, still no rejoicings on that account can obliterate the stern facts, that it was achieved through blood, sufferings, privations, and death. Chasms in many human hearts yet remain. The desolations of many families are not yet, and never will be, repaired—the picture of sadness is yet seen on many countenances— American soil is yet red with the blood and white with the bones of the unreturning brave; and to-day as we stand by the graves of men, and think of those who were denied the civilization of decent burial, and of those who were gathered by their comrades and buried on the field of battle, boisterous exuberance must give place to other feelings, higher and nobler in their nature.

It is sad to think that a terrible necessity called these brave men to sacrifice their lives to our country from a national death. Without formality or affectation we say to-day, that we are sad, when we remember that our Government nourished, maintained, upheld, and protected men, who, at the first dawn of disappointed expectations madly endeavored to stab with treason's dagger, the nation to the heart. We were looming up among other nations of the earth with all the strength and majesty of a free and a great people. We were taking other nations by the hand and leading them up into the regions of a pure and enlightened civilization. We were extending our arms and taking in the houseless and homeless from off both oceans. We were administering peace and purity to all lands and nations, and to stop in this great work of justice, of humanity, of civilization, and of religion, to ward off the blows of household enemies, is a sad blot on our national records and a sad experience to the American people. That such a necessity should ever have arisen, is as painful to the individual heart as it is humiliating to our national pride. That difficulties in a nation whose laws were so perfect as to be almost self-adjusting, should be submitted to the arbitrament of the sword; that national life, rights, and liberties should hang tremblingly on the point of the American bayonet, are things so foreign to the spirit and purpose of this Great Republic, that even now we half skeptically inquire, *Could they have been?* War, from whatever cause, at whatever sacrifice, for whatever object, is a thing of sadness. Desolation, blood, and fiery winged death follow in its track, while terrible suspense and anguish throb in the nation's heart. But to-day we have the consciousness, as we always have had, that the fearful struggle through which our nation has passed, and in which our brave soldiers fell, was not one of our choice, but one from imperious necessity; one which required us to do

or to die. But when we found that it must needs be, we were not wanting in motives to stimulate the intelligent, the pious, and the daring to step forward in the hour of our nations peril, and to maintain intact our country's existence. Rather than become a hissing and a by-word among the nations of the earth, rather than let the problem of self-government fail to be solved, rather than let the purchase of Revolutionary blood be torn from the hands of legal heirs, rather than let our nation forever stop in its onward march to liberty and glory, these brave men chose to die, that by means of their death we might live. They laid their honor, their patriotism, their integrity, their fortunes, their lives, and their all, on their country's altar, and sealed these gifts with their blood, and ratified them with their death. In the event of their death, they saw the desolateness of widowhood, the loneliness of orphanage, the broken-heartedness of parents, but through the purchase of their blood, they saw for the desolate, the lonely and the broken-hearted, an inheritance immortal in its blessings and priceless in its honor and glory. That inheritance is ours, the honor of its purchase is instrumentally theirs; and we are here to-day to recognise this fact—to pay a tribute of respect to them for their lives and sacred services; and here also to sympathize with those brave and noble hearts who sacrificed their husbands and sons to save our country from dishonor and enslavement. Not without many misgivings did you make this noble and priceless sacrifice. Not without counting the cost, but with a devotion worthy the cause, and worthy the hearts of those who to-day rank among the first in the nation on the roll of honor. To-day we stand by the graves of some of your dead, and of some of the nation's dead. Other graves there are—God only knows where. Although bound to them by nature's strongest tie, you sent them forth to the gory field, and watched them with untold solicitude, in the hope and with the prayer that they would return as they went. But an overruling Providence decided otherwise.

> "Never more shall they stand in the vanguard of fame,
> Never lift the stain'd sword which they drew,
> Never more shall they boast of a glorious name,
> Never march with the leal and the true."

They were driven hither and thither by the surges of fierce battle, as the ship in storm at sea, yet with their eyes on the harbor, they gracefully as well as boldly "rounded to," dropped their anchors, and are quietly resting in their last sleep. Your bravest and best, where are they?

"Ask not—the lonely hearthstone tells
Too plain the mournful story;
Gone in their beauty and their pride,
To swell the nation's glory.

Scarce any house that has not now
Some vacant, lonely chair:
Look forward to the battle line,
Your bravest deeds are, *where?*"

You have gathered some of them to the land of their fathers. You have committed earth to earth and dust to dust. Here they lie in sepulchres made according to your own direction. These graves bring your affections and the nation's gratitude into one common bond of sympathy and love. Your loss is the nation's loss, your gain is the nation's gain. The nation belongs to you, and you belong to the nation, and therefore mutual sympathy binds us all into one bond of union. The nation, as well as individual hearts, is in sorrowful remembrance to-day. But as a voluntary expression of sympathy we walk with you in these paths with the solemn tread of those who march to the music of sorrowful hearts, and the solemn noise which accompanies the sad rites of burial. In doing so, we fully accord with the dictates of our own natures, the laws of civilization and the requirements of Christianity. The elements of our social natures demand it, the laws of civilization require it, and Christianity, with its bright galaxy of immortal truths, all pointing to the Saviour and to the world to come, teaches this.

With you we strew their graves with flowers that they may be as beautiful and glorious as the principles for which they so successfully fought. With you we plant roses which will open their petals to sip the dew of the morning, and then fill the air with their fragrance. In this way nature will join with us in paying a beautiful tribute to their noble lives and heroic deaths.

But we are sad to know that there are others for whom it is impossible for us to perform this kind office. We have not here those whose bodies were scattered to the four winds by the angry elements of war, nor those who were wrapt in the dear old flag, and shut up in the rough hewn wood, and buried where no hands of human kindness, prompted by fond affection, can throw a wreath of flowers over the sacred spot where they lie. The wilderness, the ocean, the sunny plain, and the sandy shore, are their resting place. Their graves are on those spots where they last stood, and last shot in defense of their country. No wife's fond arms caressed them, no tender mother pressed them, no loving father stood beside them, and no brother or sister or son wept over them. We cannot point you to their

graves, but we ask you by all that is lonely in their dying, by all that is sorrowful in the circumstances of those who wept without their bodies and their graves, to cherish their memories. I cannot point you to chaplets of flowers to be scattered over their graves, but I ask you to remember their noble deeds of daring and of valor, and standing here, let us say with respect to them :—

> "Sleep! soldier, sleep! from sorrow free,
> And sin and strife. 'Tis well with thee?
> 'Tis well; though *in that far off land*, not a single tear
> Laments the brave, the buried volunteer."

As citizens we honor them, and cherish their memories.

When civil war burst upon us "with the suddenness of the meteor's glare," they rushed forward, bared their breasts to the enemies' bullets and bayonets, raised their arms in defense of that flag, and of all it symbolizes to us and the world, and stood like a wall of fire between us and death. And God let the brave soldier, living or dead, have all the honor in redeeming for us an inheritance nobler in virtue, more immortal in duration, more just to humanity, purer in principle, and more elevating to all classes and conditions who live and move under that emblem of freedom, than is possible for all the allied powers of Europe to bestow upon any of their subjects.

Let them be forever entitled to your honor for their heroism, their endurance, their manly bearing, and above all, for that brotherly spirit, that heartfelt sympathy and co-operation with which they clasped hands and marched shoulder to shoulder in hours of trial, danger and death. Approach the graves of the dead with the feeling—Here lie those who died for me. Grasp the hand of the living soldier with the feeling—You are one of those who fought for me.

Soldiers of the G. A. R., visit the graves of your brothers and comrades in arms with mingled feelings of sadness and thankfulness. Sad that so many fell by your side, sad that so many are beyond the reach of this your tribute to their worth, and thankful that you are permitted to lay to-day, in beautiful simplicity, the corner-stone of a monument which will continue in erection so long as a living soldier shall be permitted to visit the grave of a dead comrade. You remember the battle day. You remember "how after the battle," with muffled drums and silent bugles, you gathered the mangled dead, and buried them on the bloody field. You remember

> "Where the wreck of your legions lay stranded and lorn,
> They stole on your ranks in the midst of the morn:

Like the Giant of Gaza, their strength it was shorn
Ere the mist had rolled up to the sky.
From the flash of your steel a new daybreak seemed born,
As you sprung up to conquer or die."

"The tumult is silenced, the death lots are cast,
And the heroes of battle are slumbering their last.
Do you dream of yon pale form that rode on the blast?
Would ye free it once more, O ye brave?
Yes, the broad road to honor is red where ye passed,
And of glory they asked but—a grave."

They have got it. Honor it. Love it. Cherish it. Protect it. Thus, friends, citizens and soldiers, go forth and honor the dead. Honor them for their devotion, their loyalty and their sacrifice. Join with a grateful nation in the token of love to our martyred heroes. Wreathe their buried brows with nature's choicest flowers, for

"Here sleep brave men who, in the deadly quarrel,
Fought for their country and their life-blood poured,
Above whose dust she carves the deathless laurel,
Wreathing the victor's sword.

"Peace to the sleepers! May the bud and blossom,
Spring's early bloom and Summer's sweet increase,
Fail not, while Nature on her tender bosom
Folds them, and whispers, Peace."

The address was followed by a poem, read by Col. W. R. Lloyd, in a clear voice and impressive manner. The poem is the production of Mrs. Mary Bynon Reese.

TO THE MEMORY OF OUR DEAD SOLDIERS.

We come from all life's busy scenes,
With tears, and song, and flowers,
To give a passing day to those
Who gave their lives for ours;
From peaceful homes, whose peace to keep
With all their blessings parted—
Friends, happiness, aye, life itself,
The tried, the hero-hearted.

Ye come who, with the honored dead,
Went at your country's call;
Who with them marched, and fought, and bled;
Who saw these comrades fall,
Or, watched while want and fever drank
Rare lives that battle spared:
'Tis meet ye share these sad, sweet rites,
Who all their suffering shared.

But, oh! the dead who have no graves
Within this hallowed shade;

No monuments, save those which love
In aching hearts has made.
On many a distant field they sleep;
In Southern swamp and fen;
By singing streams in sunny lands,
On mountain and in glen.

We may not wander where they rest,
No tears above them shed;
Yet rarest shrines we gladly make
Our martyred hero dead;
These oft with fadeless garlands twine,
Of bright immortelles wrought,
For memory in each loving heart
Finds sweet forget-me-not.

And by their sorrows—by their graves—
By all who fought and bled;
Who stood between us and the foe.
The living and the dead;
By *all* the stars they loved in life,
Which shrowded these in death,
We pledge to deep their memories bright
Till being's latest breath;
And pray that o'er this blood freed land,
On near and distant grave,
The dear old Flag of Liberty
Forever more shall wave.

Prof. Scott rehearsed "Sheridan's Ride." The procession, headed by the Grand Army, then proceeded to bedeck the graves of the dead soldiers with garlands of flowers, whose names and regiments to which they belong are as follows:

Jacob Summers, 2d Ohio; James B. Thompson, 2d Ohio; John Grimshaw, 43d Ohio; Capt. Wm. McMillan, 98th Ohio; Capt. Sanders, 98th Ohio; Reuben Bartlett, 2d Ohio; James Winters, 2d Ohio; Edward Bynon, 195th Ohio; David H. Laizure, 2d Ohio; Robert Robertson, 98th Ohio; Dr. Jno. McCook, Volunteer Surgeon; Lieut. James Donaldson, 52d Ohio; John Brown, 20th Ohio; James Oliver, 20th Ohio; B. Harlan, 2d Ohio; Jno. Downs, 195th Ohio; James Dunn, 98th Ohio; James Charlton, 84th Ohio; Wm. Carter, 30th Ohio; Col. George Webster, 98th Ohio; L. Eulan, 2d Ohio; H. Parks, Ohio Militia; Alexander McFarland, 1st Virginia Cavalry; Jno. J. Lopeman, 2d Ohio; Wm. Pringle, 1st Ohio; David McCleish, 2d Ohio; Walter Nichols, 2d Ohio; —— Helms, 14th Virginia; George Standley, 2d Ohio; Walter O'Donnell, 55th Pennsylvania; J. Cowan, 30th Ohio; —— Cowan, 30th Ohio; Lieut. Lafayette Vanhorn, 2d Ohio; to which may be added, and probably some others, Sergeant J. Grafton, A. Odbert,

Frank Smith, Wm. Gray, M. Plummer, J. Plummer, J. England, A. Merideth, E. Huntsman and Hugh Cochran.

With brief closing ceremonies, ended the observance of the day.

At Berea, Ohio.

The exercises were conducted under the auspices of Post No. 75, G. A. R. All soldiers and friends of Middleburg and adjoining townships were invited to attend. The day was ushered in by a salute from a cannon. The soldiers, by arrangement, assembled at the hall of the G. A. R., and from thence marched, accompanied by a martial band, to the place arranged for the preliminary exercises, where a large concourse of people awaited their coming, entertained in the meantime by the Berea Cornet Band. The following programme was followed: The music being given by the Cornet Band; music; prayer; music; address by Gen. G. M. Barber, Esq.; music; address by Rev. Mr. Hubbard, of Strongsville, late chaplain in the 103d O. V. I.; music. Lieut. N. A. Gray, being called upon for a few remarks, offered in place an original poem. The production was prefaced with a few appropriate words. After music, the procession was formed in the following order:

1. Committee on Decorations, bearing a triumphal arch wreathed with evergreen, and tastefully decorated with flowers, (the gift of N. A. Gray, Esq., by whose personal labors it was formed and brought from Olmstead Falls). 2. A war-worn flag, borne by a one-armed soldier. 3. Martial band. 4. G. A. R. and soldiers. 5. Crippled soldiers, widows and orphans in conveyances. 6. Cornet Band with flag. 7. Citizens marching. 8. Citizens in conveyances. During the marching of the procession, the bands played alternately, and the cannon was fired at intervals of two minutes. The Village and Catholic cemeteries, both of which contain soldiers' graves, had been appropriately decorated by the committee during the forenoon. At each grave was erected a card encircled by a wreath of flowers and evergreen, containing the name, Company and command of the deceased. Near the gate of each cemetery was a spot wreathed in the form of a grave, over which was erected a card with these words: "Let us remember those who lie in Southern graves."

The procession, turning to the left on entering the cemetery, marched around, bringing the graves on the right hand, and each person strewed his or her tribute of flowers upon each as they passed. From 2 till 4 P. M., the stores and business houses were closed in honor of the occasion.

At Indianapolis, Indiana.

The procession was formed under the command of Gen. R. S. Foster, as Chief Marshal, with a number of aids, and moved north on Illinois street to North street, in the following order: Band; Wagon containing the Orphans of Soldiers, appropriately trimmed, bearing the inscription, "Remember our Fallen Comrades and their Orphans"; Guard of Honor, under command of Col. W. M. Wiles; Martial Band; a Detachment of the G. A. R.; the Arsenal Guard in full Uniform; Independent Order of Odd Fellows; Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Masons, in their peculiar Regalia; the Police Force of the city, headed by Chief Thomas S Wilson; Members of the G. A. R., and other Soldiers, in carriages; Ministers of the city in carriages; the Governor, Officers of State, and Judges of United States and other Courts, in carriages; County and City Officers and Common Council in carriages; Citizens in carriages.

Arriving at North street, a halt for the street cars was ordered, and owing to the delay in the first train returning from the cemetery, this rest was quite tedious, and the procession did not reach Crown Hill until after 3 o'clock. As soon as the grounds were reached, the line marched to the Soldiers' Cemetery, indicated by the staff, from which the National flag was flying at half-mast. The exercises took place from the edge of the grove on the north side of the Soldiers' Cemetery. Mr. Biedenmiester sounded the assembly on the bugle, following which Maj. O. M. Wilson, Adjutant General of the department, read the order of Maj.-Gen. Logan under which the ceremonies were undertaken by the Grand Army of the Republic. Rev. C. M. Sims, pastor of Wesley Chapel, offered a most fervent prayer. Prof. Black's class then sang the beautiful hymn, to the tune of "Scotland," commencing:

> "Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
> Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb,
> The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
> And the lamp of His love is thy guide through its gloom."

Gov. Baker then delivered the following address:

GOVERNOR BAKER'S ADDRESS.

The humanizing influence of our modern civilization is marked by the increased interest taken by the living in the last resting places of the departed. Moved by this influence, we stand to-day in one of the beautiful, quiet cities of the dead, and in a ward of that city which is consecrated as the burial-place of brave and true men who died in the military service of their and our Country.

We come to these graves with Spring's first floral offerings and with the wreaths of evergreen, not because we believe that such tributes of grateful appreciation and pious affection can benefit the honored dead who here sleep; but because we would keep alive in our own hearts, and in the hearts of those who shall come after us, a proper love of their virtues and patriotism, and the cause for which they died. It is befitting that the surviving comrades of these departed braves, assisted by innocent children and lovely women, should bring these floral and evergreen tributes for the adornment of this place. These graves signify not only the most exalted individual fidelity to the highest duties of citizenship, but also national unity, social virtue and human progress. As we love these let us cultivate in ourselves and in our children an affectionate remembrance of the patriotic examples, and a pious veneration for the sepulchres of those who performed, endured and suffered so much for us and for those who shall ere long succeed us in the places which will soon know us no more forever. If Washington could say at the close of his public life to the men of that generation that the unity of government which constituted them one people was then dear to them, in the presence of these graves, and in view of all the precious lives which the preservation of that unity has cost the nation, how doubly dear ought not the same national unity to be to us? It has been saved through great tribulation, and we, now standing in the last resting-place of hundreds of the men who shared in the sacrifices necessary to effect this great salvation, attest our appreciation of its value and their devotion. And in the performance of the labor of love and duty of patriotism in which we are now engaged, let us not forget to praise and thank the Benevolent Father of all that He has given us a country productive of so many bright examples of unfaltering devotion to the duties, trials and services of American citizenship. May we not, standing by these graves, and while engaged in bedecking them with flowers, repeat the beautiful utterance of the beloved chief of our fallen ones, himself the noblest of the slain, that "the mystic cord of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely it will be, by the better angels of our nature." May we not hope, too, that the services in which we and others all over the land are this day engaged, may be instrumentalities in the hands of those better angels of our nature to touch this mystic cord which shall ere long swell the chorus of a perpetuated and perfectly restored Union. When the grand chorus shall again go forth, sustained

by the voices of all the people, then will the cherished memories of our fallen ones shine as the brightest gems in the crown of our country's rejoicing, and no bad angels of our nature will be permitted to mar, by a single note of discord, the hallelujahs of a regenerated nation. And in concluding these brief remarks catching the inspiration which swelled the same lofty and patriotic soul on a subsequent occasion, may we not repeat that other sublime utterance in which he said "With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the Nation's wounds, to care for him who has borne the brunt of the battle, and for his widow and orphans, and to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and all nations." So teach us our duty, O Lord, Amen. So let it be.

Granville M. Ballard read the following poem, prepared by him for the occasion:

Not as we met by the camp-fire,
When raid or skirmish was done;
Not as we met at roll-call,
Before the battle was won;
But with mourning upon our banners,
And with muffled drums we meet,
To deck the graves of comrades
That slumber at our feet.
These are our sleeping heroes,
These are our Union dead,
Fearlessly, nobly, they followed
Wherever the old flag led.
They came from country and village,
From crowded city and plain;
They marched in the sultry sunshine,
And pillowed their heads in rain;
They heard the blast of the bugle,
That spread o'er the land a pall,
They fought in a score of battles,
And gave to our country their all.

Over many and many a household
There rests a shadow to-day,
Because of the loved ones sleeping
From kindred far away;
With many a maiden's musings
There mingles, the sad refrain,
He said when last he left me
He'd come to me soon again;
With many a mother's trinkets
Is treasured a lock of hair,
And her thoughts are about her absent boy
When she looks on the vacant chair.

Some of these dropped by the wayside,
Some while on picket were shot;
Some of them fell in the skirmish,
Some where the battle raged hot;
Some of them died in the hospital,
Nor father nor mother were there
To lift up the fainting spirit
With blessing and with prayer.
But, alas! for the youthful soldier,
Alas! for the veteran gray,
Who languished in Southern prison,
Wearing his life away,
Dying in captivity,
Hoping, yet all in vain—
Hoping to break his prison bars
And breath free air again;
Yearning for wife and children,
Yearning to be caressed,
Or longing with broken spirit,
Longing to be at rest.

Over these dead nine hundred
Let the flag of the Freemen wave,
And the sentinel stars keep vigils
Through the night-time over each grave.
Violet pink and daisy,
Rosebud and myrtle leaf bring,
And our Union dead remember
With each returning spring.

This concluded the exercises preparatory to the decoration, and the word was given to pass to the adjacent cemetery—the people forming about the four sides, with the orphan girls and young ladies on the inside of the square. At a given signal, Mr. T. L. Rhodes and the class sang the dirge, "Peace to the Memory of the Brave," by William Vincent Wallace, as follows:

Peace to the memory of the brave,
Tranquil may their slumbers be,
Who died a nation's life to save:
Soldier, peace to thee.
Here in the bosom of the earth,
In quiet, soldier, shalt thou be.
Ever remembered, Heroes immortal—
Now all who e'er breathed holy prayer,
Or sank on bended knee, they pray,
They pray for thee; brave heart, for thee.

While this was being sung, the girls, with flower-baskets, passed through the cemetery, bedecking each grave, followed by the young ladies, who hung upon each headstone an evergreen wreath. When the last wreath had been hung, the artillery

commenced a salute of thirteen guns, and the vocal class sang with fine effect the national anthem "The Star-Spangled Banner," Mr. Rhodes taking the solo, the chorus rendered by all the voices. To complete the ceremony, the Scottish Masons filed down the center aisle of the graves, and under the lead of Hon. John Caven they paid the honors of their peculiar rite, ending with the deposit of a bouquet upon each grave. The exercises were closed with "Hail Columbia" by the band, and the Benediction by Rev. H. A. Edson, Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church.

At Columbus, Indiana.

The members of the G. A. R., assisted by the citizens of Columbus, performed the ceremony on the 30th of May. The graves in the City Cemetery, as well as those in the Catholic Cemetery, were profusely decorated. At the latter cemetery, Father Orem, of the Catholic Church, delivered the following discourse:

FATHER OREM'S ADDRESS.

It was a grand idea that prompted the veteran warriors of the Republic to set apart one of the closing days of this beautiful month—"Spring's fairest child"—for the sublime, thrilling, soul-elevating ceremonies which we have met in one "cities of the dead" to perform. A scene like this, inspired as it is by motives of the purest patriotism, utterly void of partisan strife, rancor, and bitterness, is one in which no good citizen can refuse to participate, inasmuch as it is a scene consecrated by the most hallowed instincts, and made sacred by the balmiest memories. An occasion like this, dedicated to valor and liberty, and in honor of a cause made thrice holy by the life-blood of its undaunted champions, is one which the white-robed inhabitants above must view with admiration and delight, and upon which we can, without irreverence, invoke our Heavenly Father's richest blessing.

Just think of it! a nation like ours, of almost boundless domain, flushed with victory, pausing in her onward career, suspending the all-engrossing affairs of her daily life, and marching with measured tread, sorrowing heart, and tearful eye, to the graves of those who died that she might live. Is there, *can* there be anything more touching, more thrilling, more sublime? Where, in the annals of the oft-vaunted ages of chivalry, can we find anything worthier of being sung by the muse, or immortalized by the painter or the sculptor's art? And what a triumphant vindication of our character as a people! What

an irrefutable answer to the stale charges so often and so flippantly brought against us, by cynical writers, that the only progress we have made is of a purely materialistic order, and that, in our pursuit after wealth, we have forgotten the softer and sweeter emotions of our nature. To-day does Columbia weep for her fallen sons, her darling braves, who sleep the sleep that knows no waking save when Gabriel's trump shall sound.

A few years ago, it seems but yesterday, they were with us; life's bloom was theirs, and theirs was all that could make life attractive. They are gone, and with them has gone the sunshine of many a household, the joy of many a heart. And why did they die? Tell us, thou flag—thou ark of our hopes, thou emblem of glory, thou star of the oppressed, thou terror of tyrants, tell us to-day why these soldiers died? Listen to the answer that is borne on the breeze from yon torn and tattered folds, waving as it were in sorrow above us—"*they died to save me from pollution.*" They died for their country and for ours. At her cry of distress did they rush to the rescue. They bade farewell to the comforts of home; they tore themselves away from the embrace of affection, and hurried away to the front. Arm in arm did they go, from field to field, resolved to return "with their shields or on them." They stood where shot and shell flew thick and fast, but these fearless heroes quailed not. Like the knights of old—"without fear and without reproach"—they laughed danger to scorn, their only care being for their country's weal. They fell, nor lived to hear the loud huzzas that rent the air and made the welkin ring, when the eagles of victory perched upon the banners of the Union, and the clouds of grim war passed away from the horizon, let us trust, forever. The grandest spectacle it ever was my lot to witness, was the triumphant procession of the armies of the Potomac and the Cumberland, passing through the streets of the National Capital. It was a sight never to be forgotten by the fortunate witnesses of it, that of this almost countless host of battle-scarred veterans, the heroes of many a hard-fought field returning in the noontide of triumph to receive the well-earned plaudits of the country they had saved. The occasion was one giving rapture to those who had stood by "the boys in blue" through every phase of the war that for so long reddened our fields with blood, and choked our rivers with slaughter. It was an occasion invested with an interest in which pleasure and sadness struggled for the mastery; in which there was a mingling of joy and sorrow, for with the transports awakened by the peans of victory, there came the harrowing reflection that many had hoped to swell the loud chorus, whose hearts were pulseless in death.

"The war is o'er, and but one thought
Brings alloy to our bliss,
It is that many for us fought
Whom broken hearts now miss."

Dear braves! Their lot it was to go down in the red tide of battle, without seeing the laurels bedecking the cause they loved and for which they fought so well. They are dead—no, they are not dead—for they are of "the few, the immortal few, that were not born to die." Dead! no, no, they are not dead. They sleep the sleep of the martyrs, while their country keeps loving vigils over their silent tombs. She grieves that they are gone, she invites to mingle our tears with hers, and to show our veneration for those valiant heroes, by covering their graves with flowers so beautifully typical of the never-dying affection with which generations unborn will cling to their names and memories.

At Portland, Ind.

The Post met at 9 o'clock A. M., pursuant to the resolution heretofore adopted, which is as follows: "Resolved, that this Post will meet for the purpose of decorating the graves of deceased comrades, on the 30th day of May, 1868, in accordance with General Order No. —, from Headquarters of the Army, and that Commanding General John P. C. Shanks be invited to address the Comrades on that occasion."

At 9½ o'clock the assembly was sounded, and a grand procession was formed on Main street, under the direction of the Post Commander, in the following order: Band and colors; Post Commander and Chaplain; Comrades of Post 58; Comrades of other Posts.

The procession was then conducted to the cemetery at Liber, where rest the remains of many of our brave comrades in arms.

The Comrades were bountifully supplied with flowers, etc., by the ladies present, and on arrival at the Cemetery the column moved slowly by the tomb of each of the brave ones, and literally covered them with the flowers furnished by the fair hands. After each grave in turn had been visited, the procession was conducted to the Chapel, and General Shanks came from the ranks to the rostrum, and addressed the comrades as follows:—

Speech of General John C. P. Shanks.

Comrades: It is with much pleasure that I meet and extend a warm greeting to you, who, with so much honor to yourselves, in defense of our liberties, voluntarily entered that greatest of

human struggles, and passed through its fiery ordeals, to save our common country and institutions of freedom from destruction at the hands of the combined oppressors of mankind—a war in which crowned heads of Europe were the prime movers, the slaveholders of America the tools, the perpetuation of slavery in America the excuse, and prejudice based upon the ignorance of the masses of the white people in the Slave States, the rallying-ground, for forces to carry out the nefarious work of destroying the only Government that opened the way to liberty and equal rights—an attempt to utterly overthrow the Government of our fathers, and the liberties of the poor and laboring classes. But the pleasure of this meeting is marred by that feeling of deep sorrow that I see reflected from your faces, as, gathered here on this occasion, you remember that we meet at this spot sacred to the dead to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of those who fell fighting with us for the great prize of civil and religious liberty.

Comrades, at this place, made holy to us as the resting-place of our late brothers-in-arms, let me ask that, while we look on the graves of these our late companions, remembering them and the cause in which they fell, that you forget not the crimes that provoked the revolution, nor the criminals who prosecuted the war in which they died.

We are taught, in God's Holy Word, to forgive our enemies; but it has been reserved for a future revelation—if, indeed, it can ever be given from so high authority—that we should forget either those who injured us, or the wrongs which they inflicted. Indeed, to forget these our late friends, or those at whose hands they died, would be to bury with the dead the memories of our sacrifice and the wisdom of all experience. If the crimes by which we were wronged so much should be forgotten, the past sufferings of the living and the dead were worse than wasted, and revolutions and war become but a contest between life and death for the mastery, in which death comes off more than victor; patriotism would be valueless, and the defenders of justice die without reward.

If it was not for principles we fought, and if those principles, and their friends and enemies, be not remembered, our struggle has been useless, both as a defender of good and an exponent of evil. How dismal and drear would be our thoughts, as we cast these emblems of past memories on the graves of our friends, if they had died in an unjust cause, fighting against justice, liberty, and law, with the unholy desire of fastening the chains of slavery upon the unoffending limbs of millions of defenceless human beings, and to know that their generations yet unborn

would rise up to drink slavery's bitter draught—to feel its iron enter their souls—to live and die, as their parents have done, the wretched victims of the caprice, passions, and fortunes of a profligate and irresponsible society, and to invoke the God of justice to bring to naught the unholy mockery that seeks to make sacred that which is vile.

Comrades, a cause, lost, as it must eventually be in such a contest, would be hated of God and of all just men. But ours is a higher and better cause, nobly fought for and grandly maintained, and more glorious results awaited it. Adhering to the principles of justice, you were triumphant; your free Government was maintained, and Christian civilization vindicated and extended.

Comrades, when first we met as soldiers, it was to go out to battle against traitors, who had, with force and arms, assailed our national inheritance, and demanded the nation's life. Believing that our first duty was to defend the country, and that, when we had given our time, labor, and lives, if necessary, for the maintenance of the national life and honor, we had only discharged a duty that we owed to mankind, we could not return from that defense until our national emblem was acknowledged, or had been carried in triumph over all the public domain, and the national security, with our continued independence, well assured.

All this, at great sacrifice, and by the bravery of you and these we mourn, was done; and you who survived have witnessed with honest pride the expanding genius and growing honors of our great commonwealth of States, with the recognized character of both our people and Government rising higher and higher, since they emerged from the contaminations of that oppression to which they had too long and tamely submitted. And when purged of the stains of our past follies and crimes, this nation, redeemed by you, will become fully recognized throughout the civilized world as a political lighthouse, to guide the oppressed of all lands to the harbor of peace and justice, in the establishment of republican governments everywhere, the march of civilization in what are now uncivilized countries, and the triumph of equal justice among mankind. And, my comrades, then, if not till then, these graves will be decorated, not with these fading flowers and twigs that we now strew here, but in the pages of that history which shall record them as the resting-places of the real benefactors of mankind; and the world, in its better civilization, will bless the memory of those who fell in so great and holy a cause. Comrades, that history will be written of you also; your graves, too, will be

green as these are, ere these things come to pass. Mankind are yet asleep, and slow to wake; the long conflict of ideas, the waste of property, the clash of the sabre, the rattle of musketry, the roar of artillery, and the wasted blood of their children, has not fully aroused the people of America; but, disturbed in their lethargy and slumbers by the storms of revolution in this country, that of 1776, when freemen attacked and fought tyrants, and that of 1861, when tyrants attacked and fought freemen, in both of which justice triumphed and liberty prevailed. Civilization has gained on the darkness that surrounded her. Right met wrong in open conflict, fought for the mastery, and conquered. Retributive justice spoke with the power of God, and man yielded to a will he could not deceive or control. Our people have seen the grand manifestation of God's will, and His certain vindication of His laws of equal justice to all men, and may yet profit by it. Civilization has caught up the lesson, and now studies it well. Let us look to our laurels. We may yet be distanced by the Old World in the very protection and enjoyment of that liberty which we have taught them to know and appreciate. Already the oppressive governments of Europe and Asia tremble under the shock that the triumph of free government in America has given them. The laboring people are awakening slowly, but surely, to a knowledge of the truths taught in our free institutions; and in the world's conflict, known to us by the more modest title of "our recent Rebellion," you have maintained the triumph of these truths, and supported the just claims of the millions of the East, as well as at home, to the protection of their liberties under the law; and, ere long, crowns will fall like autumn leaves at the bidding of the people, who, when aroused by a sense of their wrongs and a knowledge of the remedy, are more terrible to the wrong-doer than are the frosts or the storms of winter to the forests. To-day, Spain is trembling to her centre with her dependencies. Moving for a separate independence; her ruling Queen, the last of the Bourbons, will soon be as helpless as one of her subjects. The islands of ancient and glorious old Greece are again moving for liberty from European dictation and Turkish oppression; Mexico has redeemed itself from and executed its oppressor; France has fallen back from her aggressions on our sister Republic; China and Japan are convulsed from centre to circumference; Italy is free from Austrian oppression, and the temporal power of a spiritual ruler is waning in Rome; Prussia is triumphant in her march to a better rule; the Emperor of Russia saw the necessity of liberating the serfs of his empire, and acted upon the teaching of the

times, and with jealous eye now watches the waning power of Turkey's last Sultan. The Levant must soon become the garden of the East, and the Mediterranean the lap of her commercial wealth, as of old; even England makes a feeble and fruitless opposition to the payment of damages occasioned to our nation and people during the Rebellion, from the aid and comfort given the Confederates by that Government.

In the light of these teachings, the people of this great Government will move on with renewed energies. Like the rock detached from the mountain side, gathering strength and force with our progress, we will, both by example and our good strong arm, give light and life and protection to the East and West, the North and the South.

Comrades, civilization hinged upon the American problem. Your bravery gave victory to the right, and justice triumphed over oppression, and the land was made free indeed. But not without cost—great and terrible cost—of treasure and of blood. These were our atonements for a violated law—a law of God, a law that cannot be broken with impunity, and that remains in force forever—a law that has vindicated itself for the blood of the helpless slave, in that of our fathers, brothers, and sons. The Angel of Death has, in vindication of that law of justice, visited our doors, and, their lintels not being well authenticated, touched our houses with mourning. None throughout the land have escaped this great sorrow; for who of all our people were not guilty of our great national crime of human slavery? and who has not answered for it? Not one. In the blood of our people we have answered for it. All, all have answered that fearful summons and demand, and we here to-day mourn over the fallen sons of the nation, victims to our support of this great wrong.

In the conflict consequent upon the disobedience of the laws of justice, many were doomed to fall. These our late comrades, whose graves we this day decorate, who were no more guilty than we were, died for their country—died in maintenance of the free institutions under which we live—died to secure liberty to us, and to transmit it unimpaired to those who are to follow us—died to insure that very liberty we now enjoy here, of manifesting our sorrow over their graves. For be assured, had we not succeeded, through their valor and sacrifices, in upholding the liberties and power of the people and their Government, we could not now meet and speak of our sorrows or triumphs, or scatter emblems on the graves of these martyrs to liberty and progress.

Tyranny, upheld by that criminality which alone sustains it,

once secure in power, permits of no liberties of the people inconsistent with its oppressions and maintenance. This truth made this sacrifice necessary, and the triumphs of the sacrifice valuable to mankind. 2,335,951 men voluntarily entered the Union Army and Navy, and of these, 78,231 were killed in the battle-fields, or died from wounds received there; while 216,185 died in hospital, and in highways and byways of the South, victims of the hardships incident to camp and field. Our own noble State sent over 152,000 of her sons to do battle for mankind. Of these, over 9,000 were killed in battle, or died of wounds received there; and over 16,000 died of disease in hospital, and elsewhere, in the service. One out of every eight of those who were mustered into the service were never mustered out again, only as their names were stricken from the rolls of the living and entered on the lists of the armies of the dead. Many have died since the war, the result of exposures in field and camp; many maimed ones bear evidence of the severity of the struggle, and their valor in the conflicts. And while we, their comrades and survivors, are symbolically marching about and encamped around their last earthly resting-place, to do honor to and perpetuate their memories here, let us indulge the fond hope that their disembodied spirits have crossed the Jordan of their sorrows, and, to tunes from heavenly choirs, are marching and camping in that better clime, where the severe duties, hardships, privations, and dangers of the soldier's service here are felt and feared no more; where storms and wars and want are unknown; where the battle-field has no dangers, and the prison no terrors; where the shattered limbs of the wounded, or the gaunt, spectred forms of the starved and emaciated prisoners of war are not seen, nor their cries ever heard; but where God is, and where evil cannot come—in that safe government and abode, from whence the only traitor who dared insult Justice with his godless presence was by the strong arm of Michael's power expelled, never to be pardoned or return; where equal and exact justice is done to all; where Nature's fair plans are not defeated by man's wicked designs; where there is no probation or need of hope; where inspections are not necessary, but where their armor is always bright; where all is finished, perfect light, and life, and truth, and certainty.

And let us, who deem ourselves more fortunate than those who have perished from this life, not forget the lessons that all this teaches us—that, though, we died not, yet we, too, must fall; though we escaped death in the hospital, prison, and battle-field—though we have passed through the multiplied dangers of war, and have lived to aid, in time of peace, to rebuild and

to guide the Government we helped to save in war, and have outlived our comrades in this transitory existence, let us look well to it that we, too, may die as honorably as they. He who lives for mankind, does well; but he who dies in that cause, dies nobly. We fought, but lived; these died, that the people should be free. Let us so live on through the brief period allotted to us, that there may be no blemish on that proud record of the army of freemen of America; but let it be truthfully written of us, as it is of those whom we mourn: "They died as they lived, having lived as they died, the faithful friends and defenders of justice and equal rights among mankind."

This is a proud record. Let us emulate—we cannot excel it. While gathered around these graves, let us pray to the ever-living God that He will direct the minds of the people in the right way; that He will teach them to not forget the wrong-doer; that He will teach them, though it is good to be merciful, yet justice stands above mercy, and that mercy to bad men may be injustice to true and worthy ones; that this earthly life of our race is wholly unlike the life to follow; that here man, left free to act, may wrong his fellow, and therefore justice to all demands protection to each one; while, in the future, God's own presence controls them, evil cannot be done, and mercy for past offences will work no wrong to the present. But he who in this life forgives the murderer of his people, may provoke new murders. The history of our country since the close of the Rebellion places this beyond doubt or cavil. By forgiving the murderers of these our late comrades-in-arms, you may become yourselves the murderers of other good people. It is virtuous to be merciful to your enemies, but it is holy to love your friends. It is patriotic to love your comrades, and it will be base to forget them, or the cause in which or at whose hands they fell. God has impressed on every heart a love of home and country. He who has forgotten it, has forgotten Him who impressed it, and has already passed the line between loyalty and treason. No dishonest man was ever a true patriot. He who is without honor in one thing, will be so in another when it is his interest so to be.

Comrades, it is a great privilege to die in the line of duty, battling for human rights. It is a greater privilege to live through such a war, and to take part in protecting the liberties in peace that your valor won in war; but Nature has determined that duties follow privileges with a quick and certain step. Life itself is but a probation, and life honored by so many dangers is doubly so; but when hallowed by the faithful discharge of our duties to God and men, it becomes incomparably grand.

Comrades, while we look upon these graves, and upon the scars that traitors gave, we cannot forget the past, or fail to appreciate its lessons for the future of our country and kind.

To these citizens who are our neighbors and friends, many of whom are the relatives of those for whom we mourn, and who have, sorrowing, gathered with us around this sacred spot, let me say that the ties which bind you to us, warmed and strengthened as they are by time, acquaintance, and that noble friendship, which a free, brave people only can comprehend, are close and lasting. Yet the ties that bind those who have served and suffered together in the field, are stronger still, warmed, welded, and strengthened in the fire and strife of battles where we leaned on each other for life and success, it does not, cannot yield, but grows green and fresh with time. The ties that attract us to home and the friends of our youth are binding, and grow into our nature as part of the structure; but it is in the field, in battle, when death rides victorious over the lives of men who are struggling in a common cause, that true manhood stands majestically above every misfortune and sacrifices all for success, vieing with powers above in the grandeur of its bearing, stamps a halo of glory on the soldier's brow, and marks him with a titled honor among men, and more than brotherly affection for each other. You respect your neighbor, but a true soldier loves his comrade. You will do a kindness for your friend, but the soldier will die for his companion. Convenience may stand as the condition of your favors, but time, distance, danger, or death can make no condition to a true soldier's defence of his country and friends. Then let us cherish these fond memories now, that they may cluster around us in our declining years and cheer us in the future as they sustained us in the past. Comrades, the epitaphs of our dead cannot be truthfully written until the people with one accord shall proclaim and practice equal justice to all the sons and daughters of men. In that great day let the emblems of a faithful remembrance be again strewn upon the resting-places of the defenders of truth and justice, while their departed spirits enjoy that full blessing prepared for the faithful, at the right hand of the Most High God.

At Warsaw, Minnesota.

ADDRESS OF CAPT. MILES HOLLISTER.

Comrades: The unceasing tide of time is bearing us rapidly on and on, farther and farther from the eventful scenes and memories of the past, and in the change and succession of seasons, when nature has laid aside her winter robes of white and

spread again her carpet of green, variegated, beautified by a thousand flowers, and attired herself in all the gaiety and loveliness of spring, and a thousand songsters are warbling their songs of praise to the great Creator, and everything is gay and joyous, it is but proper that we should pause in the midst of all this animation and life and enjoyment, to drop a tear to the memory of those heroic martyrs to freedom's cause, who died that liberty might live, and perished upon the altar of their country, that their country might live, those fallen soldiers of the Republic, our former companions-in-arms, who are not borne on our rolls to-day, but whose names have been transferred to the rolls of honor, and who have been mustered into that glorious army of martyrs to the cause of justice and humanity, that so adorn the pages of the history of man in order that their memories may not die out, so long as there is left a surviving comrade, and by their memories to pledge ourselves anew to the glorious cause for which they so nobly gave their lives.

Of the two million brave and loyal men that went forth in defence of our common country, hundreds of thousands returned not with us. A hundred thousand or more bravely met their fate, while in mortal combat on the field of battle, nearly as many more wasted away their lives in hospital, away from the care and love of home, while tens of thousands suffered more than a thousand deaths by exposure, cruelty and starvation in some rebel prison pen, until the gaunt spectre of death was welcomed as a relief from their untold suffering, while others, though shattered and destroyed, were granted the sweet boon of life until they returned, to die surrounded by their friends at home. Glorious martyrs all, and worthy the everlasting gratitude of the nation. May the nation be blessed with abundant prosperity so long as she holds their memories sacred, and stands true to the rights of man; when she proves false to the one and is forgetful of the other she will not deserve to prosper. It is proper at such a time as this, because the spring-time with its growth and joy and gladness is a representation of the growth and happiness and prosperity which our country, saved by their valor, is just springing into after the winter of desolation she has so lately passed through, though much of our growth and prosperity has been chilled and retarded by a Tennessee frost, though, thanks to the warm sunshine of American patriotism and love of liberty and the fidelity of the people's representatives, it is not destroyed, but is constantly taking root throughout the length and breadth of the land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the great lakes to the gulf, amidst the hills of the north, and all over the plains of the south, and when the pesti-

lential breath that curses our land shall be swept away by the ides of next November, it will burst forth into such a career of prosperity and happiness as the world has never seen before in the history of any nation under the sun. The spring-time is also emblematical of that new life beyond the tomb which every soldier in the warfare of this life who has done his duty well here will enter upon when relieved from duty here by the Great Commander above. It is proper at such a time for us, their surviving comrades, to strew their graves with flowers, and drop a tear to their memory; but although we mourn the loss of this vast army of patriotic and heroic dead, words of sorrow are of no avail to them; they have passed beyond the reach of any act of ours. And having performed the last sad and solemn duty to them let us turn to the living. Our duty is to them. There are fields for our efforts and labor all through our land. The aged parent bereft of son, the stay and support of his declining years; the fond wife bereft of her husband, the light of her life, and the helpless orphan robbed of the means of support and education; these are subjects that claim our attention, as well as the wounded and disabled of our comrades. To speak words of hope and cheer to the disconsolate, and to extend a helping hand to our disabled comrades and the widows and orphans of those that have fallen is our sacred duty, and should be our greatest pleasure. It is a duty the nation owes to care for them. It is the duty which we, who, under the protection of the Great Commander, were fortunate enough to return with life and limb unimpaired to see that the nation, to see that society does them justice. No acts within the power of man can ever repair the loss and ruin, the sorrow and grief consequent upon the fall of such a vast army. Think of it!—Three hundred thousand brave and strong men laid low. Their bones lie mouldering in the cemetery of every town and hamlet in the land, and all over the thousand battle-fields of the South, and just so many places have been left vacant in the family circle at home.

And why all this sacrifice of precious life, and why all this desolation and mourning? We of the United States had boasted that we had the best and most liberal government that had ever existed, and no self-praise, no self-glorification, was too extravagant for Fourth of July orations to tickle the vanity of the American people. We had been taught to venerate the fathers and founders of this Republic as something almost superhuman, as having accomplished the grand and crowning achievement for man as a nation to perform—the establishment of the principle which had now become a fact that man was capable of

self-government, as having established a "Government *of* the people, *by* the people, *for* the people." The enunciations of the Declaration of Independence were our national religion. That instrument was our national bible, and the doctrine that "All men are created free and equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," was a very beautiful doctrine to preach, but alas! in practice we came as far short of it as men in general do of the teachings of Christ. Our fathers took a mighty stride forward in the march of progressive civil government, but they stopped at half way and left their work but half done. They threw off the oppressive tyranny of Great Britain, but left a more galling yoke upon the necks of a portion of our own people. They cured a cutaneous disease upon the surface of the body politic, but left a canker gnawing at the very vitals of the nation, which they did not remove. And this is the cause of all our woe. In time, its baneful influence was felt in every fiber and tissue of the system, and the whole body politic became a mass of rottenness and corruption, and then came the struggle between freedom any tyranny anew. A struggle for life or death of the nation. Loyal men throughout the land were anxious observers of the momentous events transpiring, awaiting the first blow from the hands of the traitors. That blow was struck, Fort Sumter had fallen, and the glorious emblem of American liberty was trailing in the dust. At the first quick and feverish pulsation through the electric nerves of the country, how the loyal masses sprang to arms; the President called them, and nobly did they respond to his call. None stopped to weigh the chances of life or death; none stopped to count the cost. One thought, one wish, one motive actuated all loyal hearts—to save the nation. It was easier by far to get men than arms, for arms must be brought from Europe or manufactured, but we had men, brave and patriotic, ready-made, ready at the call. Then followed the long, dreary, weary, anxious four years of the most gigantic war the world ever beheld; the long, toilsome and weary marches through rain and mud, the dark nights of lonely watching and guarding, and the tumult of battle, followed each other in such unceasing succession, that there was scarcely any rest for the weary soldier. How fast he grew old; how he wasted with sickness; how that grand army wasted away; but with what alacrity was it replenished. Scarcely had a fallen comrade's place become vacant when it would be filled by a new recruit, and then they came "six hundred thousand more," and still they came, "a grand majestic throng" from every quarter of the loyal North, deter-

mined to save their country or die in the noble attempt. 'Twas well that we knew not who of our "brave boys must fall;" 'twas well that we could not look into the then future and see the army of our maimed and wounded comrades disabled for life; 'twas well that we could not see the waste and desolation of war in all its horrors; 'twas well that we could not then compute the load of national debt to be incurred, to save the nation's life. We saw only our duty; and how well we performed that duty, let the world, let posterity, judge.

Had the soldier and sailor been less brave and patriotic where would have been the nation to-day? Among the nations of the past. The right of secession once established, and this glorious fabric of free government would have been broken into a hundred fragments, and anarchy and confusion, eternal war and hate would have been the result. I cannot, I will not attempt to picture what would have been had the citizen soldier of the Republic disappointed the hopes of the nation. I gladly turn from such thoughts to the contemplation of the results of their achievements. A nation saved, a race emancipated and enfranchised. The world moved forward a half a century in the march of human progress, and inspired with a wholesome awe of the young giant Republic of the western world, and this has been accomplished by the prowess of the soldiers and sailors of the Republic. The brave and loyal men who have fallen in this struggle are placed side by side with the heroes of the revolution in the affections and memories of the American people, and are entitled to and will receive from posterity the same veneration and love. The memory of our fallen Lyon and Baker and Sedgwick, Phil. Kearney and Wadsworth, McPherson, Reynolds, Sumner, Mitchell and Lander is as sacred in the hearts of the American people to-day, as the memory of the fallen heroes of the Revolution. And just as sacred and just as dear as those illustrious names I have mentioned is the memory of hundreds of thousands of others who did their duty just as well, though not called to fill so high and responsible positions. And among that vast army are the names of our own Wilkin, and Cook, and McKune, and Messick, and Turner, and Pence, and Pierce, and Youells, and Tope, and Davis, Hagstrom, Schrouth, Reblee, Randall and Reed. May the memory of the heroic dead inspire us anew with the spirit of freedom and equal rights to all mankind. Had they lived and came not to the rescue, our country would have been lost; had they lived, liberty would have been dead; had they lived, the tyranny of caste would have lorded it over the land. But they died, and our country is saved; they died, and liberty

lives, yes, universal liberty for all within this vast domain of ours; they died and slavery is dead, and we can now say as proudly as England can, that "slaves cannot breathe our air." We have the proud satisfaction of knowing that this vast host of our comrades died not in vain. It was a great and heroic sacrifice that they made, but great as it was, the grand results accomplished will more than repay it all, if we, their survivors and the generations which shall succeed us shall stand true to the cause of liberty and the rights of man, for which they perished. Should we or our posterity fail to do that, then all this war, carnage and bloodshed will be repeated with redoubled fury and will exceed in magnitude our last struggle as far as that did the struggle of our Revolutionary fathers, for the march of the world is forward and not backward, and any obstruction thrown in its way only retards, but does not stop its progress and the obstruction is sure to be crushed in time beneath its steady tread. There are many good results that have been brought about by the late war. To-day you and I can go into any part of the South and express our sentiments freely and safely, which was not the case before the war. We hear no more the boast that one Southern man can whip five Yankees. They learned to appreciate northern valor, and we learned to appreciate their valor too. Their valor was worthy a better cause, for they fought bravely and well, as the bloody fields of Pittsburg Landing, of Chickamauga, of Gettysburg, of Antietam, of Malvern Hill, of Spottsylvania and of the Wilderness, and many others will amply testify. But our brave men "armed with the holy cause of liberty, were invincible," and the victory was ours. The country was saved and our enemies vanquished, beaten and humbled. Throwing down their arms they only expected to be allowed to live, willing to accept any terms the government might see fit to impose, and with no expectation of dictating terms of reconstruction. The victory of arms was never more complete and thorough, and it is not the fault of the army that there has been so much of a rebellious spirit cropping out here and there. No nation under the sun ever gave to the world such an example of forgiveness and magnanimity towards its conquered enemies. Instead of trying and punishing these rebel traitors for the crimes of which they stood confessedly guilty, we gave them their life, liberty and property, all of which had been forfeited by the laws of the land, and to nearly all their franchise; in fact, the government has been more generous than just towards them. The result of all this is, that we see State governments springing into exis' ence all through the South, and in the hands of loyal men; a'

in ten years I confidently hope and expect that there will be greater sympathy and unity of feeling between the people of the North and the people of the South than ever existed before the war. Each having learned to respect the valor of the other, we shall hear much less insulting language between the two sections. Let all act upon the maxim enunciated by the immortal Lincoln—"with charity to all men and malice toward none," then will a more kindly feeling prevail. But while the citizen soldiers of the Republic would act generously and magnanimously toward their fallen foes, and bid them live and stand erect and be men and citizens again, they demand some guarantee of security from like attacks upon the nation's life in the future. The toil, fatigue, hardship and exposure, and the fields of carnage, and their dead and dying comrades, are still too fresh in their memory to wish that it may be repeated. It was duty and not pleasure that called them to the rescue. As it is our duty to cherish the memories of our heroic dead, it is no less our duty to do honor to the living heroes. And even now the names of Grant and Sherman, and Thomas and Sheridan, should be, and I believe are, in all loyal hearts as sacred and as dear as the names of Washington and his compatriots. And as the people called the great military chieftain of the revolution to fill the highest office within their gift, so the people to-day call our great chieftain to fill the same position once adorned by the immortal Washington, and the sainted martyr, Abraham Lincoln. Our chieftain, the great defender of his country, like the father of his country, is "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." The country will be safe in the hands of its defenders. I am proud to have lived in the 19th century. I am now proud to be an American citizen. I am glad to have lived to witness the struggle between freedom and tyranny. I am proud of the grand army of citizen soldiers who stood between their country and ruin. I am proud to have borne some humble part in the achievement of such grand results. And let me see the country placed in the hands of its defenders, and peace, quiet and harmony, and brotherly love and friendship, order and law prevailing throughout the land, in all sections; then, when these results shall have been fully accomplished, and the nation is in the full enjoyment of the fruits thereof, and the great reveille is sounded for me, awaking me to the new life beyond, I will willingly go down to my grave, though I may go down unwept, unhonored and unsung.

At Owatonna, Minnesota.

Post No. 5, G. A. R., formed in line, front of Masonic Hall, and marched from thence to Forest Hill Cemetery, for the purpose of strewing flowers over the graves of their fallen comrades. The procession was headed by a band of martial music, followed by the members of the G. A. R. and a large concourse of citizens on foot and in carriages. Arriving at the cemetery, they proceeded to decorate the grave of John Wilcox, after which they marched to the resting-places of Messrs Richardson, Morford, and Lieut. Goodwin, upon whose grave a beautiful bouquet was placed, presented by Mrs. M. A. Dailey. After decoration, the company assembled under the "flag of the free," when prayer was offered by Rev. L. S. Griggs, after which a beautiful dirge was sung by the choir, entitled "There is rest in the grave." Hon. M. H. Dunnell then delivered the following oration:

MR. DUNNELL'S ADDRESS.

Comrades: In obedience to order, and in harmony with the dictates of dearly cherished memories, we come, this beautiful morning, to decorate the graves of our fallen, heroic dead. We bring vernal flowers, we decorate. Our deeds cannot affect the dead, and yet the dead may justly claim these acts of remembrance from us. The country's weal pointed to them the grave; they entered it, and that weal demands of us to-day a recollection of their deeds, and nothing less than this can we do upon this occasion. Life is noble, as it answers some noble end, and that life is noble which is least unselfish, and which is given away in accordance with some high demand. The country demanded the sacrifices which we this day recollect, and we come here to honor those who fill these graves, and to honor the lives of those who have thus been sacrificed. They were not sacrificed in the pathway of gain or personal ambition, but in the pathway of their country—where it called them, they went and fell. These mounds which we this day decorate, comrades, are not indeed monuments of brass, or marble, or stone. They have not been reared by wealth, and yet every particle of dust which goes to make up these mounds, if we but rightly listen, are vocal with the praise of those whose bodies lie mouldering within. From what place can the fragrance of these vernal flowers more appropriately ascend to Heaven than from the dust that covers the fallen braves. If God gladly receives the fragrance of the flowers, He will receive it as it comes from the grave of a fallen comrade. This day will open up afresh many a heart, and while

we here to-day gathered around these mounds, and while many of us perform mere acts of remembrance, there are fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers, to whom this act of ours will bring a sad remembrance of those who have fallen in defense of their beloved country. A mother will be left alone, a son, a father, gone, gone! A sister will remember the manly form of a loved brother. A brother will remember to-day the body of him who died for his country's defense. This scene will bring back the many scenes of the war. There are thousands and tens of thousands of these mounds, these monuments to patriotism, to self-sacrificing devotion, to-day far away where on this beautiful day no friendly hand will strew with flowers. They rest to-day in southern climes, where no friendly feet will tread, nor will friendly hands scatter fragrant flowers in memory of their brave deeds. May God hasten the day when not a grave shall hold the soldier of the Union, but there shall be around the graves in every community hearts so full of patriotism, so full of loyalty, that every grave from one end of the land to the other shall on its annual occasion be strewn with those wild flowers, emblems of the fresh remembrances. (Amen) This is a day for the exercise of sympathy. We to-day mingle our tears with those who indeed come here to weep, and the exercise of this sympathy is calculated to ennoble us. We can exercise this sympathy for those who stand around the graves of friends. As we stand here by the graves of these soldier boys we have higher conceptions of duty. We understand better the relations we sustain to the Government. We cherish its institutions and we love it all the more. And when we have performed this simple act we will go away from this place better men and better women, loving our country more, and loving each other more, and loving Heaven more. We are more patriotic as we approach these graves. We go away feeling that the country may yet demand of us sacrifices, and when the sacrifice is made, as the offerers of that sacrifice we are made the nobler and the better, and here to-day, as though upon the altars of our country, we renew our pledges of devotion to it. The soldiers, representing those who in the camp and field, and amid the carnage of war stood fast and firm and unflinchingly to the demands of their country, and defended it against the combined assaults of the enemy, come here to-day to garland the graves of their comrades. As we go away from this place, we go feeling that our hearts have been made better; that the remembrances of noble, daring deeds, which make us all the more willing in the future to sacrifice in the country weal, and I hope the time may never come when these graves, that are sublime records of our coun-

try's patriotism, shall ever be forgotten; that the approach to them may be made pleasant and inviting; that they shall be annually visited, and upon them the tears of affection and patriotism be dropped, and that in our own hearts may be nourished and cherished, and be made to abound with earnest, unfaltering patriotism upon which the nation relied in its late struggle, and upon which it may rely in the future. Relying upon this, what shall retard us? With virtue, intelligence, and patriotism to guide us, our nation will be as prosperous in the future as it has been in the past, and we ourselves constantly cherishing the remembrance of those who so bravely fought and defended the country in its hour of peril and danger. And as we separate, let us call to mind those who, with us, fought and fell. Remembering their virtues, their sacrifices, may we separate, and, with measured tread, and with hearts swelling with emotion toward those who have thus fallen and have so worthily honored themselves and the country, and so securely preserved it for us; and may we in turn preserve it and hand it down to those who shall come after them. Peace to the noble dead. We leave these graves, and as we leave them we promise to keep in our minds their memories fresh and green, and as perfumed as these vernal flowers with which we have this day decorated their graves.

At the conclusion of Mr. Dunnell's remarks the song "O, wrap the flag around me, boys," was beautifully rendered, at the close of which Mr. Russell pronounced the benediction, and the assemblage took their homeward march, feeling that they had done "honor to the brave."

At Frankfort, Kentucky.

Ample preparations had been made to render the occasion one of suitable character with the laudable purpose in view. The ladies of the town and county prepared and supplied an abundance of flowers, with wreaths, festoons, evergreens, and floral designs of exquisite grace and beauty. These were sent to the Court House by 2 o'clock P. M., where the procession was to assemble. And not only was this just interest manifested by the friends of the dead soldiers in our immediate vicinity, but other places claimed a share in the patriotic contributions. From four Federal officers at Cynthiana, Ky. (Col. W. P. Roper, of 6th Ky. Cav., Capts. R. F. Long, 4th Ky. Infy., W. C. Musselman, 20th Ky. Infy., and Lieut. H. M. McGee, 7th Ky. Cav.), an elaborate and handsome floral arch, decorated with ribbons representing the national colors, was received, with the request that it be placed over the graves of their dead comrades in

arms. From Paris and from Danville were contributions of choice and fragrant flowers, donated by sympathizing hearts, filled with loving respect for the fallen brave. At 2 o'clock P. M., the procession began assembling at the Court House. Arms, and a uniform consisting of blouses of blue with caps, had been provided for the late Federal soldiers, who organized under the command of Col. Jno. Mason Brown. Dark-colored pants were worn to give uniformity to the array. Saxton's Brass Band, from Lexington, headed the procession, which formed with its right toward Wapping street. The following order, agreed upon by the Committee of Arrangements, was observed:

Saxton's Brass Band; platoons of late Federal soldiers; floral arch from Cynthiana; platoons of late Federal soldiers; tattered regimental flags of Kentucky troops; platoons of late Federal soldiers; wagon containing eight young ladies; citizens.

The flags borne in the procession were those of the 22d Infantry, 45th Mounted Infantry, 15th Infantry (orphan regiment), and the 6th Ky. Cavalry. A beautiful flag, embleming in its folds the stars and stripes, was borne in the wagon with the young ladies. These young ladies, eight in number, represented the States and localities whose dead reposed in the cemetery. The representatives were as follows:

United States, represented by Miss Lettie Todd; Kentucky, Miss Annie McClure; Indiana, Miss Mattie Settle; Ohio, Miss Ada McKee; Illinois, Miss Laura Hatchitt; Maryland, Miss Jennie Todd; Michigan, Miss Lou Watson; Capitol Guards, Miss Annie Gray.

The Capital Guards were a battalion of troops stationed at the Capital of the State. The entire procession was under the charge of Dr. J. M. Mills as Chief Marshal.

On arriving at the Cemetery, the first step in the order of arrangements was the successive decoration of the graves of those who lay apart from the general circle of the federal dead, interred in family plats. The column, moving to an appropriate dirge along the winding road under the shadows of the pines and evergreens, successfully halted as each separate grave was reached, and while standing at a "present arms," a squad decorated the graves with flowers. The lamented dead who thus received the tribute of their comrades' honors are comprised in the following list—gallant spirits who gave their dearest, best treasure, their lives, for their country, or have followed those who have gone before: Cols. Robt. H. King, James W. Craddock, Surgeon Jno. O. Keenon, Captains Albert Bacon, Dan. Garrard, W. T. McClure, Lieutenants Dennis Haly, Frank Todd, Joseph McClure, Sergeants Richard Davenport, Lucien

McKee, Fleming Meek, Wm. Walls, Privates — Burns, W. Pifer, Jno. Henderson, Geo. Berry, Wm. Riter, Jno. Sullivan, and Two Unknowns.

These tributes having been rendered, the procession marched to the circle of graves where lay the greater number of the federal dead, decently interred by the United States authorities, and formed in line on the east side of the many little mounds under which repose the dust of those who once marched at the call of their country, but never again returned to those who watched and waited at home. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Wm. Todd Egbert, of the Episcopal Church. This was followed by the address of Col. Jno. Mason Brown, as follows:

My Comrades: If it were not for one consideration, I should have felt in duty bound to have declined the honor of addressing you at this time and place. That consideration is that the reasons for this demonstration and the feelings that prompt it, are plain to the appreciation of the plainest among us and not liable to misinterpretation even in the most unprepared remarks. It is impossible for the most elaborate preparation to overdraw the grand suggestions that arise from such an occasion. The most gifted orator might find in it a theme worthy of all his powers, and might vainly attempt the portrayal of the sympathies and associations springing from the scene and its surroundings. He might advert most glowingly to the patriotic self-sacrifice of those who sleep around us, to the glorious cause for which they deliberately died, to the weight of gratitude and reverence which the free people of a great nation will increasingly feel for their memories and their deeds. And he might carry you, in a noble enthusiasm, to the height whence might be seen a long train of great events, pregnant with blessings to mankind, multiplying in number and power from year to year, and from generation to generation, springing, all of them, from the germ of patriot principle, and nourished with the blood of those true heroes who knew their duty and did it in despite of death. But, for all the capabilities of such an occasion, and the grandeur of its suggestions, it needs no philosopher to discover the motives of this demonstration, nor culture or learning, to feel its causes and its sympathies. The thoughts of this hour are plain and simple. They are clear to the understanding of the plainest of us, and the most unpracticed among us can, in some fashion, give form to the common feeling of us all. I feel sure that I cannot far mis-state your sentiments, even though not prepared as the occasion deserves, and unequal to the full measure of the duty, as I feel myself to be. We are here, Com-

rades, to publicly demonstrate our veneration for the memories of our fellow soldiers who have gone before us, and to bear witness that the truths which they asserted even to the death are, with us, fresh and vital and as full of power as when we stood shoulder to shoulder, in the leaden storm, with those whose graves we this day decorate. The bloody years are past, God grant forever, the days of battle and the nights of toilsome marching are gone; the armed combatant is nowhere seen in the land. We, who not many months since followed the drum and bugle far from our homes, have resumed the peaceful pursuits of the civilian. We have returned, one to his farm, another to his bench, another to his office, and another to his shop. The trappings of war have been discarded—save when some commemorative day like this brings forth to the light the worn uniforms and rusted blades of our soldier life. We live peacefully and pursue in tranquility the honest avocations of the citizen's life. Why is this, and why can we lay aside the bayonet, and trust, with an unfailing confidence, in the civil power of the land? It is because the Cause, for which *you* fought, and for which *these* died, has triumphed. It is because that glorious banner, rent though it be with bullet and shell, burned with the flames of a hundred fights, and stained with the tempests of a score of campaigns, yet floats, the unhumbled ensign of a Great Nation, saved from the jaws of death by the unselfish valor of her sons. It is because these braves and those like them, were willing to die that the Nation might live. It is because the blood of true men quenched the flames that wrapped the temple of Freedom. It is because the stones of the fabric of our liberties and our safety, have been cemented anew by the blood of the dead of the Grand Army. Can we, fellow soldiers, forget them? Can their memory perish from the earth? Will a great people forget its defenders? Will the lovers of liberty around the globe let their fame cease who saved the citadel of Freedom in the darkest hour? No! the glory of their fame is undying! The little mound of Marathon, where slumber the Greeks, who saved the world from Asiatic barbarism, is a holier spot than the site of City or pyramid or palace; and while civilization endures, the glory of that little band will outshine the pomp of kings and the pride of luxury and power. Time will come when the common consent of humanity will number our dead comrades among the heroes and benefactors of mankind; when the green mounds above them will be known as true altars of patriotism and liberty; when patriots of all nations and climes shall gather new inspiration at their graves—and recognize how enduring is the fame of those who bravely die in the cause of

Right and Justice and their country. Time will destroy the marble of our tombs. No chiseled epitaph can survive his attack. The steel of our bayonets must perish. The names we bear will be unknown to those who succeed us an hundred years. But there is a shrine in the temple of the ages, where lie forever embalmed the memories of such as have deserved well of their country and their race. There will be treasured alike the true glory of him who passed in the storm of battle and the none less heroic martyr of the hospital. The patriots of future generations may not identify the occupants of these graves by name or private history. To them it may be unknown, whether the dust be that of King, of dashing sabre and sounding spur, or of Garrard, who, while yet a boy, died like a man, at the head of the stormers, or of McClure, who with unfaltering and Christian courage calmly faced the unpitying and slow advance of death, and died, the truest of heroes, at his post of honor and of duty. The name for each of them in the after-time will be that of "*United States Soldier.*" That term will epitomize the fire and storm of war, and the unselfish devotion of those who sleep around us. It will picture to men's minds the awful time when fratricidal conflict prevailed throughout our borders; when the best blood flowed freely for what men judged the Right; when these dead heroes surrendered their lives that their country might live. Around us lie many whom we have known and loved in former days. Companions of our marches, sharers of our toils, comrades in battle and danger, brothers in the service of our country, are this day the recipients of our marks of affection and respect.

How many memories of the camp and the field this day crowd upon us. How many regrets for the days gone by when our comrades were stalwart men-at-arms, prompt to their country's help! These, comrades, are but our advanced guard. Their tour of duty done, their labors accomplished, they have passed the dark river, to encamp forever on those green and happy plains where is the eternal reward of those who know their duty and do it. Daily is the number of us their survivors decreasing. Another and another veteran marches to join those who have gone before. Let us cherish their memories, let us honor their graves. And, persistent in duty and right, let us endeavor to look forward undismayed to the last and general *reveille* when we and our comrades shall appear to await the solemn and final inspection.

The graves of the dead soldiers were then decorated, after which a salute of three rounds was fired over the graves, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Egbert. There

were about one thousand persons present at these ceremonies. As the column moved from the grounds, it halted for a few moments while the members of Saxton's band played a dirge over and decorated the grave of Dennis Haly, formerly a member of their organization. It then resumed its march to the Court House, and on its arrival there dismissed.

The graves decorated, comprising every one, were those of the following soldiers: J. N. Griffee, Co. H, 19 Ky. Vols., Lt. D. O. Moren, Co. A, 24 Ky. Vols., Sergt. Alfred Ramey, Co.—., 4 Ky. Vols., R. T. Kennedy, Co. I, 11 Ky. Vols., E. G. Curry, Co. A, 30 Ky. Vols., C. Gunn, Co. H, 10 Ky. Vols., G. E. Kelly, Co. D, 30 Ky. Vols., W. Hopkins, Co. C, 30 Ky. Vols., H. C. Hardin, Co. E, 30 Ky. Vols., J. T. S. Hardy, Co. A, 30 Ky. Vols., J. W. Slinker, Co. A, 30 Ky. Vols., W. Clifton, Co. E, 30 Ky. Vols., W. P. Bryant, Co. K, 7 Ky. Cav., J. Graham, Co.—, 7 Ky. Cav., E. Luntsford, Co.—, 7 Ky. Cav., B. Armitage, Co.—, 7 Ky. Cav., Alex. Wines, Co. F, 7 Ky. Cav., J. Kirkwood, Co. H, 45 M't'd Inft., Jos. Montgomery, Co. F, 22 Ky. Vols., J. B. Farson, Co. F, 22 Ky. Vols., J. R. Stephens, Co. B, 30 Ky. Vols., J. Edwards, Co. B, 30 Ky. Vols., J. J. Powell, Co. A, 30 Ky. Vols., A. Schnaeffer, Co. E, 30 Ky. Vols., G. Sleet, Co. B, 32 Ky. Vols., J. B. Marshall, Co. B, 32 Ky. Vols., E. Stewart, Co. B, 32 Ky. Vols., S. Osborn, Co. A, 32 Ky. Vols., W. Hubbard, Co. I, 7 Ky. Vols., 2 Ky. soldiers, names unknown; Joe Matthews, Co. H, 103 Ohio, H. T. Osgood, Co. H, 103 Ohio, J. Colbers, Co. E, 103 Ohio, J. Hudson, Co. C, 103 Ohio, H. Martin, Co. K, 103 Ohio, J. King, Co. G, 103 Ohio, J. Long, Co. G, 100 Ohio, L. Abbott, Co. F, 100 Ohio, C. O. Black, Co. C, 100 Ohio, Jo. Keens, Co. C, 100 Ohio, A. Morgan, Co. B, 100 Ohio, Jno. C——, Co. F, 100 Ohio, E. Hope, Co. H, 104 Ohio, T. W. Taylor, Co. F, 104 Ohio, J. Minier, Co. B, 104 Ohio, L. M., Co.—, 44 Ohio, W. Black, Co. B, 79 Ohio, J. Feinthal, Co.—, 106 Ohio, J. W. Sly, Co. A, 98 Ills., August Hoge, Co. C, 98 Ills., Jno. Cox, Co.—, 104 Ills., J. McFarland, Co. E, 105 Ills., C. H. Rogers, Co. A, 102 Ills., W. D., Co.—, 102 Ills., R. Watson, Co.—, 102 Ills., J. P. B. Brown, Co. K, 120 Ills., J. C. P. Smith, Co.—, 72 Ind., C. Moritz, Co. I, 75 Ind., J. R Wood, Co. I, 75 Ind., Wes. Andrews, Co. H, 75 Ind., H. Hunter, Co. B, 55 Ind., J. W. Pullian, Co. A, 6 Ind. Cav., J. B. Welber, Co.—, 23 Mich., J. Becker, Co. B, 23 Mich., G. W. Alger, Co. B, 23 Mich., D. Thurston, Co. G, 23 Mich., H. H. Shurtliff, Co. H, 23 Mich., Wm. P. Jones, Co. C, 2 Md. Vol., Capt. J. O. French, Co.—, 116 U. S. C. Infy., R. A. Simons, Co. A, Capital Guards, Geo. Howell, Co. K, Capital Guards, L. C. Ramey, Co. G, Capital

Guards, R. B. Dockins, Co. A, Capital Guards, L. Wellman, Co. E, Capital Guards, J. R. Warnock, Co. B, Capital Guards, Harry Davis, Co. L, Capital Guards, Richard Glore, Co. —, Capital Guards, Robt. Prow, Co. B, Capital Guards, J. R. Wilks, Co. D, Capital Guards, J. J. Kennady, Co. —, Capital Guards, J. Johnson, Co. G, Capital Guards, Herm Worth, U. S. Soldier, W. Houk, W. C. Cheyney, T. Curtis, —— Hardin; Eighteen U. S. Soldiers, names unknown.

At Lexington, Kentucky.

The procession formed at Odd Fellows' Hall soon after two o'clock. On the right was the Newport United States band, next a company of the Second United States Infantry under Captain Falk and Lieutenant Danforth, and on the left an escort of one hundred discharged Federal soldiers, under General H. K. Milward. General S. W. Price, Colonel R. E. Johnston, United States Army, in full uniform, Colonel P. B. Hunt, Colonel Schofield and Colonel Scott, marshals of the day, started the procession for the ground shortly before three o'clock Thirty-seven little girls, representing the States of the Union, preceded the procession, drawn in omnibuses. On reaching the grounds, the soldiers were formed near the stand, and Gen. Price commanded silence, while the Rev. Dr. R. S. Hitchcock, offered up an impressive prayer. The little girls dressed in white, and wearing red, white, and blue sashes inscribed with the names of the States, and bearing wreaths and bouquets, then proceeded to decorate the thirty-seven reserved graves. After music by the band, the following poem, by Capt. R. C. Marsh, of Lexington, Ky., was read by Col. Pollard:

THE UNION DEAD.

We've gather'd comrades, true and brave,
  In garlanded, bright May,
On many a fellow-soldier's grave
  An offering fair to lay;
And, with us are sparkling faces
  And forms of gentlest mold,
But we think of other places
  And the forms these sods enfold.

While we scatter these tender May blooms,
  Where peacefully they rest,
And catch the roseate perfumes,
  Exhaled o'er each still breast,
We may think of camp-fires gleaming
  Where, in their griefs and joys,
They oft were waked, by shouts from dreaming,
  To arms! to arms! again brave boys!

And "rally round the flag" would fly
The bristling lines along,
While with firm step and dauntless eye
The anthem they'd prolong;
And still, as flew the shot and shell
In hissing flames around,
On! pressing onward 'till the fall,
They plowed the bloody ground.

In dashing manhood's flush and pride,
Their noble heads were bowed—
They fearless fought and bravely died
To gain an honored shroud.
And some died victory claiming
As their sad work was done,
And some recked not, in their maiming,
Of proud fields lost or won.

Brave comrades, while we are giving
Their graves these flowers rare,
We may think of them as living
In realms more sweetly fair,
Where, in bloodless fields we'll meet them—
Fields of eternal bloom,
Where, as brothers, we may greet them,
Nor know a cloud of gloom.

When the reading of the poem was concluded, Prof. Robert Graham was introduced to the audience, and delivered the opening oration:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: When invited by your Committee of Arrangements to take part in the touching ceremonies of this day, I consented, on condition that I should not be required to prepare a formal address. My tastes, my duties and my abilities alike forbid that I should attempt anything of that kind; but if my small tribute shall add anything to the honor of the dead, or the satisfaction of the living, then it is freely given, for were I to refuse to say a few words to-day, methinks two hundred thousand attenuated forms would rise from their lowly beds, and, pointing their shadowy fingers at me, would cry "For shame!" Cold, indeed, must be the heart that is not moved by what we have just witnessed. This solemn music, the fervent prayer, the stirring poem, the festooned bowers, the young and beautiful who adorn these quiet graves, this bright day; this lovely cemetery, where art vies with nature to rob death of half its terrors, and above all, the memories—the sad, solemn memories—that cluster to our hearts while we think of the suffering, the agony, and sacrifice through which, under God, the dreadful conflict was brought to an end—all, all conspire to move us to tenderness and tears. When the war that brought these brave men

to their untimely end began, our country enjoyed unexampled prosperity. A long peace, broken only by a few short, sharp conflicts with the sons of the glade and the forest, and with the half-civilized nation on our southern border, had fostered our industry, extended our commerce, cultivated the arts, and made our prosperity and our free institutions the wonder of the world. In a fatal hour a spark was struck in Charleston harbor that set our whole country in a blaze. The conflagration spread on every side; the inflammable material, collected during years of political animosity, was drawn in by the great arms of the lambent flame, and added fury to the devouring element. The glare mounted up to heaven, and the cry, The great Republic, the hope of Freedom's children in all lands, is on fire! was heard over the civilized globe. The woodsman who plied his vocation in the forests of Maine, as he stood on the fallen pine, his ax poised in air, paused as his ear caught again and again the wild alarm of war; the ax lies at the root of the tree, the woodsman is gone to join his comrades on the tented-field. The cry is caught on the summit of Bunker Hill, and the plains of Concord and Lexington are again swarming with armed men. The marts of commerce, the emporiums of trade, sensible to the least disturbance in social life, are now excited as never before. The peaceable and busy artisan, the man of gain, the student at his task, the judge in his ermine, and the bishop in his lawn, men of all grades, classes and pursuits, stand amazed, and leave their accustomed callings. The blast mounts to the summits of the Alleghanies, and along the quiet rivers and over the prairies of the West, swells the summons to arms. The pilot muses in sadness as the solemn quiet of his midnight toil is broken by the cry; the plow is left in the furrow, the unyoked oxen in the half-plowed field. The ravines and gorges of the Rocky Mountains reverberate, and the snowy crests of the Sierra Nevada re-echo the sound, as it passes on to the land where roll the Sacramento and the turbid Oregon. Then, well do I remember with what grief some of us went to our closets of prayer, and asked the Merciful Father to let this cup pass from us; what fervor moved our petitions that He, the God of peace and love, would speak to the risen storm, and say, "Peace, be still." Oh! my countrymen, it is sad for a people to pass from the dominion of reason to the dominion of force. The patriots of former years prayed that they might not see the day when States should be drenched in fraternal blood, and their desire was granted; how gladly would some of us have gone to lie down beside them rather than see what we thought would be the ruin of our Country! How weak was our faith!

It is a remark of the Father of history, in his book inscribed to Clio, that in peace children bury their parents; but that in war parents bury their children. The sentiment is not less just than is the Greek pers icuous, in which Herodotus told it. It is a wise provision of Divine Providence that we can, in pensive sorrow, lay to rest our aged parents crowned with years and honors; the burst of anguish soon dies away into tender recollection, but when age brings its treasures to the early tomb, then the heart is inconsolable, it is "Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not." Thank God, our land, that was one vast camping-ground from ocean to ocean, and from the lakes to the Gulf, is once more at peace; and though we mourn over those graves, and grieve to think of the price this sweet peace has cost us, let devout thankfulness ascend with the aroma of these sweet flowers that exhales to heaven, for the mournful pleasure we to-day enjoy. Such, I trust, is the spirit in which we have to come to this sacred spot. No tender token of regret, no sorrow we can cherish over the remains of these martyred heroes will avail anything to them.

> "Can storied urn or animated bust
> Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
> Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
> Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?"

It is becoming to strew the beauties of the early summer on these green graves, but we honor the dead to cherish the virtues of the living. These flowers are fragile, and, separated from their parent stems, will soon fade, even as we shall soon fade away from earth; still, as they now bloom in freshness, they are the emblems of our affection; the evergreens among them shall be the symbols of our undying faith in immortality. The genius of Christianity would teach us, through these tender assiduities, that there is a land beyond, where the soul shall live forever; where it shall know no decay of its powers, where no dread alarms of war shall be heard, but where all is peace and love. Our mission, then, fellow-citizens, is to go forth from this place in the spirit of kindness, free from hatred and all uncharitableness, but with the love of country and humanity invigorated, resolving to do all in the fear of God for the best interests of the whole country as we conscientiously understand it. Thus going forth, we shall diffuse around us, in word and action, charity and good will. Nor does this imply a weak adherence to the principles we avow. A calm and inflexible determination to do right, and to do it in love, is an evidence of real power rather than of weakness. The babbling brook that ripples along, and

frets against the pebbles in its course, vapors out its unavailing complaints to bird and flower that smile in calm security on its noisy marge, but who will say to the quiet and solemn flow of the ocean that begirts the majestic earth, "Thus far, but no further." In this spirit of resistless might and calm patriotism went forth those now lying around us here. Many of them for weary months pined away in pain and anguish of spirit in the crowded hospital; and many fell by a shorter and sharper agony on the ensanguined field, in the din of battle, and the terrible onsets of warlike men. They fell, they died, whether by the slow consuming pestilence, the festering wound, or the murderous shot or shell or ball, in the cause they loved, and for which they offered their lives in sacrifice. Those who have crossed the frontiers of this narrow life are removed far beyond our censure or our praise. We that are following on, shall soon be as free as they; but as we would like to be remembered by those for whom we have suffered, and whom our lives have blessed, so shall not these be forgotten. Then weave your chaplets of flowers, scatter year by year on their lowly beds the lily, the rose, and the amaranth, and let coming generations know your faith in the immortality of the good and true.

I cannot close these remarks without allusion to one who fell early in this conflict. That noble spirit, the idol of all who knew him, the soul of honor, the rich man's peer, the poor man's friend, wearing a name that is linked to all that is praiseworthy in the settlement of Lexington, and the growth of Kentucky. How could I omit to mention the name of Dr. Ethelbert L. Dudley. Was that not a prophecy of good that gave this generous man his Christian name? As if it were not enough to wear one of the most honored names in Kentucky, some happy inspiration called him Ethelbert—the bright noble of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers. Was ever mortal more truly named? The erudite scholar, the humane physician, the generous friend, the dauntless leader of his men in the hour of danger, the prince of his tribe, and object of deepest love in the large circle of his relatives and friends, he lies here, and his grave is bedewed today with tears of deepest sorrow.

Could he—could the youthful and patriotic Gratz, lying not far away—could all these whose graves are redolent with the perfume of flowers, speak from their narrow cells, would they not approve what, in conclusion, I say to each, to all: Go forth on errands of reconciliation, and, with the love of country and of humanity on your hearts, address yourselves to the great work of restoring the reign of peace and good will from one end to the other of our once imperiled but now preserved and beloved country.

At the close of Professor Graham's oration, Col. John A. Prall spoke. After Mr. Prall's speech, the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. W. M. Pratt. Captain Falck's company then marched to the graves, and fired a salute of three rounds, when it was announced that the ceremonies of the day were concluded, and the thousands silently and slowly dispersed and went to their homes.

Extensive preparations were made by the colored people to decorate the graves of their soldiers. At 1 o'clock a martial band struck up the national airs, and the blacks began to assemble at Asbury church. The black men composing Post No. 5, Grand Army of the Republic, marched out and took their place at the head of the procession. Each man wore a scarf of red, white, and blue, set with stars, and carried wreaths of flowers. Some of the officers were in full uniform of the United States, and wore the straps of Captains. The Grand Army of the Republic, when drawn up, formed ten large platoons, each under command of an officer wearing a sabre. Next in order, behind the Army of the Republic, followed a body of discharged colored soldiers, marching by twos, and singing the national airs. All these men had served in the Federal army, and sixteen regiments were represented, most of them having belonged to General Brisbin's old division. Behind the soldiers came a body of colored women, carrying garlands of flowers, and joining in the singing. In rear of these were a mass of people on horseback, in carriages, and on foot. Carriages containing the speakers and leading colored men of the place preceded the procession. Soon after 1 o'clock the procession moved to the Presbyterian burying-ground, and the ceremonies began. A two-horse wagon, loaded with flowers, had been drawn into the ground, and after a solemn prayer over the graves by the Chaplain of the Army of the Republic, the women took the wreaths and bouquets from the wagon, and handed them to the soldiers, who filed among the graves, knelt, and deposited the flowers. Girls and women next advanced with baskets and aprons of loose flowers, and strewed them on the graves, singing:

"Soldier, rest in peace," &c.

At times the whole congregation joined in the singing, and we saw many men and women weeping convulsively. As soon as the flowers had all been strewed on the graves, the Rev. W. L. Muir (colored) rose, and said:

Brothers and Sisters: I truly thank God for coming here to-day, to do honor to our dead soldiers. I have come a good long way; and when I came, I did not expect to see such a

great crowd of people; but I am glad, by your presence, to see you show an appreciation of the services rendered by these dead soldiers of our people. These men fought for your freedom, and not only you, but your children after you, should come here to do them honor. We are now a free people, and should try to advance ourselves, and show to the world that we are worthy of the great boon that has been given us. Kindness of heart and affection for the dead is a mark of refinement and civilization, and your tears and flowers here to-day is another rebuke to the barbarity of slavery. Thank God, we are all under our own vine and fig-tree at last, free men, and free women, who can worship God, no man daring to molest or make us afraid. I see present with us our General; God bless him, and prolong his days! He will speak to you presently, and you must now not only pardon my disjointed remarks, but excuse me from saying any thing more.

After music by the band, a committee of the Grand Army of the Republic escorted General Brisbin to the stand.

GENERAL BRISBIN'S SPEECH.

Comrades and Colored Citizens of Kentucky: I need not tell you I am glad to be here to-day. You all know it is my pleasure as well as my duty to assist you in all your good works. No nobler or more worthy deed could engage your attention than that which brings you together on this occasion. If the dead are permitted to revisit the earth, these men are here to-day in the air above us, and smiling their approval upon us. When the pale, sheeted forms that now sleep in these graves were alive and upon the earth, it was my good fortune to command them in battle; and, standing here by their graves, I lift up my voice to say, before God and man, that no better, no braver men ever lived. They died in the service of their country, for the freedom of their people, and the Union of these States. What a noble death to die! God grant, when dead and gone, we may be as worthy of remembrance as they. The battle, for these men, is over; they will answer to the bugle-call no more; but we of the living, who are still in the flesh, have a solemn duty to perform, and I trust you are all ready to bear your part. We must preserve the Union and the freedom these men laid down their lives to give us. We must show to the world that they died not in vain, and that we are worthy to succeed them. With their dying breath they melted the chains of slavery, that for two hundred years had been forging upon your limbs, and you stood forth redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled by the genius of emancipation. You owe these dead me

much; and on each recurring anniversary of this, or some other day, come here and strew flowers upon the graves of your heroes. And on other days of the year, bring your children to this quiet graveyard; point them to these graves, and say, "Here sleep the patriots who died for your freedom." Tell them the story of the war; how black men fought, and rebels fell before them; and as your children climb your knee, or lean upon your bosom, teach them to love that dear old flag, to be true to the Union of these States, and never to give up the freedom they now enjoy. Mothers, brothers, sisters, and wives, weep not for the dead. Happy is he who dies for his race and country. Look at this vast multitude who come to do them honor. Could you wish they had stayed from the battle, and lived on? No! no! Dry your tears; they died in a righteous cause; they are well dead! Peace to their ashes. The day, the scene, the occasion, all conspire to urge us here, in the presence of the dead, to renew our devotion to the immutable doctrines of truth, justice, religion, and right reason, and to declare again that we will pause not, and tarry not, and rest not, until the principles of equal and exact justice are known and acknowledged by all men.

The next speaker was Rev. Dr. Miller (colored). He said he had come all the way from old Virginia, and was right glad to meet here in his native State, on an occasion like the present, so many thousands of his people. He had been a colored soldier, and knew what service in the army meant. They were gathered together to honor the dead who died for union and freedom; and while it was well to meet in such great numbers on an appointed day and strew flowers on their dead comrades' graves, they should not forget to come to the graveyard with their garlands on other days. The graves should be kept green, and a spot warm in the hearts of the black people for their fallen heroes. He praised God that they were all free, and that the effect of education and refinement were already visible among their people. He encouraged them to persevere, and to do all in their power to secure the respect and aid of the white man. Loud calls were made for Grandfather Perry; and, in response, a venerable colored man was brought forward and presented to the people. He had a pleasant face and commanding figure. Waving his hands to the multitude to be quiet, he spoke to them as his children, and gave them much good advice. After speaking some minutes in a clear, forcible manner, he seemed suddenly to remember he was making a speech, and, excusing himself in some handsomely turned sentences, sat down.

The next person introduced to the audience was a yellow

man by the name of King. He spoke in an easy, fluent manner, and, among other things, said:

I am one of those black men who belong to the Army of the Republic, and whom the rebels call armed Radicals. We mean nobody any harm; we are not armed, but we are loyal—will stand by the old flag, as our dead comrades stood by it when alive. We desire only to keep alive among our people the feelings of patriotism, and preserve our old associations in the field. We have had enough of war, death on battle-fields, suffering in hospitals, tears, groans, and widows and orphans with broken and bereaved families. We want peace and justice, and for this we choose to plead rather than fight; yet we are not cowards, and will not be spit upon. As our General says, we will be men, if we are black. I call him *our* General; for he has not only led many of us in the field, but stood between us and the enemy in the forum. Many of you remember the bloody days of Saltville and Marion—how he gathered up our shattered battalions, and led them on in the charge of snatching victory from the hands of the enemy. There are two names that will live among our people in Kentucky to the latest posterity—James S. Brisbin and Stephen G. Burbridge. When we come here to strew the choicest flowers of the land on the graves of our fallen comrades, and when you and I are old men, and we tell our children of the deeds of the black soldiers, let us not forget to speak kindly and gratefully of their white leaders. In the future, as in the past, while the spirit that moved our comrades animates us, with such brave commanders, the folds of that dear old flag can never be trailed in the dust.

SPEECH OF COL. JOHN A. PRALL.

Fellow-citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is a high mark of true civilization, when the living cherish, with fitting reverence, the memory of the dead. And death ceases to be terrible when the soft light of affection kindles over the pathway to the tomb, and the gentle hand of love wreathes its portals. But to the patriot soldier who yields up his life for a grateful country, whether it be his lot to perish by the hand of disease, or to fall amid the shock of battle and the clash of arms upon the ensanguined field, the swift summons of the grim messenger, the voice of death sounding in his ear,

> "Comes like a prophet's word,
> And in its hollow notes are heard
> The thanks of millions yet to be."

To such, the silent sleep of death but precedes the resurrection to an immortality of fame. Their fame is their country's—its

most precious heritage; and the record of their heroic deeds mingles with its most glorious annals, and

"They read their history in a nation's eyes."

It is meet and appropriate that to the fair daughters of the land, whose homes and hearthstones have been defended and shielded from desolation, and who are alive to every noble impulse and high inspiration, it should be committed to express, by ceremonies and through the significance of emblems appropriate to their gentle natures, the gratitude of the nation to its heroic defenders. And thus it is we have come to this beautiful spot—"the bivouac of the dead"—and with these battle flags, torn and beaten by the storms of war, waving here over the slumbering ashes of those who bore them in triumph upon the red field of conflict—we have come to join with their comrades who survive them, in paying this tribute of our grateful hearts to the memory of those who died that their country might live. It was theirs to illustrate by their lives, and vindicate and seal with their blood, the unity, the prosperity, and the glory of their country. And while that national unity shall be maintained, and the country shall remain bound together by indissoluble links, their memory shall live, imperishable and enduring, in immortal freshness in every patriot's heart. And in each returning year, when the rosy Spring-time comes, let our countrywomen bring hither their floral offering, and from this sacred altar of gratitude and patriotism, let its incense ascend to heaven. Let flowers, strewn by the lovely and the beautiful, over the spot where our heroes sleep, "deck the turf that wraps their clay," and cast a fagrance over their tombs forever. And thus their memories shall remain enshrined in unchanging freshness in our hearts; and again and again, amid these sad memorials of the loved and honored dead, we will renew our vows of devotion to freedom and fidelity to our country. I will not, fellow-citizens, longer protract, with any words of mine, the patriotic ceremonies we have assembled to perform.

Two other colored men—Henry Marrs and Sergt. Geo. B. Thomas—made speeches; after which the procession re-formed and marched back to the city, where it disbanded.

At Louisville, Kentucky.

The formation of the procession commenced about nine o'clock. The Grand Army of the Republic arriving first, at intervals, and different other bodies, and at last the old soldiers with their tattered battle-flags, made the procession complete. The following were the Marshals of the day:—

Dr. J. J. Griffiths, Chief Marshal. Aids: General W. E. Woodruff, Colonel M. C. Taylor, Captain E. W. Johnston, General W. C. Whittaker, Colonel Selby Harney, Colonel Antone Kutzlieb, Captain C. C. Adams, Col. A. J. Alexander, Governor T. E. Bramlette.

The procession was formed at the Court House at ten o'clock, and as the bells of the city tolled a mournful requiem, the imposing cavalcade took up its solemn line of march toward the City of the Dead. The procession moved in the following order: Goddess of Liberty in carriage; Chariot containing thirty-eight young ladies, presenting the different States of the Union; Louisville Silver Band; General Thomas and Staff; Turners' Association; Soldiers' and Sailors' Union; Grand Army of the Republic; Great Western Star Band; Governor Bramlette and Staff; Old Soldiers with flags; Dragoons in civil dress; Citizens in carriages, &c. Leading the procession was the carriage of S. G. Henry, Esq., containing Miss Ida Hewson, as the Goddess of Liberty, accompanied by Masters Henry and Edward Hopkins, representing, respectively, the Army and Navy. A chariot followed, containing thirty-eight young ladies, representing the States of the whole Union. The following are the names of the young ladies representing the States:

Misses Flora Sam, California; Hattie Woodward, South Carolina; Rebecca Hardy, North Carolina; Cecilia Peterson, Arkansas; Ella Tracy, Mississippi; Emma Burkhardt, Nevada; Edmonia Post, Illinois; Gertrude Hull, Vermont; Delia Pool, Connecticut; Jennie Moxly, Rhode Island; Josephine Pool, Alabama; Ollie Tucker, New York; Katie Dennis, Virginia; Ella Delph, Texas; Florence Jerne, Florida; Sarah Daniel, Missouri; Caroline Bachlet, Wisconsin; Amelia Hartman, Louisiana; Annie Glazebrook, Ohio; Blanche Clemerne, Georgia; Maude Taylor, Minnesota; Sallie Maurie, Delaware; Helen Daniel, Maine; Ida Crawford, Indiana; Phebe Womac, Oregon; Lilly Goddard, Massachusetts; Sallie Riley, Michigan; Mollie Woolfolk, Tennessee; Ida Griffiths, Pennsylvania; Annie Kelley, Kansas; Eugene Hull, Nebraska; Jennie Daniel, Kentucky; Laura Reeves, New Jersey; Mildred Matlack, New Hampshire; Clara Hull, Iowa; Florence Hull, Maryland; Mary Alexander, West Virginia.

Arriving at the Cemetery we found a vast concourse of people already assembled with wreaths and flowers. The young ladies alighted from the chariot, and proceeded on foot with the procession to the vicinity of the graves. Here we found a large stand beautifully decorated with mottoes and garlands. The

young ladies representing the States, together with the speakers, marshals and distinguished visitors, were seated on the stand, among whom we noticed General McDowell, who fought the first battle at Bull Run, General Geo. H. Thomas, General Sackett, and Captain Custer, Aid to General McDowell; Judges Ballard, Pirtle and officers of the courts also occupied seats on the stand.

A prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Hayes, of the Presbyterian Church. The ladies proceeded to decorate the graves. The ceremony was marked by an exceeding sublimity throughout. Kind-hearted women knelt and strewed flowers over the graves of those they knew not, but loved for their services and heroic valor.

"Bring pale flowers o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the noble dead,
For this thro' its leaves has the white rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nursed;
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are Love's last gift; bring ye flowers, pale flowers."

The following are the number of soldiers from each State buried at Cave Hill: Pennsylvania, 159; Indiana, 493; Iowa, 55; Ohio, 120; Kansas, 9; Massachusetts, 21; Alabama, 3; New Hampshire, 11; Michigan, 254; Illinois, 193; Wisconsin, 140.

When the ladies had finished the decorations, the concourse assembled around the speakers' stand, when Colonel Gill was introduced.

SPEECH OF COLONEL CHARLES A. GILL.

COMRADES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I believe I speak a sentiment common to all when I say that there is something more than ordinarily solemn on the occasion of our assembling here to-day. We meet not, my comrades, as we were wont to do, clad in the panoply of the soldier, or amidst flashes of contending steel, the rattle of musketry, the roar of artillery, or the stirring airs of martial music, but as survivors of the terrible conflict through which we have recently passed, to pay the last sad tribute of respect to our brothers, who fell in the cause of right and truth. We have come to gather around their sacred remains and garland the hallowed mounds above them with the freshest and choicest flowers of spring-time, that their sweet fragrance may ascend to heaven like incense from the altar of liberty, to mingle with our prayers and the prayers of a grateful nation, that these heroic dead shall not have died in vain. About three years ago the grand armies of the Republic were

assembled together at the capital of the nation, and there had their last review. The nation had just merged from the most terrible rebellion the world had ever seen—peace had come again to bless us, and our armies had returned—their banners wreathed with the laurels of victory to receive their final orders. To-day the members of those great armies and the friends of their gallant dead, all over the nation, are assembled around their sacred tombs to shed the tear of sorrow over their remains, and to renew their pledges to their country's God. They died in the holiest cause in which men ever offered up their lives, and though dead, they still live, and will forever live in the grateful hearts of their countrymen. For a period of over eighty years we had enjoyed a peace, a happiness and a prosperity such as no people had ever before been blessed with. It seemed as if the bird of liberty, after soaring over all the latitudes of earth, searching in vain, had at last alighted to take up a permanent home and an abiding resting-place among the unwalled cities and the bright green forests of our own beloved country. But at an evil hour the spirit of dissension and rebellion arose, and our peaceful, happy nation became engulfed in a most terrible civil strife. For four long years the people of the two sections of our country were engaged in fraternal war, waged with such awful vigor and determination that it seemed that the star of freedom was about to go down and set forever even in our own liberty-blessed, liberty-loving land. But at last, through the efforts of a loyal people and a loyal soldiery, fear gave way to hope, defeat became victory, and on the 9th day of April, 1865, at Appomatox Court House, when Robert E. Lee yielded the laurel crown to General Ulysses S. Grant,—rebellion surrendered to government, treason to patriotism; the bright star of freedom, rising over that thrice glorious field shone forth with renewed splendor and brilliancy, and that great political problem became, and thanks be to God remains, a fixed, living, glorious reality. *The war for the Union was not a failure.*

Not only was it not a failure, but a victory, glorious, grand and brilliant for the Union, liberty and equality. The Union was restored, the shackles were broken from the hands, the manacles removed from the feet, and the brand of the slave obliterated from the brows of four million bondmen, and he who yesterday answered the "roll call" of slaves, to day stands in the sight of heaven and before God, a man and a freeman. The principle was established that no flag alien to the sources of the Mississippi river, should ever float permanently over its mouth until its waters were crimsoned in human gore, and not

one inch of American soil should be wrenched from the jurisdiction of the Constitution of the United States until it had been baptized in fire and blood. These, my friends, are some of the fruits of the great victory in the achievement of which these brave men so freely offered up their lives. And whilst we must all grieve and mourn the loss of such noble spirits, and moisten their graves with our tears, let us, as we live in liberty, rejoice that they made their deaths glorious in its just defense. They have passed from earth, and been mustered into the service of their Lord and Master. Their duty is performed, ours remains to be done. It remains for us to preserve in all its purity and glory and majesty the Government for which they died, and to which you and I owe the freedom of the very air we breathe. Let us, then, ere we leave this sacred spot, swear by these four thousand martyrs and their widows and orphans, by all the hallowed memories of the past, by all the glorious hopes of the future, by our maimed and crippled comrades, that the four hundred thousand heroes that lie buried on every battle-field, in every village, hamlet and churchyard in the land shall not have died in vain—that Government for which they died, the Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth; that their widows and orphans shall not be forgotten, but shall be fostered and cared for by us until they and we join them in a better and happier world. They died—four hundred thousand—for you. Yes,

Four hundred thousand men—
The brave, the good, the true—
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
Lie dead for me and you,
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave—
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

In many a fearful swamp,
By many a black bayou,
In many a cold and fearful camp
The weary sentinel ceased his tramp
And died for me and you.
From western plain to ocean tide
Are stretched the graves of those who died
For me and you
Good friend, for me and you.

On many a bloody plain
Their ready swords they drew,
And poured their blood like the rain,
A home, a heritage to gain—

To gain for me and you.
Our brothers mustered by our side,
They marched and fought and bravely died,
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

Up many a fortress wall
They charged—those boys in blue;
'Mid surging smoke and volleyed ball,
The bravest were the first to fall,
To fall for me and you.
These noble men—the Nation's pride,
Four hundred thousand men have died,
For me and you—
Good friend, for me and you.

In treason's prison-hold
Their martyr-spirits grew,
To stature like the saints of old,
While amid agonies untold,
They starved for me and you.
The good, the patient and the tried—
Four hundred thousand men have died
For me and you—
Good friend, for me and you.

A debt we ne'er can pay,
To them is justly due;
And to the Nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say—
"They died for me and you."
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Made our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

Colonel W. E. Riley followed in a very eloquent address, adverting to the many deeds of valor which crowned the Union soldiers with glory. Mr. Gustav Fernitz, editor of the *Louisville Volksblatt*, then addressed the assemblage in German, when the procession again formed, and returned to the city at three o'clock.

At Catlettsburg, Kentucky.

Pursuant to an order and invitation issued from Catlettsburg Post, Grand Army of the Republic, May 27th, 1868, by D. H. McGhee, Post Commander, and E. C. Wise, Post Adjt. G. A. R., this Post, composed of 150 members, headed by a band of music, colors at half mast, and each member wearing crape, followed by a large concourse of citizens and ladies of this place and vicinity, marched to a dirge played by the band, to the Hampton City Cemetery. A national salute was fired

the meantime. Arrived at the cemetery and formed in appropriate square, after an affecting prayer by Rev. T. N. Leslie of First Methodist E. Church, an eloquent address was delivered by Col. R. M. Thomas, late of U. S. A., after which, the comrades, assisted by the ladies, strewed the graves of the fallen comrades with flowers and neat bouquets, wreaths, etc. In this cemetery lie the remains of the lamented Maj. Ralph Ormstead, late of the 5th West Virginia Volunteers, who was killed whilst leading his regiment through the wilds of West Virginia, by a notorious rebel guerrilla band, whilst little suspecting his danger. A more gallant, kind-hearted and generous officer never drew sword in defense of his country. Beside Maj. Ormstead lies the patriotic Maj. Ben Burk, of this place, and near him the much-lamented Capt. Hollingsworth, and near them lie 50 fallen braves, who fell in defense of the flag.—*Official Report.*

Ceremonies were also held at Tompkinsville, Ky., on the Fourth of July, in which the surviving members of the Fifth Cavalry of Kentucky were assisted by the citizens generally. Rev. Mr. Childers made an impressive appeal to his hearers, after which the graves of the soldiers were thickly strewn with flowers.

At Newport, Ky.

At Linden Grove Cemetery, about three thousand persons assembled early in the afternoon, and this number was swelled to fully seven thousand by the arrival of the procession and those who accompanied it. A stand had been erected for the speakers, directly south of the square where the soldier graves are located, and it was tastefully decorated with flags and evergreens. Over the front was inscribed "*Our Honored Dead.*" In the centre of the burial-lot a large wooden monument had been built. This, too, was decorated with taste. A large national flag floated at half-mast over the graves, from the centre spire of the monument, beneath which was placed two large pictures of Washington and Lincoln. The exercises commenced at a quarter past 3 o'clock, by the performance of a dirge by the band, after which Dr. E. P. Buckner offered up a fervent prayer. The prayer having been concluded, Col. Oscar H. Burbridge introduced Col. John P. Jackson, the orator of the day, who spoke as follows:

Oration of Col. John P. Jackson.

Comrades and Fellow-citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen: On this bright Sabbath-day, with nature harmonizing in quiet beauty,

we meet to honor the memory of our dead—to testify our gratitude for their triumphs—to tender our substantial sympathy to their bereaved relatives, and to receive ourselves, from the communion of this hour, fresh incentives to effort and to duty. With no jealousies to indulge and no envy to gratify, we seek to draw a lesson from the past that shall be to our future a beacon and a guide. To the sleeping martyrs, whose graves billow every battle-field from Gettysburg to New Orleans and Carolina, it matters little what we may now do or say. Our tender offerings of affection will be lost upon their mounds, and the sweet aroma of our scented flowers be uselessly exhaled to air, save as we revive our faith in the doctrines which they defended, and our zeal in the cause for which they died. Our tribute to the departed is to insure the continuing sympathy of the living—to confirm their hopes, strengthen their arms, and energize their efforts. The hallowed mould that ridges the ground about us was but yesterday the embodiment of an idea whose successful realization gives us to-day a nation peaceful and powerful, instead of provinces petty and belligerent. They who bared their bosoms to the brunt of battle, and went out in the "red and reeling fray," forgetting self or profit—eschewing ease and daring death—were the representatives of that public virtue which is the corner-stone and mainstay of our temporal existence. It was this sentiment that Montesquieu called a sensation, and not a mere consequence of acquired knowledge—common alike to the lowliest and loftiest member of the State. It was the same sentiment that Leonidas felt when he fell at Thermopylæ—which solaced Aristides when exiled from Greece—which the soldier of the Revolution felt when he tracked with his blood the snows of Valley Forge—which Patrick Henry illustrated when he invoked "liberty or death"—which actuated Adams when declaring that "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration," and which these our soldiers felt when, leaving home and friends and comfort and safety, they invoked hunger and captivity, disease and death. More speedy than argument and more powerful than cannon, it bore our impulsive legions over fields so sanguinary and through conflicts so vast, that the archangel of war thereupon made new record of human prowess. The integrity of the nation had been assailed, and from the fountain of love of country came the inspiration for its defense. The sentiment was not of party. It rebelled at the mention of a divided land, and threw all of existence into the idea of unity. Not so powerful was the flaming cross of Constantine or the victorious eagle of Napoleon.

When treason had raised its "horrid front," the underlying sentiment of an eternal union evoked from our people, all unused to war, the grandest army of all time. Their enthusiasm lifted the nation from the depths of despondency to new and serene heights of hope and duty. Strangers to war, they were veterans by stern resolve; and from the wreck of the world's mightiest rebellion, they compelled peace, and order, and victory. We can never forget to commemorate the deeds of those who perished to achieve this sublime result. Their memories are sacred, and the holiest benedictions of their favored countrymen will ever follow a mention of their virtues. For the monument of Thermopylæ, where fell the brave three hundred, Leonidas wrote this epitaph: "Stranger, go and tell in Lacedæmon that we fell here in defence of her laws." With greater cause for greater gratitude, let us tell to future time the story of our comrades' deeds with a monument that shall say, "Pilgrim or citizen, go and proclaim through the limits of the nation, that we, soldiers of the Republic, fell in defence of its laws, its liberties, and its life." As the statue of Themistocles, from a promontory in Greece, long greeted the returning voyager, and fired anew his love for Attica and Athens, so let our far-reaching columns of storied marble and animated bronze bear vitalizing testimony to the glory of our soldiery from the parapets of the Pacific to the green hills of New England. Make of wood the arches of triumph which mark our fields of battle, if it must be, that the memory of a civil strife may not be continued to another generation; but for the soldier who knew no sentiment but love for his whole country, and who gave his life to duty in its defence, the eternal granite should bear to posterity the hallowed record. And, as we engrave thereon the virtues of the dead, let us add, in characters of bold relief, that universal freedom to man came as the corollary of devotion to our land; they died that all men might be free. Of all the results of war, no richer boon ever graced the trophies of the victor.

> "Where freedom is, no man is poor;
> For nature's air is affluence to all."

When our martyr President, in the full-tide hour of our victory, ascended on high, "purpling the air with the glory of his name," he bore to heaven the broken shackles of four millions of slaves, and laid them at the foot of the throne, a peace offering for the patriot blood shed in our unnatural strife. Would it be profane to suppose that heaven's music grew sweeter, and angels quickened their chorus, as the joyous chimes from earthly tower and dome chanted the peans of a race redeemed, and our

glorified dead mingled their voices in the choir above? The lesson of the hour conjures us to renewed effort. We must live and not die. Leaders may be cut down, but the philosophy they represent still survives. Men may die, but principles are immortal. An army of earnest and truthful exponents of our cause has passed to death, but the Government they sustained is for eternity. The recuperative powers of our land will correct all irregularities incident to our civil strife; and in our experiment of a self-governing people, we will not disappoint the high hopes of humanity. That blood has been shed in defence of our laws, is but a natural result of all thorough reforms. The blood of Virginius overthrew the triumvirs. The blood spilled upon the altar-places destroyed the penates and idols of Rome; and the blood of martyrs became the seed of the Church, while feeding the fires of heathenish persecution. * * As we stand here, to-day, gratified at the grand advances to universal freedom made for our country by our lamented comrades, we must feel our hearts nerved to an earnest resolve to carry out their work to its legitimate conclusions. Let us here and now determine that, come what may, we will never tire in urging forward the great measures of freedom for which they gave their lives, until all our broad acres shall rejoice in answering to the demands of freemen. Then may we in confidence challenge the world to a race of prosperity; then will we be enabled properly to educe the illimitable resources of our land; and then will be our hour of rejoicing that, in spirit and truth as well as in name, ours is the "land of the free and the home of the brave." To do this, let there be no idlers in our ranks. The aged must think for it; the younger must strike and act for it; mothers and daughters must pray for it; and every heart, whether of old or young, male or female, join in unanimous and earnest resolve that the great national sin which was the primal cause of all our public woe is thoroughly eradicated, and that the Plutonian heresy of secession shall never again shadow our shrines.

It would be improper to suffer this occasion to pass without bearing testimony to the fidelity of our ladies, who, to-day, are here so fully represented.

> "Warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise,
> And what they do or suffer men record;
> But the long sacrifice of woman's days,
> Passes without a thought, without a word."

The crowning glory of our Christian civilization is, that we have unfolded the intellect of woman, and by elevating her to her proper dignity, have purified social intercourse, and added a new element to the motive power of our progress. To no

point can we turn but her influence meets us. Our fleets and armies swell the seas with martial spirit and successful enterprise, while a mother's blessing or a sister's prayer hallows the project that prompted their embarking. Stately edifices beautify our public highways, but a wife's discriminating taste prescribes the adornments that give them character. Works of art which have brought honor and credit to us as a people, and have refined our national taste, had first to be accepted by our daughters, who aree ndowed by nature with the inspiration of æsthetics; and the undertaking, of whatever nature, that would bring numbers to its assistance, or earnestness to its work, must be characterized and honored by the coöperation of our females. Feeble would be the onset, and easily repulsed the attack, of that General or those troops whose arms were palsied by the curse of a wife or a mother upon the cause they fought in. Sad, indeed, is the reflection that woman has much to do in the contentions of armies and the clangor of war. And now, when

> "The sons of those who, side by side,
> Struck down the lion banner's pride,
> Were arming for fraternal strife—
> For blow for blow, and life for life,"

we have seen our women claiming as their prerogatives the duties of benevolence and philanthropy. In the Christian heroism that has characterized their visitations of mercy and of love to the asylum, the hospital, and the prison-house, we see in reality a quality of heaven. No groveling desire for distinction, no selfish pride of place or power, no considerations of personal convenience, nerve the arms or impress the hearts of our self-denying and noble, daring ladies. There is certainly a spirit akin to the celestial in the breast that finds a pleasant service amid the vagaries of the delirious, the frenzies of the deranged, or the piteous wail and dissonant groan of the hospital and the prison-ship. The religion of the soul is set to holy music, when it finds in the ailments of our soldiers its chosen sphere of duty.

When our army had retired from the conflict of war, and, having successfully vindicated our national integrity, had assembled to receive its well-earned reward of thanks and of gratitude, the Admiral of the fleet and the knighted General of the land had combined their victorious standards, and drawn around them the epauletted staff, the paraphernalia of office, the ensigns of rank, and brilliant mementoes of bravery, yet the group was all incomplete, the crown without its richest jewels, until there were present those embodiments of unaffected heroism, noble, daring, heaven-inspired spirit grandeur, that have proven our loyal women a nation of Florence Nightingales. The re-

turns are not of earth that can requite their services; and not till the Book of Life shall be opened, will it be fully known how much of sacrifice and virtuous suffering have been endured by the noble, loyal women of our land. The throbbing of the nation's heart in gratitude will forever commemorate their well-doing. And now, mothers, if you would maintain the paramount influence that in this land you enjoy—if you would not see banished from your fireside all that is lovely, and innocent, and pure—if you would preserve the seats of prayer, and the altars of maternal affection, with the votive offerings placed thereon by filial love—if you would not hear the ravings of anarchy through your halls and parlors, or the distracting cries of helots at the church door, guard, forever guard, your children against the doctrines of sectionalism. Fathers, who pride yourselves upon the manliness of your sons—who hope to have your names perpetuated in honor through posterity—and who love the olive branches that cluster about your table, teach your children that ours is a nation and not a confederacy, and that in undivided national progress is the proper incentive for their action. And, young men, as you love your parents and friends; as you are ambitious and hope for honorable preferment; as you would add a bright chapter to the brilliant chronicles of your country's history; as you would see that country the lawgiver to the lands and the mistress of the sea; as you would bear her institutions to a point for all time hereafter to be unapproachable by tempest and unharmed by the storm, swear this day, by the spirits of our gallant dead, that the ark of our covenant shall never be broken nor the bow of our promise rent. So shall we fill the destiny that awaits us, and a hundred million souls united as one man will soon use our valleys and fill the land with the accumulated results of a Christian civilization. In that day, as we shall witness the success of emulating followers, our highest pride and boast shall be that, by the prowess of the loyal soldiery, our pennant of Union leads all banners of war.

At the conclusion of Col. Jackson's eloquent oration, Dr. Buckner pronounced the benediction, after which the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, assisted by many ladies, proceeded to decorate with flowers, evergreens, &c., the four hundred and eighty graves of the martyred patriots.

At Dubuque, Iowa.

Agreeably to previous announcement, the procession of soldiers and citizens formed on Public Square, at 2 o'clock, under the direction of Maj. John McDermott and Assistants, while

the Germania Band occupied the platform in the Square. The mounted men formed on Seventh Street, between Locust and Bluff, the dismounted soldiers on Locust Street, in front of the Public Square, with their right resting on Sixth Street, while the citizens formed in the Square. The procession then took up the line of march in the following order: Mounted Men, Field Music, Germania Band, Officers of the Post, Soldiers and Sailors, Citizens on Foot, Mounted Citizens and Citizens in Carriages. On arriving at Linwood Cemetery the procession marched through the southwestern gate, and arranging themselves partly in a square were brought to a halt, when General Wm. Vandever stepped forward and delivered the following speech:

COMRADES AND FRIENDS:—The sad mementoes before us call vividly to our minds the harrowing events and bloody sacrifices of the late war for the suppression of a wicked rebellion. Standing to-day at the portal of the grave—between the living and the dead, we will renew our vows of devotion to the country and the flag these have died to defend. While we drop a tear in sorrow for the untimely fate of fallen comrades and friends, we will cherish their memories in our hearts, emulate their heroism and virtue, and dedicate ourselves afresh to perpetuate the principles of liberty they have consecrated by the sacrifice of their lives.

The list of deceased soldiers whose remains repose beneath our feet constitute a "Roll of Honor" emblazoned by imperishable deeds of valor and devotion to country. Here and there a grave is marked "unknown"—we can only tell that its occupant was a patriot who, wan and crippled from the field of strife, struggling to regain his home, reached the confines of our State, and, destined never again to behold the face of wife or child, sank exhausted into the embrace of death; stranger though he was, the sympathizing tear and tender touch of woman was not denied him at the last hour—for there are those among us who withheld not a mother's or a sister's part from the returning veteran, but smoothed his pillow and caught his last, expiring breath. May Heaven reward and bless them! The tenants of these graves whom we knew in life, I need not name—they live in our affections with a freshness and verdure that knows no winter. We meet to day to strew alike the grave of the known and unknown with the fragrant garlands of returning spring. It is a fitting expression of the affection we cherish for their memories, a tribute of admiration to heroic virtue and noble service. While engaged in this interesting ceremony our minds revert to the thousands who went forth never to return, not even for sepulture. The remorseless wave which deluged the land with

blood, cast a few mangled forms back at our feet, but the great multitude it gave not up, but hid forever from our sight. They lie for the most part where they fell, in undistinguishable groups on every battlefield, shrouded only in the habiliments of the soldier. And some, alas, murdered by the slow tortures of such infernal dens as Libby and Andersonville, yielded their emaciated bodies a scanty repast to the revelling worm—their terrible fate adding the bitterest dreg to fill the iniquitous cup of all villainies. Oh, what a wail breaks from the heart of the nation this day, as mournful groups gather in every city, village and hamlet of the land to cast flowers upon the graves of departed heroes, and mingle tears with the dust of the dead. Many hearts revive their sorrow to-day; the nation weeps, but heaven be praised for the future; there is a resurrection to renewed national life in which traitors and tyrants can have no part, but at which they may well call upon the rocks to hide them.

At the conclusion of this speech the Germania Band played a solemn dirge, when a prayer was offered by the Rev. L. Whitney.

At the conclusion of these interesting exercises the infantry re-formed, and visiting each grave covered it with flowers, each being marked by a miniature flag. The committee appointed by Post No. 7, G. A. R., to ascertain the number of soldiers buried in the vicinity of Dubuque, found upon careful examination that no record was kept by any officers or persons from which they could determine who or what number of soldiers have been buried in the cemeteries in and adjoining the city. Below will be found the list of soldiers reported by the committee to be buried in Linwood Cemetery, but it is known that several others are buried whose graves it was impossible to find: Adjt. Stillman H. Smith, 14th Iowa Infantry; Maj. Carl Schæffer, Bernstein, Curtis Horse; Col. J. B. Dorr, 8th Iowa Cavalry; Capt. L. L. Newberry, 13th Regulars; Lieut. V. J. Conyngham, Regulars; Wm. Gunn, 1st Iowa Cavalry; F. H. Duncan, 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry; Capt. A. F. Duncan, 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry; George King, 90th New York; George W. Barnes, 42d Illinois Infantry; Henry Kroll, 46th Iowa; Adjt. John L. Harvey, 46th Iowa; Corp. W. McDermott, 1st Iowa Cavalry; Lieut. George W. Cummings, 37th Iowa Infantry; L. N. Converse; 46th Iowa Infantry; Ernst Amberg, 1st Iowa; W. L. Shankland, 5th Cavalry; Gilbert, unknown; James Graham, 5th Iowa Cavalry; Simon Lanicca, 8th and 16th Cavalry; John Bossler, 1st Iowa Inf.; L. D. Cook, 46th Iowa Infantry; Steven Barton; Stephen Burton, 21st Iowa Infantry; two unknown from hospital; John Littrell, unknown; two unknown,

21st Iowa; Dan'l McCartney, 100th Col. Infantry; John Lubty, unknown; N. McDaniel, unkown; Madart, unknown; John Garton, 14th Infantry; T. J. Knowlton, 8th Iowa Cavalry; Jacob Siegfried, 21st Infantry. Each of the above graves was visited in the order we have named. When the last was reached the exercises were concluded, and the procession took up its homeward march.

Other Cemeteries.—At 8 o'clock yesterday morning, mounted men formed at the public square and visited the cemeteries of Key West, Rockdale and Center Grove, where the same ceremonies in regard to the decoration of soldiers' graves took place. At Key West, Rev. J. W. Hanson, formerly chaplain of the 6th Massachusetts Cavalry, delivered a very effective prayer. The force consisted of fifty soldiers, under command of S. M. Pallock, who visited in turn each of the cemeteries. The most of the flowers for the occasion were kindly furnished by Miss Nagle. Below is the list of soldiers: Key West Cemetery.—George Carroll, unknown; Morris Nagle, 3d Iowa Battery; A. Cosgrove, 37th Infantry; Wm. Barnes. City Catholic Cemetery.—McManus, 3d Iowa Infantry. Center Grove Cemetery.—Lieut. D. G. Cook, 21st Iowa Infantry; Thomas Lockey, 21st Iowa Infantry. Rockdale Cemetery.—John G. Skaife, 21st Iowa Infantry; Ralph Irant, Pennsylvania Regiment Mexican Volunteers; William Landmire, 38th Iowa Infantry. Thus ended the ceremonies in honor of the patriot dead.

At Toledo, Iowa.

The exercises here were appropriate, and conducted with proper solemnities well befitting the hour. The members of the Post assembled at their Hall early in the day, formed in procession, and marched to the M. E. Church, headed by martial music, all with badges of Red, White and Blue, carrying the emblems of the highest type of respect, flowers, which they strewed upon the graves of their dead comrades, bearing also the starry emblem, the brave old flag, draped in mourning; carrying also banners with eighty-four names of those from this county who gave their lives in the defence of their country, inscribed thereon. Arriving at the church, the exercises were opened by prayer by Rev. Mr. Wilkinson of this place, after which Rev. Mr. Cordnor of Tama City, delivered a short, but pointed, patriotic, able and eloquent address. He reviewed the principles and measures established by these defenders of liberty and the equality of man, in the late rebellion. He thought it unnecessary to attempt an expression, in words, of the heroism of these gallant ones, the feelings and emotions of the heart

could find no genuine response in words, they would only be mockery in comparison to the real pulsations of the heart. He, however, referred briefly to a few incidents and battles of the war, with all which every soldier is familiar, and at the mention of which every *loyal* heart swells with proud emotions, and goes out in gratitude.

The address being closed, toasts were read and responded to with promptness, warmth, and feeling. The procession was again formed, and marched to the grave-yard, where all the soldiers' graves were visited and the flowers strewn upon them; this being done, the Rev. Mr. Edwards delivered the closing remarks. He referred in touching terms to the gallant conduct of the defenders of our nation on many a hotly-contested battle field; how they had fallen all covered with glory and weltering in their own blood; many of us who linger now about their graves had seen them thus fall. The members of the Order then formed in procession and marched to their Hall.

At Mount Pleasant, Iowa.

The surviving comrades, relatives, and friends of our gallant dead, assembled at the public square to take part in the solemn ceremonies. After music by the martial band, the crowd sang the "Star-Spangled Banner," after which Rev. Mr. Dennett offered up a touching and eloquent prayer. Another song, and Judge Drayer was introduced, and made an appropriate speech of fifteen minutes' length. At the close of Judge D.'s speech, the procession was formed in the following order: Band; Eight Pall-bearers; Hawkeye Zouave Company, in uniform; Ministers and Speakers; Soldiers and Sailors; Relatives of Deceased Soldiers; Citizens. The entire procession was under command of Col. S. D. Swan, Marshal of the day. At the head of the procession was carried a flag, draped, and two banners. Upon one was, "In Memory of our Noble Dead;" and the other, "Honor to the Men who Died in Defence of the Nation."

As the procession moved off, the band played the "Dead March," and the sad sound of the muffled drum called up many memories of the past to the soldiers present. The procession marched direct to the old cemetery, and as they marched through, each one in the procession dropped flowers upon the graves of the soldiers, which had been previously marked in order to designate them. This ceremony through with, the procession halted, and listened to a short address by Rev. J. W. Pickett. The procession then moved to the new cemetery, and went through the same ceremony, addresses being delivered by

Professor Burns and Rev. Mr. Gunn. The procession then returned to the city, and dispersed. The following are the names of the heroic men who are buried in the cemeteries of our city:

City Cemetery.—B. McMahon, Sr., Captain 1st Missouri Cavalry; E. Hemmenway, 1st Iowa Infantry; Capt. and A. A. G. Sherman's staff; Alexander Lee, 1st Lieut. 25th Iowa Infantry; Geo. J. Sharp, 2d Lieut. 4th Iowa Cavalry; I. I. Stewart, Post Chaplain, Keokuk, Iowa; Robert Carter, 37th Iowa Infantry; Jacob Sutton, 14th Iowa Infantry; W. W. Kendall, 25th Iowa Infantry; Joseph Potter, 1st Iowa Cavalry; Alva Grantham, 1st Iowa Cavalry; Wm. H. Johnson, 1st Iowa Cavalry; Dr. J. J. Ely, Surgeon; Jerome Virden, 4th Iowa Cavalry; James Neal, 11th Iowa Infantry; Jonathan Ayers, 4th Iowa Cavalry; Robt. M. Sypherd, 1st Iowa Infantry; Lewis Lavenburg, 25th Iowa Infantry; D. C. Strang, 1st Iowa Infantry; George W. Brown, 25th Iowa Infantry; Edward K. White, 4th Iowa Cavalry; Joseph F. Morrison, 4th Iowa Infantry; J. A. Laird, 37th Iowa Infantry; Gen. Samuel Brazelton, soldier in war of 1812.

Forest Home Cemetery.—Samuel McFarland, Lieut.-Col. 19th Iowa Infantry; H. H. Carter, Captain, 11th Illinois Infantry; Drummond White, Lieut. 56th U. S. Colored Infantry; Matthew Ross, 4th Iowa Cavalry; James H. White, 25th Iowa Infantry; J. L. Worthington, 45th Iowa Infantry; J. W. Clark, 1st Iowa Infantry; S. E. Bereman, 37th Iowa Infantry; J. S. Bereman, 25th Iowa Infantry; Benjamin F. Taylor, 25th Iowa Infantry; David Cavanee, 4th Iowa Cavalry; Chas. A. Viney, 1st Iowa Battery; Benjamin Ullery, 4th Iowa Cavalry; Charles Davis, do.; William Doyle, do.; D. M. Savage, do.; J. Laughlin, do.; E. H. Stubbs, do.; D. Deardough, do; G. W. Fielding, do.; Sensil Watts, do.

At Paola, Kansas.

About 2 P. M., the assemblage convened at the Post of the G. A. R. in this city, and formed in procession, headed by Paola Silver Cornet Band. Then followed soldiers, bearing arms and unarmed, with sprigs of evergreen and festoons of flowers. In the rear followed a large concourse of ladies, with wreaths of flowers and emblems of friendship, to strew upon the little mounds of the deceased. Upon arrival at the cemetery, the procession was halted, and the exercises opened with prayer by Chaplain Clayton, when the band performed a dirge. Then followed the oration of Post Commander Stevens, after which the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." A detail was then made, and a volley fired over the graves. Flowers were then

strewn, and the vine, the ivy, and the evergreen, planted on the graves. The procession was re-formed, and marched back to the Post and dismissed. Several spirited and patriotic speeches were made, and patriotic songs sung by members of the G. A. R.

ADDRESS BY HIRAM STEVENS.

When that Spartan band of immortal heroes fell at the Thermopylæ in defence of the liberties of Greece, it was inscribed upon their tombstones, that their country, the world, and posterity, might read it in all coming time, "Go, stranger, and tell at Lacedæmon that we died here in defence of her laws." Well might we transcribe the sentiment upon the monuments of our heroes who have fallen upon the many Thermopylæs from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, "Go stranger and tell to the millions that shall come up after us, that we, too, died here in defense of American Liberty, American Laws, and the American Union." We have met here to commemorate the patriotism and deeds of valor of those who are now sleeping the last sleep beneath the green turf which we this moment press with sandaled feet, and with that reverence which we, their surviving comrades, owe to our fallen brothers and friends. It is meet that we be here to-day to do honor to all that remains mortal of our late comrades-in-arms. It is right, yea, it is an imperative duty that we owe to our fallen comrades and friends, that we, in this manner, renew our recollections of their patriotic services. This day millions of our countrymen, from the pine-clad hills of Maine to the golden shores of California, are with us, heart and soul, doing honor to the remains of that mighty army of two hundred thousand, who will no longer awake to the sound of the long roll, the summons to strife, carnage, and death. That army sleeps quietly, calmly, and serenely beneath the sod of many a stricken and bloody field,

"With their face to the field, their feet to the foe,
Leaving in battle no blot on their name;
Looking proudly to heaven from their death-bed of fame."

But many, very many of that vast army of the dead are, to-day, sleeping coffinless and shroudless over the extended plains, upon the hills, in the valleys, among the pine forests, in the cotton fields, and in the rice swamps of the South.

"With no stone upon their turf,
No bones in their graves,
Yet they live in the verse
That immortally saves."

And here we see before us, inscribed upon many of these headboards, the melancholy line, "Unknown Union Soldier."

Oh! what sad reflections rise in the mind—"unknown Union soldiers." No fond mother, no weeping sister, no loving and heart-broken wife, this day to weep with us and drop a tear of sorrow over their mortal remains. Strangers in a strange land! What must be the feelings of that mother, of that sister, and of that wife, when we, this day, are strewing flowers over the graves of these "unknown soldiers," their last resting-place is, to them, clouded in mystery—to remain such, perhaps, until the judgment-day, when the Judge of all the earth shall summon the human race to appear before the eternal throne. When the sea and the grave shall give up the dead, then the mystery shall disappear, and these "unknown Union soldiers" shall greet their joyous friends with the shout of triumph—"Victory over Death." Then, with the millions that have fallen with them, in defence of law and liberty, upon the gates of Paradise, upon the parapets of heaven, they will wave the flag of a redeemed and ransomed race. Yes, these "Union soldiers" are known—known to us, known to posterity, and, we trust, known to the Judge of all the earth. A grateful people, this day, know and do them honor. They sleep, by day, beneath these flowers of red, white, and blue; and, by night, beneath the blue dome of heaven and galaxy of stars, emblematic of that flag which they bore aloft, unsullied and untarnished, in the dread carnage of battle. I know of no motive more honorable, no purpose more devoted, than the motive and purpose that sever the domestic ties that bind a father to his little ones, a husband to his fond wife, and which induce them to forego the pleasure and endearments of home and friends, and to go forth to battle for one's country, her liberty, and her laws. Patriotism, in all ages of the world, and in all countries of the earth, has ever been, and, I trust, will ever continue to be, regarded as the most laudable sentiment of man. That self-sacrificing spirit, that undying and unfaltering devotion to country and her institutions, bind men and people together under one form of government with bands stronger than adamant. And hence the sentiment of nationality. Without this sentiment, instead of compact societies and a common government for the millions, all would be confusion, chaos, and anarchy. Rapine, violence, and bloodshed would be the motive-power and vocation of the unhappy victims of this wild anarchy. Like the barbarians of ancient Germany—the Goths and Vandals—who with savage fierceness and wild fury struck down the conquering eagles of Rome, laid waste her territory, and finally plundered, sacked, and reduced to ashes the city of the Seven Hills, at whose base rolled the waters of the Tiber. After these barbarians had extinguished

Roman civilization from that empire, that extended from the wall of Antoninus in Caledonia to the river Tigress, from the columns of Hercules to Mount Atlas, they turned with savage fierceness and unrelenting fury, and waged against each other a war of extermination. But we Americans have picked up the broken fragments of that empire, crystallized the principles that once underlied the Republic of Rome, under the Scipios and Cæsars, purified them through fire and blood, and have laid them deep as the corner-stone of our political tabernacle. We had demonstrated to mankind that law and liberty were not incompatible. But in an evil hour, when the free choice and voluntary suffrage of a great and free people had chosen the immortal Lincoln to preside over the destinies of that people for the brief period of four years, wicked and ambitious men sought, through the force of arms, to subvert that Government. They dared us to the wager of battle. We, the loyal millions, accepted the challenge, and the world knows the result. It would be a useless task now, and on this occasion, to detail the causes of that struggle from which we have just emerged—a struggle for national life that has taxed this people to their utmost capacity in endurance, in treasure, and finally in the blood of the victims, whom we this day honor. The parricides of the Republic sought to extend the clanking chains of slavery over every inch of our common heritage. It was their boast that they would call the roll of their slaves under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument. In a word, that they would convert Columbia's fair land into a vast empire of slavery, and a slave market in which auction blocks were to be erected over the land, from which men, women, and children, made in the image of God, were to be sold into a lifelong servitude and chains. We of the North sought, through peaceful means, to prevent the spread of this great crime into the Territories. And before our verdict was recorded, the South rebelled against that verdict, and seized upon the forts and other public property of the Republic, thereby compelling us to accept of the challenge to strife, or to tamely submit to a dissolution of the Union. We did not hesitate as to our duty. When the news reached the North that our flag had been lowered at Fort Sumter, and its little brave garrison had surrendered to armed treason, this people was moved as was no people on earth before. The noise and hum of industry in every city, town, and hamlet throughout the land was at once silenced. Men, in the streets, in their counting-rooms, in their workshops, and in their fields, with compressed lips, with unyielding purpose, resolved, upon their knees, and with their hands extending toward heaven, that their

country should not be dismembered. And when that good, great and immortal Lincoln, as the chosen chief of the nation, appealed to the men of that nation to defend its integrity, a feeling of relief was felt in the rescue to arms. For nearly two years the strife raged with unparalleled fury—success more often crowning the armies of treason than those of loyalty and union, the result sometimes hanging fearfully in the balance. The loyal army and people began to grow faint, and demanded that the war should be prosecuted by more determined generals, and upon a different basis. Instead of using that army for the return of slaves to their rebel masters, it was resolved to use our natural allies—the enslaved race. Then came that famous Proclamation that spoke freedom to an oppressed people. The enunciation of that Proclamation rang out like the voice of God from Mount Sinai, as He gave the law upon a tablet of stone to his chosen people. The people were joyous, and the army was jubilant. They went forth to battle with new hope and life; and He who holds in His hands the destiny of nations, gave us the victory. We met the enemies of the Republic with "Liberty and Union" streaming upon our banners, in the swamps that surround Vicksburg, upon the plains of Gettysburg, upon the rocky fastness and above the clouds of Lookout Mountain, and in front of the gates of Atlanta, and the armies of treason and rebellion gave way before the invincible armies of Grant and Sherman. The army of Johnson was scattered in the swamps of Mississippi, giving us control of the Father of Waters. The army of Lee retreated hastily into Virginia, and the army of Hood was dispersed over the pine hills of central Georgia. Then commenced those memorable marches, without a parallel in history save those of Alexander the Great, and Napoleon's march into Russia, but with a far different result. It was announced by the Lieutenant-General that the Confederacy was but a shell. And while your brave and indomitable Blunt was scattering the rebel hordes through Missouri into Arkansas, like chaff before the storm, Sherman and his invincible hosts were sweeping the sandy pine-forests of central and southern Georgia, knocking at and opening the gates of Savannah, and linking his army to the fleet upon the sea. And while these scenes were transpiring, the intrepid and generous Grant was hugging the rebel army in Richmond with an iron grasp that betokened more than human love.

And again in January, 1865, Sherman, with his eighty thousand veterans, that never retreated or flinched before an enemy, started from the Savannah river, scattered death, desolation, and terror through the rebel hosts of South Carolina; re-

duced Columbia—where secession hatched the first egg of treason—to a smouldering ruin, and destroying cotton, railroads, and other sinews of war as he swept through the swamps of the Carolinas. And after a march of sixty-six days in the swamps and wilderness, and the victory of Bentonville, without supplies, cut off from all communication with the loyal millions, he at last encamped his hungry, ragged, and barefooted, but undismayed army, at Goldsboro. After ten days' rest, starting to move upon Raleigh, defended by Johnson, the lightning flashed the news from Grant to Sherman that Richmond—the rebel citadel—had fallen, and lay prostrate at the feet of Grant. Two days later, on the 12th of April, while the army was encamped at Smithfield, another dispatch from Grant was received at Sherman's headquarters, that Lee, with his entire army, had surrendered to the loyal cause. Pressing upon Raleigh, that opened her gates to Sherman, he, a few days later, received the capitulation of Johnson and his army. Once more the flag of the Union waved its ample folds over the soil of the entire and united republic, with no slaves or clanking chains beneath those folds. Marching that army through Richmond, on the 19th day of May, A. D. 1865, Sherman encamped his army with that of Grant's on the Potomac. Then came the review of two hundred thousand veterans, with the streets of Washington strewn with flowers. A heartfelt welcome to the saviours of the country rang from every street, and from the dome of the Capitol, and reverberated through the land. But amid this joyous scene, one melancholy reflection threw a cloud of gloom over the army and people. The chosen chief, he who for four long years had, by his council and command, directed the operations of that army, and encouraged the drooping spirits of the nation, was no more. Abraham Lincoln, the good, the just, and the true, had fallen from an assassin's bullet. A triumphant nation in mourning over the loss of its chief, and that army of the dead—two hundred thousand strong. "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!" Such was the language of lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan. We, too, this day repeat the exclamation —"How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!" We call up in our recollection to-day, many of our fallen comrades. In imagination we speak to them, as of yore, in the din battle. But no response from their pallid lips. No hearty cheer and wild shout to brave us on to the assault of the enemies works. The roll is called. The response is—"dead upon the field of honor." No more these fallen comrades will grasp us by the hand and pledge anew their devotion to their country. No more will their eyes behold that flag which they pressed to their

bosoms when in the agonies of death. No tears will they drop upon its folds. But that gallant army of dead—two hundred thousand strong—repose beneath the turf, calmly looking to heaven for their reward.

Two hundred thousand rank and file are they,
Under the Captains of fulfilled renown;
Led to immortal triumph, since the day
On which they won the heroes perfect crown.

They march in silent lines compact and strong,
Enfranchised from all human doubt and dread;
No mortal tremors through faint pulses throng,
In the unshrinking armies of the dead.

No straggler slinks away in pallid fear,
No sick list swells before the battle day,
No mixed and broken columns throng the rear,
When on the front war's booming engines play.

They are invincible in hand and heart,
Before the fight their victory is sure;
From elbow touching comrade none shall part,
None shall the after-thirst of wounds endure.

No cry for help from front ranks pressed and sore,
Rises above the storm of fire and hail;
They hold each forward post forever more,
And no supports are needed lest they fail.

The fortresses they guard shall never yield
To gnawing famine or to bursting shell;
No widening breach shall ever be revealed,
No pallid flag its tale of shame shall tell.

They ask no furlough till the next campaign,
Through the dark winter hours of storm and frost;
Fixed as the earth's foundation they remain,
The whole two hundred thousand at their post.

Their term of service with no time expires;
The hidden future need shall see them stand
With changeless front to guard the altar fires,
Set up to freedom on a ransomed land.

Oh, armies of the dead, in tears and pain,
They were enlisted for the eternal years,
To keep humanity's fair name from stain,
To lay forever all its rising fears.

At New York City.

The principal cemetery near New York City is that of Cypress Hill, on Long Island, a few miles from Brooklyn, where there are about three thousand five hundred graves. During the war, several large general hospitals were located in and near

New York, among which were the Central Park, Lexington avenue, David's Island, Fort Schuyler, and Willett's Point, besides several smaller ones at the Battery, New England Rooms, and New York State Home. All the deceased who were not removed by their friends were placed in this cemetery. Arrangements were made by the Posts of Brooklyn and Williamsburg, participated in by Posts from New York, for the observance of the day. At the hall in the Post Office building, the donations of flowers were brought by children on foot, and ladies and gentlemen in carriages, and at an early hour a rich supply of floral decorations was heaped upon the reception-tables. Committees were sent to the cemeteries of the Evergreens, Holy Cross, Greenwood, and the Naval Hospital during the forenoon, and at noon the main body of the comrades prepared for the ceremonies at Cypress Hill, under the direction of Dr. J. L. Farley, A. A. G. of New York, and Comrades McLeer, Mosscrop, Fox, Spooner, and Gillen.

Having reached the cemetery and formed in a square, the services were opened by Chaplain Bass, who read the service of the order, and led in prayer. Comrade Wm. Hemstreet, Commander of Post No. 10, then delivered the following address:

Comrades and Friends: Notwithstanding the quiet and unostentation with which this day's great event has been inaugurated, no day in American history is its equal as an attestation of the ever-living sentiment of American patriotism. To-day this mighty nation turns aside for a moment, in the pursuit of its material prosperity, to come to the quiet graves of its martyred saviors and to freshen their memory before the world. To woman is committed the immediate office of strewing their graves with those ever-touching floral emblems of her own faithful heart and her nature, with which she has, in all ages, fittingly garlanded the brow of the hero living, and which she has always planted upon that little mound which should cover the soldier's breast when dead. There is something more romantic in that simple little old-fashioned mound than in cloistered or cavernous vaults for the soldier.

"Bury him in the clover;
He loved the fields and they should be his cover:
Make his grave with hers
Who called him once her lover,
Where the winds may sigh upon it,
And the sun may shine upon it,
Where the rain may rain upon it,
And the bee may dine upon it."

Three years have rolled on since the last shot was fired by

"State Rights" against the power of the Union—a shot which made the last, greatest, and best martyr to our nationality—he who was the great friend of soldiers, of soldiers' widows and orphans, and of soldiers' graves; three years have rolled on, and in the turmoil and dust of those commonplaces which surround and cover up the poetry of the noblest things in the present, the nation seemed for a time to have forgotten its immense debt. But time is perhaps now beginning to lift our people to an altitude whence the proportions of the crisis through which we have passed, and the grand services of each humble actor in the front line of events can be measured. Comrades, this day is a substantial omen to the living. This day is a significant sign of the ineradicable love in our people's hearts as a nationality; for though these ceremonies were begun by comrades, it has been taken up and sympathized in by the people. We, comrades, are of the people, and from us the people at large will catch the spirit and perpetuate it. This act will engender patriotism in the young and renew the old fires in all others. As those truths which are draped in song and poesy live longest, so will these poetic offerings to the dead shine in our history with a lustre unequalled by that of those more immediately substantial acts of charity to the living. All over this broad land, at this hour, as we stand here, within hearing of the surge under which sleep some of our comrades, the loyal church-bells of every hamlet and village are chiming, the citizens have turned aside from their vocations, and loyal hearts are now bending over those graves, whether they be in the piney woods along the Atlantic's coast or the dark forests of Tennessee; whether they be on the glorious fields of Virginia and Pennsylvania, where their sleeping occupants fell amid glory, or on the shores of the great north lakes where the wild song of breakers is murmuring a fit symphony of the roar of battle—as it were a lullaby to the soldier's rest; whether those graves dot the flower-covered prairies of the West or the pure hillsides of New England—they are sought out, and are at this moment odorous with the incense of flowers bedewed to immortal freshness with a nation's tears, and the "dear old flag," which they upheld so well, always like a thing of life, now waves its sheltering folds over them in cadence to the requiems being sung around them. Our republic in its free-will union had commanded the respect and admiration of the world for its prosperity and power as a body politic, and for the individual happiness and prosperity of its citizens; but had it not been for those men whose bones now lie at our feet, and their three hundred thousand comrades sleeping upon the thousand battle-fields, and beneath the wave,

this "majestic temple of Freedom" would to-day be in ruins about us, the scoff of all monarchists. And with that universal destruction of our political fabric would have sunk all social security. When the mind reflects upon the contrast between what we behold around about us to-day, and what might have been but for the noble spirits that once animated this moulder-ing clay here beneath us, it staggers at the magnitude of that contrast and is unwillingly led to its belief. It is a pity that, notwithstanding this mighty revolution, which seems like the Almighty's own, making the American people merely his agents for the behoof of this world and posterity, the justness of the cause for which these men gave their lives should even yet be questioned. And this is one of the strongest reasons why appeals should be made to every human sentiment to keep alive the attachment to what was the Federal Union, but what is now, by God's own fiat, a nation, leaving that centrali-zation so dreaded by the enemies of law and order to follow, as the intelligence, the Christianity, the sociality, and the facilities of intercommunication may lead. But whatever political clouds may portend, here, comrades, by the graves of our fallen bro-thers, let us swear once more eternal fealty to that flag and to our own priceless records. The bones of our dead comrades shall never rattle in their coffins at our recreancy. "Priceless records," it was said. Because no wealth can buy such records, no attainments can buy them, not even courage nor patriotism can now buy them. They are rewards for nothing that you merit above your fellow-citizens, except in the possession of that one element of simple, spontaneous patriotism that called you to the front at the first roll of the drum—that element only which has ever saved nations.

Let this day be commemorated over the land, and become a national anniversary, not second even to the signing of the De-claration of Independence. We have an anniversary of the na-tion born; let there be an anniversary of the nation saved. It need never be a day of mourning, but of joy and triumph. As in the solemn burial of a soldier we proceed to the place of in-terment with slow march and muffled drums, and then march away to lively and inspiriting music, so after this duty each year we can celebrate the rest of the day with demonstrations of joy. The national observance of this respect to the memory of the dead Union soldier will be of practical utility in accustoming the popular heart to the idea, so that that respect will, to some degree, attach to the living; and in a few recurrences of this an-niversary we may see no more the spectacle of the beggar in blue blouse nor of the empty sleeve or the crutch seeking in vain from shop to office for honest employment.

But there is another thought which, before we leave, must have expression. What are these other graves, from the bosom of which ascends no perfume of flowers as a national offering? Soldiers rest there too. Let them rest in peace; their mistake is with their God. We cannot, by apotheosis of them or their cause, encourage their living; yet, let the offerings of kindred and domestic love be twined about them, and let them not be desecrated by vindictive touch, for they fell as our own fell—soldiers, Americans. But in taking our leave, let us by these graves swear that we shall always stand ready to make more of them. Let us once more repeat our short and simple creed: "ETERNAL FIDELITY TO NATIONAL UNITY." That *alone was the issue that made us comrades at first, that was the issue for which these men were killed, and by that issue are we bound together; while as a brotherhood we leave all other issues to other people.* But, comrades, little more need be said. Our duty is well done to-day, as it has been in the past; and the spirits of the departed may now look down upon this scene, as well, too, the living beholders, and say: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*"—Sweet and becoming it is for one's country to die.

Rev. Mr. Everitt and Rev. Matthew Hale Smith made brief but eloquent and effective addresses. The services were closed with prayer by Rev. W. H. Boole, and benediction. The graves were then visited, and the flowers distributed, the large assembly being detained till a late hour before they separated to their homes. In the evening, memorial services were held at Elm Place Church, Rev. Wm. A. Bartlett, Pastor. Rev. Mr. Gallagher, of the First Baptist Church, offered prayer, and Mr. Bartlett read the service and delivered an address. The hymn written for the occasion by Mr. Bourne was sung, and Mr. Gallagher and others made addresses. At the close, the ode written by Edward P. Nowell was sung, and the whole congregation was dismissed with the benediction. Some of the Posts, whose members could not leave their accustomed duties on Saturday, appointed Sunday, May 31st, in which several Posts of New York and Williamsburg took part in very impressive ceremonies. The storm of Saturday had ceased, the sky was clear, and the sacredness of the Sabbath hour made this visit to the "city of the dead" one of serious and holy associations. Post Phil. Kearny No. 8, and Post I. I. Stevens, No. 36, had appointed memorial services at the hall of Post No. 8, and at three o'clock a crowded audience was assembled. The exercises were opened by singing the following hymn:

HYMN.

Written for the Memorial Services to the Fallen Heroes of the War, May 30th, 1868.

TUNE—"Pleyel's Hymn."

Love immortal for the dead,
Lying here in gloried sleep,
Where the angels softly tread,
While their holy watch they keep.

Wreaths we bring that ne'er shall fade,
Greener with the passing years,
Brighter for our sorrow's shade,
Jewelled with our falling tears.

Here they died that truth might live,
Here they fell in freedom's name,
Giving all that man can give—
Life for glory's deathless fame.

Bend in love, O azure sky!
Shine, O stars, at evening time!
Watch where heroes calmly lie,
In their faith and hope sublime.

God of nations, bless the land
Thou hast saved to make us free;
Guide us with thy mighty hand,
Till all lands shall come to THEE!

WM. OLAND BOURNE.

A portion of the Scriptures was read, and prayer offered by the Chaplain of Post. No. 8, after which Commander Morgan made a few remarks, and called upon Comrade J. W. Marshall, Commander of Post No. 36, to preside. Colonel Wm. Hemstreet, of Brooklyn, made an address, followed by Comrade Marshall, and after an appropriate chant by the choir, the Chaplain of Post. No. 8, Wm. Oland Bourne, made the closing address. The comrades present laid their offerings upon an emblematic altar prepared for the occasion, and the following hymn, by E. P. Nowell, was sung:

With Nature's fairest gifts we come
To deck these silent, solemn mounds,
And though the flowers' lips be dumb,
Yet speak they love that hath no bounds!

They show that those who bravely stood,
In truth's defence, in loyal might,
Though for this cause they've shed their blood,
They live in hearts that love the right.

The flag on battle fields they bore—
The flag that o'er their dear dust waves;
O hallowed flag! may history's lore
Ne'er tell thou'rt gone from o'er their graves.

O sacred dust of those who fell
In gory strife's appalling hour;
Remembrance of their deeds shall well
Within our souls with searching power.

Our Father, aid us well to love
Our land and its defenders true;
Teach all in faith to look above
And give us strength the right to do!

The services were closed with an invocation, and the comrades took their flowers, and proceeded in marching order to the graveyard of Trinity Church, where the hero of undying fame, after whom the Post was named—General PHILIP KEARNY—quietly sleeps. On the invitation of Comrade Marshall, Rev. Dr. Ogilby, the officiating clergyman of Trinity, conducted the services. It was by a happy coincidence that the school-mate of the hero should thus have been called upon to pay his tribute on so interesting an occasion to the memory of his friend. With much feeling the reverend speaker said: I should not be acting fairly where I not to state that this scene deeply affects me, for it is too often the case that when persons have done some particular good to their fellow-men, they are allowed to pass entirely out of remembrance. Unlike this too common course, we hear from all parts of this great land that comrades have borne in remembrance those who have fallen; and you have come here to show that you bear yours in memory; that you remember him who has helped to serve and bless the country in the hour of her need; who died, like the martyrs of old, for the good and blessing of his race. It has been my happy and pleasing lot to have known the deceased from his boyhood, for we were playmates, and, as boys, were constant companions. It was, therefore, a fortunate thing for me that, as I was about to leave the sacred edifice, this pleasing yet sad ceremony should have taken place; and I feel thankful that it has fallen to my lot to be thus made a participator therein. As boys we have played together, and I noted his course as a man. When he went forth to Mexico, my mind followed him; when he discharged his duty in Europe, I felt interested in his movements; and when he led his brave followers through the dangers and trials of our domestic troubles, it was with an intense interest that I watched the accounts of his gallant deeds. You have this day come to strew his grave with flowers, those emblems both of our mortality and of our immortality—those beautiful works of nature which were blessed by the Saviour when he pointed to them and said: "Behold the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not

arrayed like one of these." The Rev. Doctor then offered up prayer for the divine blessing to rest on the efforts then being made to perpetuate the memories of the dead, and dismissed the audience with the benediction.

On Sunday evening, Post Sumner, No. 24, and Post Winthrop, No. 28, held services in their hall, corner of Hudson and Christopher streets. The opening exercises were conducted by Rev. D. K. Lee, of the M. E. Church in Jane street. Floral offerings were deposited upon the emblematic and flag-covered coffin, a dirge was finely sung by the choir, and a very eloquent eulogy upon the American soldier pronounced by Colonel A. J H. Duganne. After singing by the choir, and remarks by Major C. W. Coutan, Hon. N. B. Stratton made a brief address, followed by William Oland Bourne, editor of the Soldier's Friend. The audience then joined in singing the hymn written for the day:

"Love immortal for the dead,"

and were dismissed with prayer and benediction.

Post Sedgwick, No. 11, held its services at the hall, on Friday evening, May 29th. The opening by the the Chaplain, Rev. J. B. Willis, followed by reading the General Order No. 11; General Rush C. Hawkins delivered an address, in which he reviewed the sufferings of Southern prisons; an extract from a letter of President Lincoln was read; Col. F. A. Conkling made an address; emblematic floral offerings were made, and the services were closed with the Doxology, and benediction by Chaplain Willis.

AT GREENWOOD CEMETERY, NEW YORK.

Comrade E. B. Spooner Jr., having stated the object of the gathering, read the ritual for the dead and an appropriate passage from the Bible, Mr. Spooner then introduced Captain R. H. Chittenden, who spoke as follows:

COMRADES AND FRIENDS: There are those who believe that the spirits of the departed revisit the scenes once familiar to them, and love to linger near the friends they leave behind. Whether it be so I know not, but to-day I will cherish the thought that our brethren whose mortal remains are crumbling back to dust where they fell, either on the battle-field, in the trenches at Andersonville and Salisbury, or in our own beautiful Greenwood, where loving hands have laid them, are with us to-day, to respond to the sacred sentiments which have called us together, and with spirit-hands to touch the chords of our hearts, causing them to vibrate in unison with those celestial songs in which they celebrate "Glory to God, and good will to

men!" There are occasions, my comrades, and we have known many of them since that fatal shot upon Sumter called us from the field, the work-shop, or the office, to follow that sacred emblem of our national integrity and liberty, through alternate defeat and victory, when our hearts were too full for utterance —when the most eloquent words fell tamely upon the ear, and the heavy sigh and the manly tear were more expressive to them than the most eloquent tongue. Such an occasion we have to-day, and if you ask me for an orator adequate thereto, I will point you to that boy in blue who to-day placed a bunch of violets upon the grave of his comrade who marched with him to the battle one sunny morning, but who never again answered to the roll call! A bunch of violets—"Think of me, I remember you." Emblem of memory that springs up anew with each returning year. But I forgot—we did have an orator who was adequate to this task. You remember that tall, ungraceful form who stood up before the assembled multitude at Gettysburg, whose name stands first in the roll of our honored dead—our late Commander-in-Chief, Abraham Lincoln? Would that God had seen fit to spare him! Words shall live in the memories of every lover of freedom when the classic oratory of Thucydides over the heroes of Marathon shall have been forgotten. Let us recall them to-day. Let them inspire our souls with something of the divine charity which filled the great heart of Lincoln! We have associated ourselves to do the work which he enjoined upon us; to "care for him who has borne the battle, for his widow and his orphans, with malice towards none." Let us say to our late foes—we have buried all animosity in the grave. Renew your vows of allegiance to the Union, the Constitution, and the old flag; do justice to all men white or black, and then resume the exercise of the privileges you have forfeited, return to our embrace, join our procession, and together we will strew flowers upon the graves of the blue and the grey. Comrades, I do not mean to say that I am ready to admit into our order those who fought against that flag! They will never ask it. Ours is a sacred brotherhood banded for sacred purposes; to keep alive the flame of patriotism in our hearts, to encourage loyalty to our constitution, to care for the soldier's widow and orphans. However ungrateful the Republic may seem, let us not be forgetful. Let this day be celebrated until the last soldier of the Grand Army of the Republic shall have been borne to his tomb. Comrades, neither you nor I will live to see that day, but there is one of our number, perchance some drummer boy of the Grand Army, who shall live to bear the unique honor of being the last of the G. A. R!--the last

soldier of the Grand Army of the Republic. Let me, on this our first memorial day, cast the horoscope of our future. Three quarters of a century have passed away; a hundred States and a hundred millions are embraced within our Federal Union; busy cities have sprung up in the track of the Great Pacific Railroad, over which the East pours her treasures into the lap of New York, the metropolis of the world. Methinks I see that last comrade, an old man, bowing under the weight of ninety years, his hoary locks trembling in the breeze, as with tottering steps he approaches, to place upon your tomb or mine, his last tribute of flowers. Throngs of reverent citizens attend him on his sacred way, and bear him in triumph to his home. When that day shall come, may his dimmed eyes behold the old flag of his fathers, then as now the symbol of liberty and equality, then as now floating over an inspired people, made free and happy by the death of those we mourn, and the sacrifices of those who still survive.

Thou dear old flag, dearer than erst by far,
No stripe erased, a State for every star,
Of banners all most beautiful and best,
The dread of tyrants, hope of the oppressed,
From polar snows to Mexico's dark wave
Shall float o'er freemen, never more o'er slave!

At the close of the address, a prayer was offered by Com. Spooner, when the delegation proceeded to strew the graves of their comrades with flowers. Details visited the graves of Colonel Edgar Perry, who fell while leading his regiment in the charge at Coal Harbor, Virginia, June 3d, 1864; of Colonel A. Vosburgh, the loved Commander of the New York Seventy-first, who died in the service from exposure, in leading his regiment from Annapolis to Washington, in April, 1861, and many others.

At Yonkers, New York.

The procession, headed by the band of the 55th Regiment, was formed in Getty Square, Captain James Stewart, Grand Marshal, and marched to St. John's Cemetery.

The flowers provided, in the shape of wreaths, crosses bouquets, &c., were abundant and beautiful. A portion of the flowers were taken by a Committee to the Roman Cemetery, where eleven graves of soldiers were decorated. The names of the eleven were as follows: Patrick Burns, Michael Lee, Patrick Doile, Dennis Cliney, Thomas Garry, Wm. McGafferty, Wm. Douled, James Montague, James Brogil, —— Murphy, —— Morrissey.

In St. John's Cemetery, the procession having halted near the Odell family vault, a fervent prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Crawford, of the Methodist Church. The procession then visited and decorated with flowers the graves of the following dead soldiers: Col. Howard Carroll, Lieut. Dwight, Lieut. De Witt, Lieut. Ab. Kniffin, Sergt. Geo. S. Rockwell, Sergt. Jas. Beasly, Obadiah Sickley, Francis A. Morgan, Frederick Barnes, E. Atwood Rainous, Wm. Thompson, Wm. Hamilton, Joseph Ainsworth, James Granger, Charles Tyler, Benj. Nodine, Charles Foster, James Walton and Charles E. Lawrence.

At the last grave visited, an eloquent address was delivered by Col. Geo. W. Farnham; and an impressive prayer was made by Rev. Dr. Cole of the Reformed Church. The ceremonies of the cemeteries concluded, the procession proceeded to the First Presbyterian Church, where was assembled a large congregation. The services were opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Mudge, of the Westminster Church. Capt. Edward W. Jenkins then delivered an address which was listened to with great interest, and called forth from all who heard it expressions of admiration for its eloquence and appropriateness.

He spoke beautifully in the commencement of the honors paid in ancient times to the dead heroes and warriors, and of the custom of decorating their tombs with flowers. He spoke in strong terms of the wickedness of the rebellion, but said with feeling, that while we could not decorate the last abode of the rebellious dead with floral wreaths, "we could afford, as brave men towards brave men, bid them rest in peace, as we drop a tear of pity on their tomb, and breath a mournful sigh for so much more than wasted manhood." He spoke of the lesson which the graves of the soldier teaches us—that the battle is not yet over—that treason, conquered in the field, is striving by treachery to accomplish that which open valor failed to achieve. He spoke of the unparalleled character of the war, whether we look at the nature of the struggle, the causes which led to it, the number and *materiel* of the troops engaged on either side, and the issues involved. After giving a brief review of the history of the war, and alluding beautifully to Abraham Lincoln, he spoke of the roll of honor of our dead heroes, and said:

"On that roll of honor, Yonkers is but too well represented. Nineteen of our village heroes sleep in yonder cemetery, and eleven in the other—thirty in all—an honorable percentage of her patriot sons. Would that I could linger over their brief but gallant history. Familiar names every one:—Lawrence and Mason; Nodine, Beasley and Morgan; Lieuts. Dwight and Kniffin, behind the shelter of whose guns I have slumbered

peacefully even on the battle-field; Thompson and Granger; Colonel Howard Carroll, and the brave young George S. Rockwell, son of our esteemed fellow-citizen; E. Atwood Rainous and Hamilton, martyrs to Southern 'chivalry' as exemplified in their treatment as prisoners of war; Ainsworth, Sickley, Foster, and the rest—a goodly company. These, in their honored tombs, are silent witnesses that Yonkers in the hour of trial was not unmindful of her duty."

Capt. Jenkins next spoke of the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic, under whose auspices the ceremonies of the day were inaugurated, and which ceremonies "it was the fixed purpose of the organization, with God's help, to renew from year to year, while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades." In this connection, Capt. Jenkins said that the organization had been abused and treated by certain parties as a political organization. He said: "Our regulations tell us that it is for the purpose, among other things, of strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together those who wanted to suppress the late rebellion. If this is political—if this is partisanship—we must admit that there is something pure in party, and that a better era has dawned upon American politics than we are aware of. If to love country better than life—if to unite to keep that dear old blood-stained flag ever floating in unsullied purity and undisturbed freedom from the Atlantic to the Pacific—if again and again to renew solemn vows that our bodies will be her bulwarks, and that no polluting touch of traitorous hand shall ever again lower it from its lofty height—if to tenderly cherish the memory of our departed brothers, and to uphold the rights and to care for the wants of the maimed, the widow and the orphan—if to hold and maintain at all hazards that the Union is, now and forever, one and inseparable—if this be politics, if this be partisanship, then are we politicians, then are we partisans indeed."

At the conclusion of Capt. Jenkin's address, the Rev. A. J. Behrends offered a prayer and pronounced the benediction.

At Middletown, New York.

The comrades and their friends who assisted in the services at this place first marched to the Catholic Cemetery, where the ladies proceeded to strew the graves with flowers. Maj. Van Houton acted as Master of Ceremonies, and introduced Gen. Van Wyck, who made a brief and touching address, in substance as follows:

I regret, my friends, that Father O'Reilly is not present on

this interesting occasion to offer a few remarks, and thus add additional interest to these solemn ceremonies. This is no idle or unmeaning ceremony. Everywhere throughout the length and breadth of our widely extended land, from the lakes to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the ladies of our country, in common with our fellow-citizens, to-day meet around the graves of the dead heroes of our Republic, to decorate them with flowers, and water them with tears; and this beautiful ceremony which we inaugurate here to-day, is not to be an evanescent one, but is designed to be, and shall be, as lasting as the Republic itself; aye, so long as human hearts shall anywhere pant for a free government and constitutional liberty, so long shall humanity cherish the memory of these our dead heroes. We who meet around their graves to-day with floral offerings and grateful hearts, little know the sufferings they underwent, the dangers and sacrifices they endured, and the heroic daring they exhibited—these noble men, who, with their lives in their hands, went out from our midst to battle for us and for a free government regulated by law. But history to their eternal honor will record that by their valor they saved the Republic, and by their own right arms they preserved for all time and for all nations, this, the last refuge of constitutional liberty.

The ceremonies here being ended, the procession took its way from thence to the Middletown Cemetery, on Academy Avenue. The only soldiers buried here are James Cranston, and another named Webb. The graves were appropriately decorated, not forgetting to place a beautiful wreath of choicest flowers over the monument erected to the memory of Nathaniel D. Tinney, formerly of Ridgebury, who went down with the Cumberland, being killed heroically fighting his guns in that ever memorable contest with the Merrimac. The procession then took up its line of march for "Hillside Cemetery," where graves were visited in the following order:

Henry Armstrong, who was in Gen. Sherman's army; William H. Terry, whose regiment we did not get; Corporal Daniel E. Webb, wounded at Chancellorsville, and died at Alexandria, Va., August 24, 1863; Winfield W. Parsons, Sergt. Co. K, 124th Regiment, died in hospital at Washington, D. C., July 3, 1863, in his twenty-first year, from wounds received in the battle of the Wilderness, on the 5th of May, 1863; Samuel Bond, of the 56th Regiment; Robert A. Couch, Regiment not known; John James Scott, killed in battle at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 12, 1864; Lieut. I. B. Roosa, of the 56th Regiment, Aid-de-camp to Gen. Negley, died at Newbern, N. C., January 19, 1863; Jacob Bookstaver, Regiment unknown to us.

The ladies and the comrades of the deceased proceeded to strew flowers and decorate the several graves. The assemblage having gathered about the mound containing the grave of Lieut. Roosa, Chaplain Van Wyck made an appropriate and most eloquent prayer, after which, the thanks of the surviving soldiers were returned to the ladies of Middletown for their efforts in adorning the graves of their comrades. Rev. Dr. Seward then addressed the assemblage. He said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: Though I am among you a minister of religion, I yet am quite tenacious of my citizenship, striving in my humble way to meet its solemn responsibilities, and alway jealous of its invaluable prerogatives. Among these latter is the welcome privilege of joining with you this day in paying homage to the memory of your departed heroes. They were representative men; they represented us on the field of peril, to which we sent them forth with prayerful benedictions; they were representatives of those institutions under which, preserved by their sacrifice and the valor of their comrades, we still live while they are gone; and of those principles which, lying as the basis of our institutions, are worth even more than the Republic with all her sons. I do not forget that I am among you a minister of religion. Rather do I come here in this capacity also; and, by all the sanctity of my holy office, remind both myself and you how religion proclaims patriotism a virtue, as too it teaches gratitude towards them who have wrought worthy deeds. But I am warned by this coming shower to detain you with only a single word. That word is this: During that dark day in which so much of sorrow and of joy were both commingled and concentrated, none in all our community drew more largely upon my sympathies than they whose loved ones went out but came back no more—not even wrapped in the starry flag under which they had fallen. I beg you, therefore, in connection with these whose graves you have bedecked, to remember tenderly at this hour the *unrecovered* dead. The names of all our heroes, like the vernal flowers, will bloom afresh ever and anon. But, though their names should perish, as even the marble must ultimately crumble; though their deeds should be forgotten, as seen only dimly through the distant past; though, as the swelling tide of history bears forward rising actors and new achievements to occupy the attention of the future, their names and their heroic deeds should be measureably forgotten, yet the principles for which they so nobly bled and died shall still endure—endure while time itself shall last, and even so long as the God of Truth and Justice sits upon His throne.

REMARKS OF GEN. VAN WYCK.

Gen. Van Wyck followed in the following remarks:

He alluded to the redeeming qualities of humanity, that in every heart was a cord which beat responsive to the deeds of the brave and the memories of departed heroes; that among the rewards for the sacrifices of the patriot and incentive to the future was a return of gratitude for his achievements on the field; that to-day the loyal men of the Republic, gathered by the graves of its departed, and while breathing prayers of thankfulness could realize the extent of the sacrifices and the vastness of the great victory and results which had been secured by their blood. That life at best was short. No matter whether in the discharge of duty, we were called away on the bloody field or in the quiet walks of peace, whether in the morning of life, at its meridian, or when down in the valley we wrapped the drapery of our couch about us. He then referred to the services of the dead whose graves had been wreathed and the places where they fell. That one was buried from the sight of men, and perished beneath the waves in one of the most gallant achievements in any age of the world. Yet you have placed a wreath on the marble which commends all his deeds. He was one of the heroic band on the Cumberland in her death struggle with the Merrimac, who stood by her guns firing as the vessel was sinking, and as they fired the last broadside and the water reached the guns, gave loud cheers to the old flag flying at the masthead, and all was still where the vessel and heroes went down. We strew flowers on their graves to-morrow's sun will wither, their beauty and their fragrance is gone, yet the memory of the sleepers and the fragrance of good deeds will live on while free institutions are cherished and liberty preserved among the children of men. That these memorial scenes were beautiful as indicating a great people remindful of the struggles of the past, and bending over the tombs of its heroes. That Nature this day was in unison with the grand occasion; sunshine had added brilliancy to the tints of the flower, while now grandly to conclude the act, bright gleams of lightning, salvos of Heaven's artillery, were saluting the nation's tribute. How nobly life's mission they fulfilled. May the spot made sacred by their dust ever be hallowed by men.

At Syracuse, New York.

At an early hour in the forenoon quantities of flowers, formed in various shapes, such as bouquets, wreaths, crosses, etc., began to be brought to the City Hall, which had been designated as the depot of reception. At one o'clock minute

bells began to strike, and by two o'clock the procession was formed, the right resting at the junction of Genesee and Washington streets. After forming, the procession moved up Genesee street in the following order:

Syracuse City Band; Standard bearer, with American flag surmounted by a handsome wreath, the work of Mrs. Geo. Goodrich; Marshal Col. E. L. Walrath, and Assistant Marshals Maj. James H. Hinman, Col. Peter McLennan, Lieut.-Col. Moses Summers, Maj. Peter Ohneth, Major W. R. Chamberlin, Capt. James Randall, Lieut. William Duncan; Mayor Andrews and Members of the Common Council, followed by a long delegation of veterans, soldiers and citizens, marching in twos. A conveyance was provided by Mr. John Ryan and William Richardson, for the disabled soldiers, which proved very acceptable and was freely used. Each person in the procession was provided with a bouquet. The procession proceeded up Genesee to Salina street, down Salina to Ridgeway street, through Ridgeway street to Oakwood, where the band halted, and opening ranks, the entire procession passed through and into the Cemetery. Under the guidance of Mr. George Gardener, Sexton of Oakwood, the line of march was taken up and the grave of John Lewis first visited. Here the procession opened ranks, and passing on each side of the grave, each person threw one or more flowers from their bouquets upon the grave. Many passed the grave with uncovered heads, thus paying additional respect to the buried dead. The same order was observed at each of the graves of the following persons, which comprise all the soldiers buried in Oakwood Cemetery: Charles Y. Felton, William C. Lilly, James Mills, H. G. L. Hall, R. Miles, William Drew, Charles Highgate, George Smith, E. A. Orvis, James R. Lawrence, jr., Edmund Curtis, Thomas W. Moore, J. L. Graham, Edwin V. Sumner, James E. Doran, Charles George, G. S. Jenkins, Edwin D. Breed, William J. Webb, M. C. Worden, A. W. Dwight, A. J. Root, W. L. Barnum, John White, Thomas Annis, George McMillen, Harrison H. Hoyt, Kirby Smith, Kirby Smith, jr., William J. Hunt, Walter Johnson, William H. Tyler, J. M. Brower, D. D. Hills and Henry L. Kingsley. During the progress of the procession from grave to grave the band discoursed appropriate music, which tended largely to solemnize the proceedings.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies the line of march was taken up from Oakwood to St. Mary's Cemetery, when the following graves were likewise honored: Michael Duffy, Michael Colahan, Patrick Kelly, W— T—, James Murray, —— Cooley, Edward Muldoon, Daniel Strong.

The ceremonies completed, the line of march was again taken up for Rose Hill Cemetery, when the graves of the following persons were visited and decorated: Frederick Heitzman, Charles Miller, William H. Church, —— Neal, Baxter Hair, Sidney Morse, Adam Listman, D. J. Lindsay, Jacob Grub, Adam Grub, Philo Ruggles, Byron D. Benson, Jacob Kurtz, Jesse Setter, J. Hancock, J. M. Doran, William Tisdell, Thomas H. Gay, Henry Knobel, —— Scherz, Henry Speezer, Jacob Wetzer. From Rose Hill Cemetery the march was continued to St. Joseph's (German Catholic) Cemetery on Pond street. Here the same honors were paid to the graves of each of the following persons: Inglebert Lyons, Louis Becker, Phillip Kholes, Frederick Thoma, Mathew Fiselbrant, George Zimmerman, —— Schotiffer and John Schwartz. A deputation was sent to the "Round Top" Cemetery, where the graves of Robert Ealdon and Jerry McCarthy were decorated, and another deputation performed like honors to the grave of Moses Rothschild, in the Jewish Cemetery. At the conclusion of the ceremonies at St. Joseph's Cemetery, the band performed the beautiful and appropriate andante entitled "Home Desire," after which the Marshal of the day, Colonel Walrath, after thanking all in behalf of the friends of the dead for their kind remembrance of the sacrifices made by the fallen, dismissed the procession.

At Waterloo, New York.

The ladies assembled at Towsley Hall in the afternoon, and soon, with evergreens and the most beautiful flowers, manufactured a large number of crosses, wreaths and bouquets--all arranged with the taste and skill which might be expected from fair hands guided by inspirations of the highest patriotism and love. At five o'clock a procession was formed of ladies, veteran soldiers and citizens generally, who bore the floral offerings and evergreen crosses, and preceded by the Waterloo Cornet Band, under the marshalship of Gen. John B. Murray, took up the line of march for the cemeteries. The procession came to a halt in the old burial ground, when Rev. Dr. Gridley made a few appropriate and eloquent remarks, after which the graves of the soldiers here interred were visited in rotation, and suitable decorations placed upon each. The procession then reformed and proceeded to the new cemetery, where the same ceremonies were performed. The following is a list of the soldiers buried in the cemeteries: Gen. —— Chapin, Capt. Robert Brett, Lieut. Wm. Coffin, Patrick Moran, Patrick Moran, Jr., Patrick McIntyre, Isaac M. Lamphere, Richard Huff, O. Staley, Wm. G.

Cook, —— Straughn, Wm. H. Day, James Stevenson,—— Steitz, Isaac Van Houten, Geo. A. Langdon, Winfield S. Dey, Truman Wooledge, Hudson Henion, Barnard Greuse, James Smith, John Brown, —— Simmons, Irving T. Smith, Andrew Schott, Chas. Shirley, Thos. Fitzgerald, John Bridgman, Joseph Wielder, Isaac Conkey, Jr., Russell Disbro, Albert H. Pierson, Geo. H. Stringham, Wm. Moran, De Lancy Draper, Coleman Byron, Newton Van Tuyl, James P. Smith.

At Nyack, New York, Post Waldron, Grand Army of the Republic, under Lieut. James H. Christie, turned out in force, and together with a large number of our citizens, met at the Hall, where an address appropriate to the occasion was delivered by Rev. L. D. Mansfield; after which a procession was formed and marched to the Cemetery. Arriving there, the ceremony of decorating the graves was gone through with, the flowers donated for the purpose being very handsome, and made into beautiful wreaths. The following is a list of those who were buried in the Cemetery: Col. Edward Pye, —— Oblenis, Major Ruggles, Corporal W. F. Wood, John N. Wood, Towt J. Waldron, Geo. W. Tremper, —— Fletcher, —— Lever, Ezra F. Bodine, Jeremiah Springsteel. The burial ground at South Nyack was then visited,and the grave of Joseph Hoffman strewed with flowers. Having ascertained that two of the graves in the Cemetery had been overlooked on Saturday, the members of the Post visited the place and decorated the graves of Ezra F. Bodine and John N. Wood.

At Peekskill, New York, the stores and offices were all closed at 8 o'clock a. m., the Union Veterans of Cortlandt, consisting of companies A and B. under command of Major E. R. Travis, headed by a drum corps, marched to the Hudson River railroad depot, and there awaited the arrival of the New York morning express. When that train arrived, it brought Company F, Hawkins Zouaves of New York, composed of 80 men, and commanded by Capt. Henry C. Perley, headed by O'Brien's 8th regiment band. Under command of Grand Marshal Husted the line was formed, joined in by the firemen and citizens of the place, and marched to the Cortlandt Cemetery. The preliminary services took place at a wooden church in the centre of the Cemetery, over a hundred years old. The Grand Marshal introduced the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Peekskill, and after a fervent prayer the Rev. Mr. Terry of St. Paul's M. E. Church of Peekskill, read a hymn, which was written by Wm. Oland Bourne. Hon. Chauncey M. Depew then delivered an eloquent oration. After the oration, the Rev. Mr. Rhodman, pastor of the Second South

Street M. E. Church, pronounced the benediction. The soldiers and firemen, accompanied by the bands, then visited the forty-five graves of the dead Union soldiers, each of which was marked by a small American flag. Each gave was profusely decorated with the floral offerings. On the return of the procession, Grand Marshal Husted made a few happy remarks, thanking all who had participated in the interesting ceremonies, when the column was dismissed.

At Earlville, New York, a procession was formed in front of the M. E. Church, and marched into the beautiful cemetery where repose the remains of seven soldiers. After singing, prayer was offered by Rev. A. C. Smith. The decorating committee, with a large quantity of flowers most beautifully arranged, then passed to each grave and distributed their memorial tokens, accompanied with beautiful and appropriate singing. When all had visited each grave, they assembled in the centre of the yard and listened to the reading of a poem prepared for the occasion by Rev. D. D. Brown, and an address by Rev. A. C. Smith. All seemed interested in the exercises, and returned home feeling they had a pleasant time in performing a sacred duty.

At Delhi, New York, the members of the Post there met and arranged a nearly impromptu programme, and proceeding in a body to the cemetery, sought out and decorated the scattered graves of their late comrades, attended by a large concourse of ladies and citizens. After completing the work at the grave of Col. England, Post Commander Cormack read the order under which they had acted, after which followed impressive services by the chaplain, Rev. Mr. Ackerly, and a brief and pertinent address to his comrades of the Post, by Wm. M. Murray, Esq.

At Port Jervis, Laurel Grove Cemetery was very properly decorated by the ladies of that place. "A morning walk to the cemetery on the day following the decoration," says the editor of the *Union*, "gave proof to our eyes, that just as the noble women of our country loved to serve the soldiers when living, so they were faithful to their memories when dead. In that quarter of the cemetery grounds known as the 'soldier's reserve,' yet covered with the morning dew, we found a number of wreaths and evergreen-crosses interwoven with flowers beautifully arranged—so many that they literally covered the graves. The credit of this act belongs more especially to the ladies of our village;—to those who generously gave evergreens and flowers for the purpose,—and others who gave time and taste in so beautifully arranging them. Dr. Conkling, who has in charge the records of the buried in Laurel Grove Cemetery, kindly furnished names and numbers of the lots, and rendered

other assistance, as also did his family. We do not know that any committee was formally appointed to perform this labor of love—it was more likely the voluntary offering of many noble women of our place. Among the names we heard mentioned as very active, were those of Mrs. Little, Mrs. Strader, Mrs. Thomas, and the Misses Rose—Van Dyne, and others."

The soldiers' graves in the cemeteries in and about Goshen, N. Y., were appropriately decorated on Saturday, under the auspices of their comrades of Post No. 37, District of Orange, Department of N. Y., Grand Army of the Republic.

The ceremonies at Newburg, N. Y., were of the most impressive character. In order to give all the returned soldiers a better opportunity to take part in the exercises, the ceremonies took place on Sunday, May 31. Over five thousand persons were present. The returned veterans belonging to the Grand Army of the Republic, some four hundred strong, marched to St. George's, St. Patrick's, Big Rock, and Old Town Cemeteries, preceded by the Newburg Band. Carriages were laden with flowers, and almost every one bore some floral offering to strew upon the graves of the heroes who sleep the death of the brave. Col. Connelly and Col. Dickey made eloquent and touching addresses. At Trumansburg, N. Y., the ceremonies were as follows: The account is given by Mr. D. Elmore, in a letter to the editor: "On examination of our cemetery, it was found that the battle-fields of Tennessee, Georgia, Virginia, Maryland and Florida were represented by the graves of our slain veterans. To cherish and honor their memory, on Saturday, by previous notice and invitation, at the Methodist Episcopal Church bell-call, the people, well provided with flowers, gathered and formed a procession, and led by our national colors and martial music, marched to our loved ones' last resting-place. A hollow square was formed on the Cemetery grounds under the shade of the grove. Prayer was offered and two addresses delivered by our village pastors, one of whom had been a soldier, and from his own experience described its trials, anxieties and suffering. The other had given a son, and that son his life on the altar of God and our country. Well might such men, on such a subject, speak with tongues of fire from melting and overflowing hearts. Much interest and feeling was apparent in all that were present.

"At the close of the addresses, the line of march was re-formed, and we were divided into as many platoons as there were graves to be visited. Each platoon was led by a returned soldier, whose special charge it was to see that *each soldier's grave* was well strewn with these mementoes of love. All being in readi-

ness, our column took up its circuitous route—right and left march—partially representing the indescribable former marches of these now silent heroes. Every grave was visited and marked with these tokens of honor. Our work being done, at the gateway we disbanded, to return to our homes made more dear to us by these services, and the remembrance of the price paid for the liberty we enjoy."

At Baldwinsville, the same ceremonies were observed: At Fredonia, on the morning of the 30th of May, a large number of ladies met at the office of the "Forest Hill Cemetery Association" and prepared wreaths, bouquets, &c.; and in the afternoon, assisted by a large committee of gentlemen, previously appointed at a meeting of citizens, proceeded to decorate the graves of soldiers, of which about forty were buried there. Each grave was decorated with a profusion of flowers, wreaths, &c., and a small flag. Large flags were suspended in different parts of the ground, the gate way arched and decorated with evergreens and flowers, &c. The next day, Sunday the 31st, the gates were opened at 1 P. M., and the grounds visited by a multitude. The utmost decorum and propriety was observed, but no speeches or other exercises were had.

In New Jersey.

Bayard Encampment, Post No 8, G. A. R.,Trenton, N. J.

In accordance with G. O. No. 11, dated Head Quarters Grand Army of the Republic, A. G. O., Washington, D. C., May 5th, 1868, designating Saturday, May 30th, 1868, for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades (soldiers and sailors) who died in defence of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village and hamlet church-yard in the land.

Although the above order designated Saturday the 30th, as the day for its observance it was unanimously agreed, that in consideration of the circumstances of a majority of the members of the Post to prevent loss (financially) to them as well as to insure a more general turnout, not only of the members but the public generally, thatthe provisions of the said G. O., No. 11, be carried out on Sunday afternoon, May 31st, 1868. At the stated muster of the Post prior to the time thus set apart, arrangements were entered into for a successful carrying out of the provisions of the order, committees were appointed to ascertain the places of interment of those brave comrades whom we were to honor with our floral offerings, to carry the same into

effect worthy of the cause for which these heroic spirits battled when living, and dying made sacred by their life blood.

In accordance with the arrangements the members of the Post, numbering about fifty, as well as quite a number of soldiers not members, and also a delegation from "Kearny" Encampment Post, No. 10, of Bordentown, N. J., met at the room of Post No. 8, Green Street, next above City Hall, Sunday afternoon, at 1, P. M. Line of procession was formed about 2, P. M., as follows:

Section of Police, Coates' National Band of Trenton, Representatives of the Press in this City, and the City Government. A large American flag containing flowers, wreaths, and bouquets, furnished by friends, carried by ten comrades. Post No. 8, Grand Army of the Republic, with discharged soldiers and visitors generally, the whole under the command of Comrade Ira W. Cory—two large flags (silk), one a National color, the other a State of New Jersey color were carried in the line of procession. The members of the Post, generally, carried a bouquet or wreath. The line of procession was taken up about 2¼, P. M., proceeding first to Mercer Cemetery. At the starting point a large crowd had collected, while at the cemetery a still larger crowd were found in waiting. Upon arriving at the cemetery and within the enclosure a hollow square was formed. Here was placed a table and a chair said to have been once occupied by General George Washington, and the flag which was first raised on the south side of the Potomac by the three months' men of New Jersey. Our venerable fellow citizen, Charles C. Haven, occupied the chair. A very interesting feature at this moment was the arrival of the children from the Soldiers' Children's Home (they participating by invitation of the Post) accompanied by the teachers, i. e., Miss Corson, Miss Tate, Miss Johnston, and other ladies and gentlemen connected with the management of the institution. The children numbered one hundred and twenty-six, boys and girls about equally divided; the boys were dressed alike in neat grey suits and light felt hats, the girls were dressed as near alike as possible. As they entered the cemetery the Post stood at open order and allowed them to pass through, the band playing a funeral dirge. Arriving at the centre of the cemetery the comrades closed in and around the children.

The ceremonies were opened by the children singing a hymn suited to the occasion. Prayer was then read by Comrade Lewis H. Cresse, Post Chaplain, after which the Post all joined in singing "America."

Comrade Gen. James F. Rusling then delivered the following oration:

COMRADES AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: In pursuance of orders from headquarters of the Grand Army of the Republic, we are assembled here to-day to decorate with flowers these graves of our departed countrymen, and to do honor to their memory. This is no new thing that we are doing here to-day—to honor the gallant and heroic dead; but if it were, it is something, in my judgment, that should commend itself to the consideration and approval of every loyal and patriotic heart. In all ages, indeed, and in every land, those who have fought and died for their country and their country's liberties, have ever been held in kindly regard and affectionate remembrance. The memory of these, the world's patriots and heroes, mankind everywhere —empire and republic alike—have ever agreed to honor and commemorate. For these, old Egypt, unknown centuries ago built her pyramids and left them as a wonder for all after generations. For these, democratic Athens founded her Ceramicus, and crowded its sacred groves with altars and temples, monuments and mausoleums, fountains and flowers. For these, republican Rome consecrated her Campus Martius, where, by solemn vote of the Senate and people of Rome, her most distinguished soldiers were adjudged worthy to repose. For these, England has her St. Paul's and her Westminster Abbey, for her Wellingtons, her Nelsons, and her Napiers. And for these, by solemn act of Congress, we have recently established great National Cemeteries, at Gettysburg and Antietam, at Arlington and in the Wilderness, at Stone River and Nashville, at Vicksburg and Chattanooga, and elsewhere through the land. Here, into these, we have reverently and tenderly brought together the scattered remains of our fellow-comrades at the South; and here, now, at last, our late brave defenders, not only our great commanders merely, but all, of whatever rank or color, as befits a Republic, shall hereafter repose in peace and dignity beneath the protecting ægis of the Union while time endures.

Now I, for one, think this right and fitting, eminently so, and in all respects, for the nation as well as its heroic dead. For who were these half a million of men nearly, that fought and fell for the Union? Not hireling mercenaries, bought with a price; not alien adventurers, striving for gain; not foreign Hessians, battling for a tyrant. No! they were our own fellow-countrymen; many of them are our own sons and brothers, who loved home, and friends, and fireside joys and comfort, not less than the best of us; yet, at the call of patriotism, they cheerfully forsook all, and marched southward, to fight and die, as God so willed—unmurmuringly, that the nation might live. How grand and how glorious is our own roll of honor! There

shines the name of Kearny, that knight "without fear and without reproach," and Bayard, and Janeway, and Ryerson, and Abbott, and Woolsey, and Lalor, and Wilks, and the countless heroes of the ranks, unknown perhaps to fame, but who each did his part well, and, falling, died none the less gloriously because carrying a musket or swinging a sabre, instead of commanding a division or leading a brigade. These men, my friends, fought to put down treason and to punish traitors. These men fought to vindicate the right of the nation to live. These men fought to maintain and perpetuate the rights of human nature. These men fought, not for themselves alone—they struck the chains from the limbs of four millions of bondmen. They believed in the rights of all men, as men, and died to uphold all rights for all. Their beloved cause was the shining cause of truth, and right, and justice. Their flag was the old and sacred flag of Liberty; their music was ever a drum-beat for humanity; their every roll-call was a roll-call of the nations. Every shot they fired was a solid shot for mankind; every blow they struck, and every victory they won, was equally a blow and a victory for Kossuth in Hungary, Garibaldi in Italy, Gladstone and glorious John Bright in England, and for the great and good in all lands, who strive to make their fellow-men nobler and better, freer and happier. In that faith and for that cause they laid down their lives a willing sacrifice, when their hour had come; and to-day, thank Heaven, that good cause triumphs here, all over our broad land, and, in the end, is destined to triumph everywhere, the wide world over, because it is the ever-advancing and invincible cause of humanity and God. Surely, then, if, after death, men are to be judged and honored by their fellow-men, according to the deeds they have done and the results they have achieved, surely, then, I say, we should take the memories of these brave men home to our hearts and lives, and embalm them in the nation's gratitude and remembrance forever and forever.

We have here in our midst many graves of our departed heroes, who came home sick or wounded, to die, or whose remains were afterwards brought home for burial from where they fell, "face to the foe," on the field of honor. We are met here to-day to commemorate their heroic deeds, and to decorate their honored graves with our floral offerings. We gather about these graves as sorrowing comrades, yet rejoicing that our dead died not in vain, and that, by their death, they helped to save the noblest of human causes. We crown these mounds with wreaths, and strew them with flowers, as outward and visible signs of our inward reverence and gratitude. We plant above

them these symbol-flags, as emblems of what they who sleep here fought and died for. We stand here upon hallowed ground, consecrated by our comrades' blood forever to freedom, and would thus cast upon their memory the grateful tribute of our praise and honor. But in a larger sense, in a loftier view, we cannot praise, we cannot honor them. No! their soldierly life constitutes their highest praise, and their own glorious death their proudest honor. In short, we are assembled here to-day, by these silent graves, once more to testify for fortitude and valor; once more to renew our solemn vows of patriotism and comradeship; once more to pledge our care and assistance to the widows and orphans of our departed comrades; once more to plead for the holy cause of Fatherland and God; once more to swear eternal fidelity to all a soldier loves or a soldier honors. Well might one of the noblest of our old English poets write,

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest:
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould;
She then shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod:
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
Here honor comes a pilgrim gay,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
And dwell a weeping hermit there."

But better and more appropriate, my friends, than any thing I can say, on an occasion like this, are the words of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg, when, standing over the graves of our comrades who fell in the great battle there, he said, so beautifully and tersely: "Four-score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition, 'All men are created equal.' Now we are engaged in a great war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

'But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far

nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that, from these honored dead, we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain—that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom—and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Grand words are these, and glorious. How eloquent of great deeds and high endeavor; how reverent, how self-devoted; how worthy of Abraham Lincoln, the great martyr of the war! Let every one of them be garnered up in the nation's memory, and handed down to posterity in letters of gold; *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*

With this I conclude. And now, O soldiers sleeping here, old companions of the camp-fire and the march, comrades of the bivouac and the battle-field, good friends, brave hearts, generous souls, hail and farewell:

> "Tender, and loving, and hot tears flow
> For the loyal and kindly heart laid low;
> But ever calm and sweet is the sleep
> Of him whom God and the angels keep."

At the conclusion of the address, the ceremony was commenced of crowning with floral offerings the graves of those who sacrificed their lives nobly in defence of their country. The procession marched around from grave to gravé in the order above named, the band meanwhile playing airs, solemn and appropriate to the occasion. A quantity of flowers were placed at the head of each sleeper's grave, and a little flag of the Stars and Stripes placed to wave from a staff over each grave. Many of the friends of the deceased were present, and mingled their tears with the modest memorials of affection thus placed upon the last resting-place of their former companions. The ceremony of distribution was performed by Comrade A. Frank Carll. At each burial-place in the city the same ceremony was performed. The sacred observance was terminated by the singing of the Doxology by the Post.

At Mercer Cemetery, twenty-eight graves were adorned. At First Baptist churchyard, two graves were adorned. At Riverview Cemetery, thirty-eight graves were adorned (thirteen unknown were adorned in one group). At Union street M. E. churchyard, one grave was adorned. At Union street Presbyterian churchyard, four graves were adorned. Total, seventy-three.—*Official Report.*

At Bordentown, New Jersey.

The comrades of Post No. 10, G. A. R., department of New Jersey, met at their headquarters; forty-two comrades with martial music then marched to the Episcopal and Baptist grave-yards, thence to the City Cemetery, and with flowers and evergreens decorated the graves of the following named deceased soldiers of the Union:

Col. Joseph W. Allen, 9th N. J. Vols., John Adams, (history unknown), Corp. Chas. Bechtel, Co. E, 6th N. J. Vols., Henry Clive, (history unknown), Dr. William Cook, Surgeon, 23d N. J. Vols., Thos. Carter, (history unknown), Charles Earley, Pr. Co. I, 1st N. J. Cavalry Vols., Joseph Fowler, (history unknown), Rev. Wm. Gilder, Chaplain, 40th N. Y. Vols., Lewis Grass, 23d N. J. Vols., Dr. Joseph Hopkinson, Surgeon, U. S. A., William H. Huto, (history unknown), George Ireton, (history unknown), Pr. Edward Johnson, Co. E, 6th N. J. Vols., Samuel Lawrence, Pr. Richard Jobes, Co. E, 6th N. J. Vols., (history unknown), Pr. Benj. S. Mills, Co. E, 12th N. J. Vols., Pr. Joseph N. P. Mills, Co. K, 10th N. J. Vols., Drummer Patrick McDonald, Co. C, 9th N. J. Vols., Pr. Chas. Platt, Co. A, 4th N. J. Vols., the first Bordentown soldier, dec., (3 months men), —— Robinson, (history unknown), Wesley Robinson, (history unknown), John Rice, Co. A, 4th N. J. Vols., (3 months men), Charles Smith, Co. E, 43d N. Y. Vols., Pr. Johnson Sprague, Co. B, 23d N. J. Vols., Charles Stout, (history unknown), Maj. Alfred Thompson, 23d N. J. Vols., Pr. Edward Thomas, Co. B, 12th N. J. Vols., Corp. Chas. H. Venable, Co. B, 23d N. J. Vols., Segt. Lewis Vandegrift, Co. D, 1st N. J. Cavalry Vols., Pr. Ellis W. Vandegrift, Co. B, 23d N. J. Vols., Asst. Engineer Joseph Waters, U. S. N.

There was quite a large assemblage of the citizens gathered at the cemetery, and when the escort reached the ground it was formed with inverted open ranks, when Lieut. Lemuel C. Reeves, the Adjutant of the Post, made the following remarks:

Comrades: You are all well aware for what purpose we are here assembled amid these lonely habitations of the citizens of the "silent republic of the dead." You know why we are here amid these green earthy mounds, surrounded by a concourse of our fellow-citizens. But there may be those here to-day who will ask, "What meant that mournful music by the road-side?" "What means the solemn tread of veteran feet in these piping times of peace?" "Why laden with the flowers of spring do they wend their way in loving sorrow to the village grave-yard, with standard and with arms reversed, to the mournful tappings

of the funeral drum?" With our words, and by our acts, we answer: "We come to strew with fragrant flowers of spring-time, in sweet memorium, these hallowed mounds, 'neath which in death repose a few of the heroes of our nation. We come to decorate their final resting-places with these memorials of our love, and in tenderness and patriotic adoration to plant above and rear aloft their hallowed graves our gorgeous banner, the dear old 'stars and stripes,' following which they marched, fought, and bled, and 'neath whose sacred folds so many of them freely gave their lives whilst battling in its defence." We did expect that the several clergymen residing among us would have been here, as per invitation, and led our exercises by invoking on us and all here assembled the blessing of our God, within whose bright realms of happiness (we trust), our comrades even now are chanting hallelujahs to the Lamb. But a mistaken zeal, a false modesty, a sickly sentimentalism, coupled with a *fear of loss of caste* in this community which, during the struggle of our country for its existence, bore reputation for such *doubtful loyalty*, have kept the sleek and oily wearers of ministerial robes from giving their attendance here. Comrades, *all* of the clergy of this city were personally invited to assist us, upon the receipt of which invitation, they "met and *resolved* not to participate!" And this, too, in the face of the fact that to-day (out of respect for *them*) instead of to-morrow, which is the *Sabbath*, was at great inconvenience designated as the day for these memorial ceremonies. Yes, comrades, the clergy have refused us their presence and their prayers whilst we are engaged in this sacred work; and it, perhaps, is well that it is so, for it serves to remind us of the sickly camp, the weary march, and the bloody field of fight, from which we so often carried our brave comrades forth and in rude cases, without the benefit of clergy, and with neither psalm nor prayer, laid them in their lonely graves; and this but reminds us, too, that when we were battling for our country, the neglect with which the soldier was so often dealt, causelessly caused so many comrades' lives, and this neglect now following us as we come to cast our roses on our comrades' graves should bind us closer to each other, and in chords of love and friendship; as men who have so often braved danger in a thousand forms, unite us in a bond of brotherhood, ending as ends a soldier's patriotism, in death itself. I cannot trust myself to continue my remarks any further, the indignation (at this unexpected *insult* to our fallen heroes) now controlling me, will, I fear, (if I proceed), cause my feelings to o'er-top my judgment. In conclusion let me say, that we have come, pursuant to orders from head-quarters of the Grand Army

of the Republic, to decorate our fallen comrades' graves. Let us do so. Let us prove our devotion to their memory, and as thus by our outward signs we show our respect for the valiant dead, let us once more swear fealty to those they have left behind, and resolve to be more active in the work for which our organization was instituted, and defend and provide for the soldier's widow, and protect, support, and educate their orphan children.—*Official report.*

At Jersey City, New Jersey.

About 1:30, P. M., the procession commenced to fall into line, and formed in the following order:

Detachment of Police, thirteen in number, under command of Aid Mann; Reinhard's Band; State Rifle Corps Battalion, commanded by Maj. Bookstaver, consisting of the Hooker Rifles, Capt. Mc Laughlin,—Kearny Rifles, Capt. Randolph,—and Capt. Keenan's Company from Hudson City; the Turner Rifles, with drum corps; Phil. Kearny Post, Grand Army of the Republic, commanded by Lieutenant Murphy. Bergen Post, Grand Army of the Republic, commanded by Maj. Gaines; Hearse, containing choice flowers; Express Wagon, covered with flags and filled with flowers; Carriages, containing the Mayor and Aldermen of Bergen, and representatives of the press; Burr's Mammoth Omnibus, containing the Liedertafel Singing Society; a large Omnibus, decorated with flags; Carriages containing citizens; and Citizens on foot.

On their arrival at New York Bay Cemetery they were met by the Concordia Club, of Greenville, who were first upon the ground. Then filing into the east gate, they proceeded to the ground where stands the monument, the inscription on which reads thus:

"A TRIBUTE OF JERSEY CITY TO HER PATRIOT DEAD.

He sleeps his last sleep,
He has fought his last battle."

Here the following was the order of ceremonies: Episcopal service, by Rev. Thomas K. Coleman; Singing by the Liedertafel; Mr. B. Van Riper, Aid to the Marshal, made the following remarks:

FRIENDS—SOLDIERS: We have assembled to-day to perform a holy and sacred mission of love and gratitude. Standing by this monument, erected as a "Tribute to the Patriot Dead"—surrounded by the graves of the nation's martyred heroes—we have come to plant on their graves these tender offerings of affection.

Soldiers: Memory carries us into the past; the long marches

and bivouacs; the picket and skirmish line; the advance and the roar of battle; the sick, wounded, dying, and the graves of your dead comrades.

Friend: Tread lightly around these graves. Let no tear or sigh escape—fearful that they would overpower thee in thy labor of love; let the swelling chest and throbbing heart be alone the indication of your sorrow; place and strew o'er their graves those wayside apostles of beauty and innocence, and as you kneel at their graves tell your little ones that three hundred thousand heroes immolated their lives upon the altar of their country that liberty might be preserved. Go forth on your Christian duty, and God will bless you—for He knows no day in these ennobling acts—mercy, pity, charity, and Christian love.

An anthem was sung by the Concordia Glee Club, of Greenville. A dirge was played by the band. Flowers, which appeared in abundance, were then solemnly strewn upon the monument and graves. Then breaking into squads, the following graves were decorated with flowers in pots and loose by the G. A. R.: Benjamin A. Verrinder, died December 30, 1861; Lieut. A. G. Chazotte, died June 25, 1862; Capt. James H. Hughes, died October 13, 1862; William Gamble, died December 29, 1862; George W. Jones, died March 6, 1863; Capt. John Gamble, died May 6, 1863; Lieut. John Howeth, died May 15, 1863; Charles P. Platt, died July 28, 1863; William Paynton, died July 28, 1863; Capt. Alpheus Witherell, died August 21, 1863; Dr. L. E. Ohlenschlager, died August 21, 1863; Thomas Roberts, died December 1st; Sergt. John W. Hoey; Capt. James B. Turner; Edwin Clark; James F. Cooper; William Cooper; William Belfield; Col. Casselman; Arthur O. Olcott.

From this point, the procession wended its way to the Dutch Reformed Church, in Bergen, where a prayer was made by Rev. Thomas K. Coleman, followed by singing by the Liedertafel, and the usual flowering was done. On the conclusion of proceedings here, the procession divided, one-half going to the Catholic, and the other to the Jersey City cemetery, at the foot of the hill, at each of which places the usual ceremonies were held.

At Bridgeton, New Jersey.

Shortly after three o'clock, the procession formed in line in front of Sheppard's Hall, under the command of Jr. Vice Commander, Capt. F. M. Riley, Adjutant, Capt. T. Fletcher Jacobs, and Quarter Master Chas. W. Preston, marched two deep, each soldier bearing wreaths and bouquets. In the middle of the

procession the flag and eagle of the "Cumberland Grays," draped in mourning and festooned with flowers, was a conspicuous object of interest. In the morning the great flag was stretched across the street, bordered with crape, and bearing the appropriate inscription, "Our Fallen Comrades are not Forgotten."

The procession first took its way to the Old Presbyterian Burying-ground, when the first floral offerings were made to the memory of the following soldiers whose graves are there found: 1. Alex. L. Robeson, 1st Lieut. Co. H, 24th N. J. Vols., was among the number reported "missing" after the battle of Fredericksburg, Dec. 13th, 1862. The following record is made of him in the sketch of the 24th Regiment, in "New Jersey and the Rebellion:" "Having the charge of his company in the Captain's absence, he bravely led them forward, never to return. Though a faithful and oft-repeated search was made for him, as long as such search could be allowed, no tidings were received, nor has any positive intelligence since been obtained concerning him. The members of his company loved him as a brother, and his men were equally dear to him. He looked faithfully after all their wants and sympathized with them unfailingly in all their sufferings. He was especially endeared to his fellow officers, who esteemed him for his intelligence and excellent judgment, and loved him for his virtues and exemplary Christian character." 2. Thomas Barnett, Co. K, 10th N. J. Vols., was taken sick in the early part of his term of service and never recovered, and died shortly after being discharged. 3. Henry Bolton, Capt., Co. K, 34th N. J. Vols., 4. David Yarrick, Corporal, Co. F, 3d N. J. Vols., wounded in action at Spottsylvania, May 8th, died in the Hospital at Fredericksburg. 5. Benjamin H. Bitters, private, Co. D, 10th N. J. Vols., was taken sick in the field and died in hospital in Washington, June 1st, 1862. 6. James Bright, private, Co. F, 3d N. J. Vols., enlisted in the army and afterwards transferred to navy. Beside the first grave the procession halted, when the following address was made by Sergeant Charles Padgett:

Comrades and Fellow Citizens: Let us draw near to these passionless mounds with reverential hands and swelling hearts, where sleep the brave and true men whose blood was the magnificent oblation of the Republic in her crucial hour. Let us make these consecrated grounds a temple, where, with music and glad hearts, the incense of a people's gratitude and remembrance shall arise. We hope that the beautiful ceremonies of to-day but foreshadow the state and solemnities of the future observance of this sad but glorious anniversary. Let this morning inaugu-

rate a new Mayday for our land, grander in its traditions, nobler in its teachings, and more lasting in its impressions than the one whose pretty floral celebration we inherit from childhood and England. We may not know them all, but none the less should we do them honor in our memory and our hearts. If the question should arise—what mean ye by these things? In reply I would ask, does the father forget the son who left him in the full vigor of manhood, and who was brought back to him a mangled corpse, given as a sacrifice on the altar of his country? Does the mother forget her noble boy who gave promise of an unusually bright and happy future, and yet who gave all up for his country's good? Neither do we forget the comrades who fought with us on the bloody fields whose names are inscribed on yonder flag; and it is to do them honor that we thus engage in these forms and ceremonies. And we hope that the names of those who fought with us for the dear old flag shall ever be fresh in our memory and yours, and that these observances may be kept up from year to year while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades.

On reaching the monument to Lieutenant Robeson, a few remarks were made by Rev. C. R. Gregory, after which Lieut. James J. Reeves said:

Fellow Soldiers: We have come to-day to sprinkle our tears and our flowers over the green graves of our fallen comrades. For months—oftimes for long and weary years—we trod with them the thorny path of army life, mingling our joys and our sorrows, our cares and our labors with theirs, until an all-wise Providence, whose ways are past finding out, but who doeth all things well, selected them from our numbers to lay down their lives upon our country's altar. Why were they taken and we left? "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." Grateful are our emotions, and yet how full of sadness, as we tread these hallowed grounds and pay this simple tribute of affection to the memory of our loved companions. We rejoice that we can say of many of them—and Oh, how eminently true of our dear brother whose form lies sleeping beneath the sacred sod of Fredericksburg, but whose stately cenotaph before us points upwards to his home in glory,—

> None knew thee but to love thee,
> None named thee but to praise.

Fellow soldiers in the battle of life! The duties of the passing hour remind me to be brief. Permit me then to add a word in season for the present. We have been spared to return to our homes for a high and noble purpose. Our gallant comrades whose memory we are perpetuating, have fought their

fight and finished their course. Many a hard battle of life is before us. Let us then be found, as in the war against Rebellion, on the side of principle and of right. Let us first of all be true to our God and our religion, then to our country and the law, and last of all to ourselves.

The procession then proceeded to the Baptist burying-ground on Pearl street, where the graves of the following soldiers were each planted with a rose bush and a small flag and strewn with flowers as before.

1. Smith Dalrymple, private, Co. F, 3d N. J. Vols., was discharged, and afterwards enlisted in the 96th Pa., and died of disease contracted in the service.

2. Jeremiah Ayars, corporal, Co. K, 1st Delaware, a native of Bridgeton. Enlisted for three years, was wounded at Gettysburg, and afterwards re-enlisted for another term of three years. Was again wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, May 5th, 1864. Walked to Fredericksburg, Va., was taken prisoner by the citizens, and sent to Richmond, and from thence to the prison at Andersonville, where he was kept ten months. On his discharge he returned home, but never fully recovered, and finally died from the effect of his treatment in the prison.

3. Christopher Mead, corporal, Co. H, 12th N. J. Vols., was killed at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.

4. Barron de Kalb Harris, corporal, Co. K, 10th N. J. Vols., died of disease at Relay House.

5. Edmund Gilman, private, Co. H, 24th N. J. Vols., died of disease contracted in the service at the Chain Bridge.

At the Commerce street grave-yard addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Apgar, Methodist Protestant Church, and Rev. Mr. Stuart, St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, as follows:

MR. APGAR'S ADDRESS.

If there is one virtue that honors a man's character above another it is the love of country; and that man who, uninfluenced by political or any other motives, save pure, holy patriotism, dares to take his life in his hand, and goes forth to fight for his country's weal on the field of battle deserves to be honored by generations yet unborn. While we are here to-day to strew with flowers the graves of some whose forms lie here beneath the green sod, I would refer particularly to one soldier boy whose heart was moved by pure patriotic feelings, and who was led to take his life in his hand, in defiance to the opposition that was raised against him by his friends, and went forth to battle in defence of his country; and when he returned, I am told, his own friends turned him away from their door, simply

because he dared to love his country, to make some sacrifice to preserve this Government—the noblest the world ever saw. And being turned away from the door of those who should have cared for him, he was taken in by some kind friends and cared for by fellow-soldiers until they closed his eyes in death, and then took his remains away to the silent tomb. Tell me, fellow-citizens and soldiers, tell me not that there beats not in the heart of the soldier of pure heart, tell me not that there is no sympathy there, for I have seen it manifested, not only in the field, not only while engaged in the war, but to-day in the feeling manifested on the part of these comrade soldiers in strewing these graves with flowers. And I ask no higher honor than when I am laid in the grave to have some kind hand of a fellow soldier to strew my grave with flowers. It is enough, and I ask no more. Fellow-comrades, continue to practice this pleasing memorial; and I hope it may be kept up from year to year down to the latest generation, and that you and I, loving God and our country with pure hearts, and doing justly and loving mercy, and dealing with our fellows as we should have them deal with us, may at last go to God's right hand, where we shall wear unfading laurels while the ages of eternity roll on.

MR. STUART'S ADDRESS.

This is not an occasion when our feelings need to be excited or raised up to a certain height, but one of those occasions when the best and dearest expressions of feeling are those which are in the heart, awakened silently in the memory, or intimating their existence by such acts of beauty and affection as those in which you are now engaged. For if you but look around this cemetery upon the graves that are here in such great number, and ask what would the friends of those who are sleeping here, whether carried to their rest long ago or but lately, what would the friends of those who are sleeping here choose as the best demonstration of respect for their memory, what would be the answer? Would they have loud harangues, great oratory, loud displays over their graves? No, they would say these things may be intended to honor those who are gone, but they do not express that affection, that memory which dwells within our breast, and we would see these friends coming here, just as you are doing this afternoon, in this beautiful spring time, silently, in all affection, to lay upon the graves of their departed these symbols of a new and beautiful life. You do not need to be raised up to a certain height of feeling, but to come with the feeling of comrades, with the feeling of friends and brothers, with the feeling of relationship, of relationship

cemented in blood, and here to lay silently upon their graves the token of that which is beautiful, of that which is pure and which outlasts decay and death. These flowers that you intend to lay upon your comrades' graves are often used as emblems of immortality and life from the dead. They have sprung up with this new spring-tide as indications that God is renewing the face of the earth. And these flowers and this season shall pass away and decay, but the memory of those brave men whose blood has paid the price of victory shall outlast the spring-time as it comes and goes; shall outlast the withering flowers which in themselves are so beautiful; but the influence of their noble deeds and their sacrificed lives—this, God grant, shall remain in these United States, in this land which *their* blood has redeemed and bought, this shall remain as long as God's word remains, as long as men are freemen, and have souls and hearts, and value liberty and the sacrifices of the good. This is what you can do to testify your appreciation of their great work; but their work shall live and its influences shall extend with or without our appreciation; and let our effort be not merely to commemorate their deeds, but to enter into them and to prove that the liberty which they have bought for us, by our use of it in our lives, has not been purchased in vain. The memory of these men shall live as long as the memory of the good and brave shall live, and may their memory be embalmed in every heart.

The following are the names of the soldiers interred in Commerce Street graveyard, with such particulars as can be hastily procured:

1. Joseph M. Elwell, Corporal, Co. A, 24th N. J. Vols., died of Typhoid Fever at Wind Mill Point Hospital, January 25th, 1863. 2. Samuel Fogg, Private, Co. F, 3d N. J. Vols., died in Hospital, at Philadelphia of Typhoid Fever. 3. Burton Penton, Private, Co. B, 77th Pa., enlisted for three years and re-enlisted as a veteran. Served through the campaign with Sherman and died about three weeks after his discharge. 4. Richard Rettig, Private, Co. H, 24th N. J. Vols., wounded at Fredericksburg, and died in Hospital at Washington. 5. Wm. Hider, Private, Co. D, 9th N. J. Vols., died at Greensboro of disease. 6. Dan'l Sharp, Co. F, 37th N. J. Vols. 7. Robert Glaspey, Private, Co. F, 3d N. J. Vols., served the full term and died in Bridgeton of disease contracted in the service. 8. Aaron Fithian, Co. K, 10th N. J. Vols., served three years, re-enlisted as veteran but died of disease before his term expired. 9. James Husted, Co. D, 10th N. J. vols., died of disease contracted in the service. 10. W. B. Smith, Sergeant, Co. H, 24th N. J. Vols., served full term and

died shortly after his discharge of disease contracted in the service. 11. George Burch, Private, Co. H, 24th N. J. Vols., died of disease in Hospital at Baltimore. 12. George Moore, Private, Co. ——, 10th N. J. Vols., died of fever at home in Bridgeton.

At Camden, New Jersey.

Post No. 6, G. A. R., assembled on Sunday, May 31st, at 12 o'clock, M., at their Hall, corner of Fourth and Federal Streets, dressed in dark suits and white gloves. At 1 o'clock the procession formed into line. It was composed of the members of the G. A. R. and Soldiers and Sailors, Mayor and Common Council of Camden and citizens generally. The Northern Liberty Engine Company's ambulance of Philadelphia, drawn by two splendid horses, was decorated with flags, flowers, and evergreens, and filled with little girls dressed in white, with red sacks, each carrying a bouquet of flowers. Next was a carriage gorgeously trimmed with flags and flowers. This contained the floral tokens of affection prepared by the ladies of Camden, which were to be used for decking the graves. This carriage was drawn by Mr. Roberts' four beautiful black horses, led by four colored men; it was guarded by a "Guard of Honor," consisting of six members of the Post, followed by the members, soldiers and sailors. Then came the citizens of Camden, commanded by Capt. Hufty. The whole procession was under the command of Capt. Stone, and headed by the Union Brass Band which played solemn funeral dirges.

Arriving at the cemetery a halt was made near the Chapel, and the Rev. Mr. Whitecar made an impressive prayer. Col. Harbert of the Post, then delivered an address, full of feeling and tender affection for those of his comrades who fell for Freedom and Right, and whose memories are sacredly embalmed in the hearts of the loyal living millions. He was followed by the Rev. Mr. Davies, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, who spoke as follows:

Gentlemen and Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic: We have met here to-day in this sequestered spot, under the broad open canopy of the heavens, to strew these floral offerings on these little mounds, which mark the quiet resting-places of the sacred dust of those brave soldiers who fell in the service of their country while battling for its rights. In doing this we are rendering "honor to whom honor is due." The world has not always been particular and discriminating in the selection of its favorites, whom it has made the objects of its love, and the idols of its pride, but it has frequently bestowed

its emoluments, conferred its honors, and pronounced its eulogies on the worthless and the undeserving; but such evidently is not the case with us to-day, for those whom we honor by this solemn and impressive ceremony rendered the most valuable service to their country in the hour of its trial, and proved themselves by their heroic deeds to be truly worthy of the nation's profoundest homage. Those brave heroes, around whose cold and silent graves we are gathered to-day, were true and noble patriots. They loved their country, they loved this soil, its mountains and valleys, its hills and dales, its broad lakes and majestic rivers, its cultivated farms and its extensive prairies. They loved its noble institutes, its laws, principles, and Constitution. They loved its history, its enterprise, its glory, and its flag. They loved their country in all its aspects, interests, and relations. And what a country *was* and *is* ours to-day. It surpasses all the other countries of the world in the extent of its territories, in the abundance and variety of its resources, in the mildness and equity of its laws, in the essential rectitude of its governmental principles which recognize the natural rights and equality of all men, and their inalienable right to self-government. This glorious country, though as yet a new world, has its grand historical epochs. Christopher Columbus discovered territorial America, the "Pilgrim Fathers" discovered protective America, where the down-trodden and oppressed of all nations of the earth might find a refuge from the heartless despotism of cruel tyrants. George Washington discovered independent America, severed from all the embarrassing trammels of foreign rulers; Abraham Lincoln discovered free America, with the curse of slavery forever abolished, and it is to be hoped that the next president of the United States will discover a reunited and a gloriously reconstructed America, with all its difficulties settled, its internal discord suppressed, and its peace fully restored. We, as a nation, are indebted to our soldiers for the glorious triumph of our cause; they are the saviors of their country, which they loved dearer than life, for they displayed their patriotism not in sentimental sighs and empty profession, but by the most self-sacrificing deeds: for when our noble government was ruthlessly assailed by rebellious foes, and our proud banner was insulted and trampled in the dust, our brave soldiers left their trades, avocations, merchandise, homes, and dear ones, and rushed to arms and to fight to the death in behalf of the country that gave them birth. They voluntarily endured the deprivations of the camp, the fatigue of tedious marches, the awful perils of the battle-field, the agonies of reeking hospitals, and unutterable cruelty of military imprisonment,

and all from the purest love for their country. They were successful in defeating their foes, sustaining the government, and vindicating the flag. Though thousands upon thousands of them fell in many a well-fought battle-field, the Great Republic lives, its interests are advancing and its banners are proudly floating over every state of the Union. Our heroes also live in the prosperity of our country, in the annals of history, and in the hearts of a grateful people, and this great gathering and these solemn ceremonies are significant evidences of the fact that our brave soldiers have not been forgotten. Let none presume to speak disparagingly of the valorous deeds or of the scenes of their heroic struggles. The battle grounds of Antietam, Gettysburg, Seven Pines, the Wilderness, Fredericksburg, and Richmond, are dear to thousands, for there, husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons poured out their life-blood for their country's glory. Peace be to their dust, strew flowers on their graves, honor their deeds, forget not their widows and orphans, and may the blessing of God be upon our country.

While the ceremony of strewing the graves with flowers was being performed, the choir sang some very touching tunes. The procession then re-formed and moved to the old Newtown Cemetery, where prayer was made by the Rev. Mr. Davis. He was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Whitecar, who delivered an eloquent address. This over the choir sung while flowers were being strewn over the graves of the departed, whose names, fifty-eight in all, we have been unable to obtain. We could not help recalling the poet's language:

"'Tis sweet to muse, as o'er the gladdened sea
The orient sun his youthful radiance flings,
On those fair scenes Hope to Fancy brings,
And dream of joys and pleasures yet to be;
But, oh! 'tis sweeter far for memory
At dewy eve when lingering eye looks back
O'er the bright spots of that familiar track,
Which first we trod with careless step and free;
There the fond heart o'er ancient visions strays,
And friends once deeply loved and long since gone,
Meet us again, and scenes of other days,
Float o'er the mind, like music's dying tone,
Leaving a peace that's less of earth than heaven,
A holy calm like that to sainted spirits given."

The procession was again formed, and was addressed by Capt. J. H. Stone in a few pertinent remarks, after which it returned to the hall and was dismissed.

At Providence, Rhode Island.

The several Posts assembled at the designated hour, and proceeded to Exchange Place, where the line was formed. The procession was then formed in the following order:

Platoon of police; Major-General Ambrose E. Burnside, Grand Commander; Wm. Ames, Senior Vice Commander; Harvey Allen, Assistant Adjutant-General; H. W. King, Assistant Surgeon-General; Aides de Camp—Major J. E. Bradford and Lieutenant C. H. Williams; Post No. 20, G. A. R., 40 men mounted. Col. Henry Allen, Commander; Z. C. Rennie, Senior Vice Commander; Capt. Geo. H. Pierce, Junior Commander; Staff—Lieut. Henry R. Barker, Adjutant; Lieut. J. L. Sherman, Quartermaster; Comrade Charles Wildman, Sergeant-Major; platoon of police; American Brass Band, 25 pieces, D. W. Reeves, leader; Post No. 1, G. A. R., about 300 men, as seven companies; Col. E. C. Rhodes, Commander; Sergt. Chas. R. Morgan, Senior Vice Commander; Capt. Thomas Simpson, Junior Vice Commander; Staff—Capt. Wm. Frankland, Adjutant; Capt. Allen Baker, Quartermaster; Dr. George Carr, Surgeon; Brevet Brig.-Gen. Horatio Rogers, Jr., A. D. C.; Major E. C. Pomeroy, A. D. C.; Major William B. Rhodes, A. D. C.; Officers of Companies—Capt. A. G. Thomas, Lieut. Chas. C. Grey, Capt. S. Thurber, Capt. Wm. Stone, Capt. H. B. Cady, Capt. William E. Taber. Post No. 1 have the battle-flag of the 1st R. I. D. M. borne by Charles Becherer, who was the standard-bearer during the term of active service. Carriage containing His Honor, Mayor Doyle; Col, E. Metcalf, Orator; Samuel W. Field, Chaplain; Rev. Daniel Leach, Superintendent of Schools; carriage containing wreaths and bouquets; drum corps; Post No. 13, G. A. R. (colored), 50 men, Ord. Sergt. Moses F. Brown, Commander; Ord. Sergt. Robert F. Nicoli, Senior Vice Commander; Q. M. Sergt. Charles C. Johnson, Junior Vice Commander; Staff—Sergt.-Major G. H. Black, Adjutant; Sergt.-Major Z. Howland, Quartermaster; Sergt. James L. Franklin, Sergt.-Major; Corp. John B. Lane, Q. M. Sergt.; Sergt. L. G. Phenix, officer of the day. They carried the flag borne by the 14th R. I. H. A. during the war. Post No. 12, G. A. R. (mounted), about 25 men; Gen. F. J. Lippitt, Commander; Senior Vice-Commander, J. T. Pitman; Junior Commander, Charles L. Stafford; Adjutant, Charles M. Smith; Quartermaster, Amos M. Bowen; Surgeon, Dr. Geo. E. Mason; Chaplain, Rev. Arthur May Knapp. The men were all mounted. On the left of the line was a barouche filled with flowers. Mowry & Goff's School, two companies, one with muskets and

cne with carbines, Capt. William A. Mowry commanding. There were about twenty-five lads in each company.

The procession moved by the designated route to the Dexter Training Ground, and formed around a stand which had been erected at the flagstaff, near the north end. Here were also arranged the children of the public schools, numbering from 2,500 to 3,000, all bearing a floral offering as their tribute to those who were about to be honored.

The exercises opened with "America," sung by the pupils of the High School under the direction of Mr. Carter, accompanied by the American Brass Band. Prayer was then offered by Rev. Samuel W. Field, chaplain of the day. Col. Edwin Metcalf was then introduced and delivered the

ORATION.

Mr. Commander and Comrades: We come here to-day, not for the sake of the living, but of the dead—to pay them the tribute of our affection and our gratitude. We are here to honor them and keep green their graves and fresh and bright their memory. And not alone have we, their comrades, gathered here to give this simple proof of our unchanging regard for those who have fallen in our ranks. With us have come these fitting representatives of the whole people—the fairest flowers of our State. They bring with them, may we not rightly believe—yes, comrades, we have the common heartfelt spontaneous tribute of the people of Rhode Island, her men and women alike with her children, to the gallantry, the patriotism, the worth of all who went out from among us to fill a soldier's grave. It is good for us to be here. This, I am sure, is the sentiment pervading all hearts and animating the whole country. Its peace, its safety, and all of prosperity or enduring greatness, or promise for the future, our country owes to the sacrifice of these lives, and the spirit with which the sacrifice was made. And the nation has responded as with one voice to the call which has brought us together. And we, comrades, may well congratulate ourselves and the great body of the soldiers and sailors of the Republic which we here represent, upon the happily conceived order that has led to this gathering. Well is it for us who still keep up the semblance of military authority among ourselves; well is it for our nation that the general and hero who is at our head has no purpose to be obtained through the efforts of those who were the defenders of our country in her day of need—nothing but the peaceful and joyful, for I cannot call it the sorrowful duty, we are here to discharge. Forgetting almost all the strifes, the blood and the tears that embittered it, let us for-

get to-day, comrades, the cause of the strife and the hostility that forced us to fight and to conquer those we would fain have treated as friends and brothers. Here, and now, we would remember that to the fallen heroes of the war belong the first honors, the fairest tribute from us and from all men. Here let us join hearts as we join hands in carrying out faithfully, earnestly, and as cheerfully as may be, the spirit of the order under which we have assembled. Be it alike with pleasure as with pride that we strew with beautiful flowers the honored graves of our departed brothers in arms. Beautiful flowers! from these fair, and gentle, and loving hands; blessed by the good wishes these children with their youth and freshness diffuse around them, are they not fit emblems of the love and faith and all the kindly sentiments we would indulge over the graves of our patriot heroes. Such be their language to us, and to all who take part with us in this consecrated work. Tender and fragrant and grateful to every sense that earth's fairest ornaments can appeal to, may we bear them to the sacred spots we are to visit to-day, with hearts attuned to the gentle influences, the joyous, voiceless harmonies of this floral tribute. To these flower-laden children their labor of love will bring its own reward. Too young to know what war has been to their friends and their country, yet they can realize somewhat of our feelings as they visit with us the graves of the fallen. We who are to teach and guide them, to lead them in the way of life, and of the world, must see to it that we do not find anything to dread, anything to regret, anything that they shall not resolve themselves gladly to encounter if the call shall come to them as it did come to us. If there be need of educating youth in the love of country, and in the faith that the hardships of war, and even death on the battle-field are better far than submission to wrong and insult; if they are to be taught that to uphold the right and to protect the national honor is the highest of man's duties, and the noblest of his triumphs, then may this gathering this day, the tribute to our dead, be not without its lesson for the young as for the old; and in after years, as this holiday recurs, may it bring to these young people, to those who come after them, such kind and strong heart that shall find in these simple observances the best incentives to a noble and patriotic career. To those associated with us in the services of this day, and in paying their tribute to the country's dead, who cannot forget their private griefs—the irreparable loss of father, husband, son, or brother—may the influences of the occasion not be powerless to soothe and cheer. If the world, if man's philosophy, if religion have any consolation for those who mourn, surely in the spirit which actuated our

departed brothers, the devotion they exhibited, and their faithfulness even unto the end, our honored dead have left behind them all these consolations. Go then to their graves, and while rejoicing that they have lived, rejoice also that they were willing to die, aye, and die nobly in the sacred cause of their country.

Comrades, our tribute to-day to our fallen cannot be fitly paid by the hands alone, or by words. These gifts of nature so rich and beautiful, are but emblems: the most impressive speech is but an echo of what should fill our hearts as we visit their graves. Out of the turmoil and strife of our daily life, closing the work-shop, the counting room and the office, we have undertaken this sacred pilgrimage. Are we carrying with it the generous sentiment, the noble magnanimity, the faith in right, which makes those graves monuments, not to the martyrs of liberty, but to her defenders and conquering heroes?

Among all the national traits this war has brought prominently to notice, and more especially those which have called forth the most touching and eloquent eulogies of the dead, none so remarkable or so deserving of notice as the generous temper, the freedom from vindictiveness, the truly, manly character of those who, living or dead, we most admire and love. God be thanked that it was not from hatred, malice or any uncharitableness that the battle was fought and the victory won.

How striking a contrast in this respect does the story of our late contest present to that of our revolution. The Tory of that day was regarded with a bitterness of feeling, and treated with a severity of punishment wholly inconceivable to the modern student of history. Hardly in a single instance has literature even yet done justice to his motive or conduct. He sought, after all, a good government, if not always a wise one. The Rebel of our day would destroy the best system under which a man ever lived. The Tory was banished and outlawed. The Rebel has been dealt with tenderly, as man deals with an erring brother whom he loves better than himself. Not to punish, but to protect and reclaim, did we contend through weary years of struggle; and when the nation resolved to strike the final blow, that blow was struck at no men or class of men, but at a system which must be destroyed lest the country perish. If to some of us this treatment of our enemies seemed too magnanimous in time of war, none can now be too thankful that such was the temper and spirit in which the nation chose to defend itself. I know of no more acceptable tribute that we can offer to the memory of our patriotic soldiers and sailors than by emulating the glorious spirit which animated them in the conflict. Those who survived it, yet shared with them its duties

and dangers, will do well to follow their upright example. And well has it been followed. More than three years have gone by since the close of the war. The citizen soldier and sailor have returned to the pursuits of peace, waiting patiently for the fruits of their long warfare, and waiting at last not in vain. The feeling has come, at times, to many of us, I fear, that our country's treasure, her heroes blood have only gained victories, not crowned them with blessing. Not a rebel has been punished because he was a rebel. Only one man in all our land is even called a traitor, and he, the bitterest of all his foes are readiest to pardon. The fruits of a righteous war, the rewards of a whole people's unexampled devotion and self-sacrifice, no man can yet see.

Through all these days of darkness and discouragement, this vast disbanded host of sailors and soldiers has stood quietly by, confiding in their cause, in the people, and above all, in themselves. None has cried out for the avenger. Peace and pardon have been the Patriot's watchwords. Submission to the establishment of civil authority throughout our broad domain, and the overturn of military rule, are the only conditions he would set, and most surely, comrades, this faith shall be rewarded. This spirit shall yet bring back peace and brotherhood to our beloved country, North and South, East and West.

May we not, then, humbly yet joyfully lay this offering on the graves of our departed comrades. Whoever else has pursued selfish ends, or an unholy ambition, the citizen sailors and soldiers have been true to the Republic in the battle-field and during the war. Those same lessons that these graves are teaching,—one country, equal rights for all men, respect for law. To secure these, how many of our bravest and best have lain down their lives, and shall it be in vain? No! God be praised, comrades, not in vain have they lived and died. Their fidelity to principle, their devotion even unto death, has not been lost. The crowning tribute we bear them to-day is the determination to finish the work they left undone, and to carry into the pursuits of peace the self-sacrificing spirit that made them heroic.

The solemn, yet grateful duty is soon ended. In a few brief hours, we shall have done all that was proper on such an occasion to show our admiration and regard for our departed comrades. May this gathering with all the youth and freshness and beauty that make it so pleasant to the eye, so cheering to the heart, be a good omen. May it help us to look on their graves with a more cheerful feeling, and a higher faith that the shedding of blood may yet be atoned for, not by new violence of strife, but by fresh and lasting blessings of peace.

I have not felt as if this were the time or the place for studied eulogy. Happily, Rhode Island's dead have not wanted for such fitting tributes as tongue and pen can offer. On far-off battle-fields, on ocean and river, in camp and hospital, they have gone to their rest. Ours, ours be the duty and privilege to keep green their graves, and to cherish their memories with that warmth of affection which time shall not abate.

At the close of the oration, the American Brass Band played a dirge, after which Gen. Lippitt most effectively read the fine poem of Bishop Burgess—

"THE OLD BLUE COAT."

1864.

You asked me, little one, why I bowed,
Though never I passed the man before?
Because my heart was full and proud
When I saw the old blue coat he wore;
The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

I know not, I, what weapon he chose,
What chief he followed, what badge he bore;
Enough that in the front of foes
His country's blue great-coat he wore;
The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps he was born in a forest hut,
Perhaps he had danced on a palace floor,
To want or wealth my eyes were shut,
I only marked the coat he wore:
The blue great coat, the sky blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

It mattered not much if he drew his line,
From Shem or Ham in the days of yore:
For surely he was a brother of mine,
Who for my sake the war coat wore;
The blue great coat, the sky blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

He might have no skill to read or write,
Or he might be rich in learned lore;
But I know he could make his mark in fight,
And nobler gown no scholar wore,
Than the blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

It may be he could plunder and prowl,
And perhaps in his mood he scoffed and swore,
But I would not guess a spot so foul
On the honored coat he bravely wore;
The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

He had worn it long, and borne it far;
And perhaps on the red Virginian shore,
From midnight chill till the morning star,
That warm great-coat, the sentry wore.
The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

When hardy Butler reined his steed
Through the streets of proud, proud Baltimore,
Perhaps behind him at his need,
Marched he who yonder blue coat wore;
The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps it was seen in Burnside's ranks
When Rappahannock ran dark with gore;
Perhaps on the mountain-side with Banks,
In the morning sun, no more he wore
The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps in the swamps 'twas a bed for his form,
From the seven days' battling and marching sore,
Or with Kearny and Pope, 'mid the steely storm
As the night closed in that coat he wore;
The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Or when right over him Jackson dashed,
That collar or cape some bullet tore;
Or when far ahead Antietam flashed;
He flung to the ground the coat that he wore;
The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Or stood at Gettysburg, where the graves
Rang deep to Howard's cannon roar;
Or saw with Grant the unchained waves
Where conquering hosts the blue coat wore;
The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

That garb of honor tells enough,
Though I its story guess no more;
The heart it covers is made of such stuff,
That the coat is mail which that soldier wore.
The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

He may hang it up when the peace shall come,
And the moths may find it behind the door;
But his children will point, when they hear a drum,
To the proud old coat the soldier wore.
The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

And so, my child, will you and I,
For whose fair home their blood they pour,
Still bow the head, as one goes by
Who wears the coat that soldier wore;
The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

The exercises closed with the Doxology. The several Posts of the G. A. R. then moved in the order as before, and proceeded to the several Cemeteries to perform the pleasant yet sad duty of strewing upon the graves of their comrades, the floral tributes, sweet momentos of love, honor and gratitude. They visited Grace Church Cemetery, Elmwood, Swan Point, and that at the North End.

At Newport, Rhode Island.

At the appointed hour the procession formed on Touro Park, and was constituted as follows: The Commander of Post No. 2, G. A. R., and Staff; Officers and Members of Post No. 2, G. A. R., 28 members; Ex-officers, Soldiers, and Sailors of the United States, in all 30; Band 3d U. S. Artillery, 22 pieces; Bvt. Brig. Gen. Horatio G. Gibson, Major, 3d U. S. Artillery, commanding all the troops, and staff; Battalion 3d U. S. Artillery, embracing Co. B., 60 officers and men, Co. D., 66 officers and men, Co. H., 71 officers and men; Aquidneck Drum Corps, 18 pieces; "Newport Artillery," 34 officers and men; "Aquidneck Rifles," 48 officers and men; "Burnside Guards," 39 officers and men; "Newport Light Infantry," 46 officers and men; Officers and crew of U. S. revenue cutter, "Crawford," 39 officers and men; Carriages conveying Clergy and Speakers and children of deceased soldiers, carrying flowers and wreaths; Members of the City Government; United States Civil Officers; Children of the Public Schools, about 350 in number. These, with citizens of all classes, proceeded down South Touro street to Bowery, down Bowery to Thames, and up Thames to the Cemetery.

On arriving at the Cemetery, the soldiers were formed in a circle around the platform which had been erected for the occasion, and members of the Post proceeded to the work of decorating the graves. This work done, the company, with the numerous crowds of people who had gathered in different localities, repaired to the stand to listen to the addresses. Gen. Tew introduced Rev. I. P. White, Rector of Trinity Church, who, after a few remarks, read a selection of Scripture and offered prayer. Gen. Tew then read the names of the comrades whose graves had been visited. After a dirge by the band, Gen. Tew spoke as follows:

COMRADES AND FRIENDS: We have assembled upon this spot at this time in accordance with orders from Maj. Gen. Logan, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, to perform a duty that must be sacred and dear to us all. It is proper and fitting that we should remember and cherish the memory of those who were dear to us while on earth; especially those who have mingled and shared with us the toils and privations and dangers of army life. The memory of such should be held in grateful remembrance, and the spot where their remains rest be often visited, and upon the mound raised to mark their resting-place, tears of affection shed, and recollections of our intercourse with them brought to mind. To-day a duty devolves upon this Post of the Grand Army of the Republic that is doubly sacred to the heart of every soldier and sailor who served in our Army and Navy during the great struggle for national existence.

It is to place the flowers of Spring, and the evergreen, upon these mounds that cover the ashes of our fallen comrades, whose hearts once beat quick with ours in patriotism, and love for the nation that is so dear to all us. Among these names (this Roll of Honor that has just been called) how many familiar names strike our ear, and as we approached these mounds that cover the dust of those who sacrificed their lives on the altar of their country, how many recollections of the past brought vividly to our minds scenes of the camp, the bivouac, the march, and the battle. They answered to the roll call with us when treason threatened the existence of our nation: we were spared to return to our Island home; *they* fill those honored graves where we have laid the evergreen and the early flowers, and left the flag they loved so well to wave over them. This is indeed a sacred hour to us, standing as we do in the shadow of the monument that covers the dust of the immortal Stevens who fell, with the Highlanders' flag in his dying grasp, and in sight of the spot where rest the ashes of our beloved Tanner, who, in like manner fell while waving this flag (this weather-beaten, blood-stained flag, under whose shadow we now stand) within a few feet of the enemy. Shall the graves that contain those and other precious treasures ever be forgotten by us? no, not so long as a comrade survives: their records are written in that proud portion of our history which their own hands have recorded, but more deeply and enduringly still in the affectionate remembrance of those who have served and suffered with them in the war. And children, I wish to say to you (as you have assisted us in performing these sacred duties), that the small band of surviving soldiers and sailors will soon have passed away, and I

charge you not to forget these graves, where rest the remains of those whom to-day we come to honor, and who gave their lives a sacrifice on the altar of freedom.

At the conclusion of General Tew's address, after the band had played a piece, Col. T. W. Higginson was introduced to the audience, and, surrounded with the battered and service-worn emblems of our national glory, among which was the flag of the 1st South Carolina Colored Regiment, of which he was the able commander, made an appropriate and very happily conceived address. He began by saying that this honored roll of the dead (the list read by General Tew) reminded him of the honors decreed by Napoleon Bonaparte to that great soldier, La Tour d'Auvergne. The hero of many battles, but remaining, by his own choice, in the ranks, he received from the Emperor a military sword, and the official title, "First among the Grenadiers of France." When he was killed, at last, the Emperor ordered that his heart should be entrusted to the keeping of his regiment; that his name should always be called upon its roll; that, at every roll-call, some comrade should answer for him, "Dead upon the field of honor." In our memories, said the speaker, there stand the names of many heroes, not of one only. We bear all their names on our roll-call, treasure all their hearts in this consecrated ground, and, as the name of each is called to-day, we answer in flowers, "Dead upon the field of honor." They fought side by side upon a hundred battle-fields, without distinction of nationality, of race, of religion; they gave their lives that we might remain still a nation. Without distinction of nationality, of race, of religion, we decorate their graves to-day. From this stand are visible, in many directions, the flags we have placed at each headstone, and each seems to wave response to the tattered standards that float above this platform. Each answers through the gathering sea-mist for him who sleeps beneath, "Dead upon the field of honor." The little distinction of rank that separated men in the service, are nothing now. Death has given the same brevet to all. The color-corporal, who died with yonder colors in his hands, and over whose grave they were just now unfurled with the flowers, ranks with us the same as the General, the same with the humblest soldier or sailor whose grave is here among strangers. Nature has been equally tender to them all; even where man has neglected, she has bade some moss creep, some grasses twine over every grave, and the butterfly, emblem of immortality, waves his little wings above every mound. Nature cares for them all, and we would commemorate them also. And, again, it makes no difference what were their personal qualities, how large their respective

shares of the common virtues of manhood, or its common faults In any case, their life died at its climax, and the ending sanctified all that went before. It seems to us that they found the path to heaven short from every battle-field, and the commemoration must be equally comprehensive. To those who survive there is no such merging of all duties in one. We must still serve our country by this annual tribute of gratitude, by caring for our surviving comrades, by aiding to protect these soldiers' children who have helped us bear these flowers, and by awaiting some future call to service, should any arise. Having done this, we also shall deserve that these flags should wave above us, in our turn, and of us also it can be recorded, "Dead upon the field of honor."

The Rev. Mr. Malcom then came forward, and spoke as follows:

This day, America, her cheeks wet with tears, and clad in the vestments of mourning, visits the graves of all her fallen heroes, and strews them with fair and fragrant blossoms, symbols of the love and honor she bears the memory of their names. It is proper that, by these august ceremonials, the nation should express the homage it renders those brave men who, upon fields of battle, sacrificed their lives for the safety and glory of our Republic. As we now look about us, here in this city of the dead, we see the green mounds beneath which silently sleep those who once contended with the clang of arms for the peace and security we now enjoy. All honor to their names. Let us cherish them to the latest hour of our lives with pious remembrance. Let us keep the sacred trust of unity and liberty they have preserved, that we may transmit it unimpaired to future generations.

How touching and solemn are the scenes of this hour! The air tremulous with strains of martial music, not of exultation now, but of dirge and threnody; this vast concourse of soldiers and of citizens; the booming of minute-guns from yonder fort; these flags, stained and tattered, as borne over many fields of strife and carnage, and these gorgeous silken banners, as yet unsullied by the smoke of battle; these officers, whose courage and skill helped to bring victory to our arms, and these veteran soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, who stood side by side with their comrades, now fallen, in the fierce struggle; these children, in the innocence and fairness of early life, already bereaved, standing here beneath these uplifted standards, the objects of peculiar care to the God of the fatherless, and bequeathed to us for care and guardianship; these graves, all about us in the several burial-grounds, now decked with flowers

and wreaths, where our departed heroes are resting—these scenes all fill our minds with sorrow for the dead, with sympathy for the bereaved, with honor for the brave men who saved our country's Union, and established its glory, and with gratitude to God for the blessings of liberty we this day possess. Let all of us, therefore, see to it that in our own lives we emulate the virtues of those whom to-day we honor. Let their heroism and patriotism be ours also. Let us be mindful of the widow and the fatherless. Soldiers upon the field, and sailors upon the deep, have died in defence of the dear old flag; and now, here in the presence of the Stars and Stripes, and in the presence of these orphaned children, and in the presence of God who looks down from the canopy above us, let us take heed that this hour becomes the occasion not only of reverence and honor to the brave dead, but also of duty, and justice, and love to all the living. So may God keep and defend us by His holy care. And may our nation, delivered from foreign foes, and from internal feud and dismemberment, grow more and more in true prosperity and righteousness, until it shall fill the earth with its blessings!

Comrade David Fales was next introduced, and spoke briefly and eloquently of the importance and sacredness of the hour. He thought we should fail to learn the full meaning of these ceremonies, if we forget the wants of those whom they have left behind them. Let us, then, in the solemn presence of these passionless mounds, renew those sacred vows made in the presence of High Heaven, by which we pledged ourselves, as comrades of these departed heroes, to aid and assist those whom they have left among us as a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude—the widow and orphan of the soldiers and sailors. To-day, four hundred thousand of our comrades gather round the sacred remains of two hundred and twenty-seven thousand heroes, and strew their graves with the flowers of Spring. The ties and charms of life were as strong and as sweet to those brave souls as to us who survived them, and they are not lost or forgotten. They are on the roll of glory,

> "On Fame's eternal camping-ground
> Their silent tents are spread,
> And memory walks with solemn round
> The bivouac of the dead."

The service was then closed with prayer and the benediction by Rev. C. H. Malcom, when the procession re-formed and returned to the city.

At Woonsocket, Rhode Island.

The ceremonies were observed under the auspices of Post No. 9, Gen. L. C. Tourtellot commanding. At 8 o'clock the members rendezvoused at Armory Hall, and formed a procession in the subjoined order:

Capt. Willis C. Capron, of the First Rhode Island Cavalry, as guide, carrying the guidon of the Third Rhode Island Volunteers; Woonsocket Cornet Band, B. W. Nichols leader; Commander L. C. Tourtellot, and Staff; Capt. George W. Greene and Lieut. John Hackett, carrying the tattered flag of their regiment, the Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery; Post No. 9, Grand Army of the Repubic, under command of Capt. A. E. Green, in uniforms worn during the Rebellion, and each member carrying a beautiful floral offering; Flag of the Fourth Rhode Island Volunteers, carried by two members of the original color-guard, Comrades Jilson and Chace; Disabled Soldiers, in carriages; Ministers of the Gospel, in carriages; The Church Choirs, under the leadership of Angelo Howland, in carriages; A carriage bearing the floral decorations; Citizens, in carriages and on foot.

The procession first moved to St. James' Cemetery, on the Smithfield side of the river. Here are deposited the remains of Henry Davis, of the First Rhode Island Volunteers, who was the first Rhode Island soldier who died in the service; Lieut. William Jones, of the Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers, who died by wounds received at Port Hudson; Richard O. Stratford, of the First Connecticut Cavalry, who died a prisoner at Florence. The religious services commenced with prayer by Rev. S. L. Holman. The members of the Grand Army then bestrewed the graves with flowers, the choir meanwhile singing a hymn. Addresses were then made by Rev. Robert Murray, Jr., and Latimer W. Ballou, Esq. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. E. Douglas, and the procession then took up its line of march to the Baptist Cemetery. The Grand Army Post carried the battle-worn flag of the Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, that flaunted two years before Fort Sumter and Charleston. It was borne by Capt. G. W. Greene and Lieut. John Hackett, of that regiment. Also the flag of the Fourth Rhode Island Regiment, which saw its first battle on the glorious field of Newbern. It was borne by the same men who carried it in service—Sergts. C. A. Chace, Jr., and A. N. Jillson. The only soldier who sleeps in the Baptist Cemetery is Daniel W. Burnham, a volunteer in the Regular Army, and son of ex-Postmaster Burnham. He died of wounds and disease contract-

ed in the service. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. Boyden. The grave was then decorated, and excellent addresses were made by Revs. S. L. Holman and E. Douglas. Benediction by Rev E. H. Hatfield.

Oak Hill Cemetery was next visited, where repose the remains of Lieut. Henry R. Pierce, of the Fifth Rhode Island Volunteers, killed at Newbern; Albert Ball, of the Second R. I. Regiment, who died of wounds received at Bull Run; Isaac Greenup, of the Fifth R. I. Regiment; Joel F. Crocker, who died from hardships in the service; and Nehemiah R. Sheldon, of Battery F, Rhode Island Light Artillery. The services commenced at the grave of Lieutenant Pierce. Prayer was made by Rev. E. H. Hatfield, while the soldiers decorated the monument and grave. Remarks of a stirring and pathetic character were made by Rev. Messrs. Hatfield and Boyden. An original Dirge, by F. C. Birtles, was here sung by the choir with fine effect. Mr. Holman pronounced the benediction. The other graves then received the floral emblems. The procession then proceeded to the Catholic Cemetery, where lie the bodies of privates Patrick J. Callahan, of the Fifth Rhode Island Regiment, and Partick Mullaly and Wm. J. Phipps. The graves were profusely bedecked. Rev. B. O'Reilly, of St. Charles' church, who was chaplain of the famous New York Sixty-ninth Regiment, and wounded at Bull Run, made an impassioned and eloquent address. The solemn train then left the departed heroes to sleep peacefully in their "rests" until the resurrection reveille shall raise them to the final roll-cal. On the return to the village, the Grand Army and citizens were addressed by Rev. John Boyden, in the Universalist church.

At Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

At this place a salute was fired at noon by the Tower Light Battery, and the bells of the several churches were rung. Soon after noon there was a gathering at Armory Hall, including the Tower Light Battery, which proceeded to Central Falls to join Post No. 3, Grand Army of the Republic, of that village, where a procession was formed under the command of Col. Lysander Flagg, headed by the Pawtucket Cornet Band. Post No. 3, with a Pawtucket delegation from Post No. 1 of Providence, appeared in uniform, and carried several war-worn battle-flags. The procession was joined by others, including children, and nearly all in it carried boquets for the graves which they were to visit. The Light Battery and a considerable number of carriages formed the rear of the procession. There were in it a

carriage loaded with flowers furnished by Major Jacob Dunnell, and two other vehicles similarly laden. On the arrival at North Bend Cemetery appropriate exercises were held in the presence of a large number of persons. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Miner of Central Falls, and the hymn "America" was sung by the children of several of the public schools. Addresses were also made by Rev. Dr. Blodgett, Rev. Mr. Lyon of Central Falls, and Rev. Mr. Goodrich. The flowers were then strewn upon the graves of the deceased soldiers by the children and near relatives. Flowers were left inscribed to the memory of soldiers whose names were not known. The procession was then reformed, and proceeded to the Mineral Spring Cemetery, were the ceremonies were repeated. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Blodgett, and remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Hyatt, Rev. Mr. Randall and Rev. Mr. Spalding. St. Mary's (Catholic) Cemetery was afterwards visited, where Rev. Mr. Delany made appropriate remarks and a prayer. While the flowers were being deposited upon the graves, minute guns were fired by the Battery, and a dirge was played by the Band.

The following are the names of the soldiers whose graves were decorated at the several cemeteries: North Bend Cemetery: Captains Joseph Baxter, Mass. Vols., Charles H. Johnson, 58th Mass. Vols.; First Lieutenant Albert E. Adams, R. I. L. A. Sergeants Joseph P. Farnsworth, 9th R. I. V., George Perry, 1st R. I. L. A.; Corporal John McKelvey, 2d R. I. C.; Privates William Davis, Co. B, 3d R. I. A., Alonzo F. Salisbury, 12th R. I. V., Thomas Fiske, 2d R. I. V., William H. Baxter, 1st R. I. L. A., Vincent Gardner, 29th Mass. Vols., Hazel Matthewson, Albert Fuller, Co. D, 3d R. I. A., Eugene Haswell, N. H. Vols., Adin B. Hopkins, 4th R. I. V., E. Warren Goff, U. S. N., H. Augustus Binford, 3d R. I. C., Nelson Cook, 19 Mass. Vols., Mineral Spring Cemetery: Captain Pardon Mason, 3d R. I. A.; First Lieutenants John E. Moles, 10th U. S. C. T., Albert A. Bolles, 7th R. I. V.; Lieutenant Samuel McElroy, 7th R. I. V.; First Sergeant Augustus Hanna, R. I. L. A.; Sergeant Elisha Slocum, 1st R. I. L. A.; Corporal Charles Weeden, 3d R. I. A.; Musician Frank Bliss, 11th R. I. V.; Privates Renselear Horton, 11th R. I. V., Jabez E. Jenks, 12th R. I. V., Charles Fessenden, Iowa Vols., H. B. Cotton, 1st Mass. Cav., Henry Bowen, R. I. V., —— Ballou, R. I. V., Edward D. Taylor, 3d R. I. C.

John C. Tower has two grandchildren entombed in the cemetery, and flowers were placed in front of the tomb in honor of the memory of his son, Capt. Levi Tower, who belonged to the Second Rhode Island Regiment, and who fell at the first

battle of Bull Run, and whose remains are entombed in Providence.

The grave of John George Curren, a French Captain, who came to this country with Lafayette during the Revolutionary war, was beautifully decorated with a floral tribute.

St. Mary's Cemetery: Sergeants John McNulty, 2d R. I. V., Patrick H. Gilligan, 3d R. I. V.; Private Peter McGrath, R. I. V. Bodies of the following named were buried on the field where they fell: Captain Kimball Tilton, 6th N. H. V.; Sergeant Augustus Mowry, 3d R. I. C.; Privates John Nickerson, 3d R. I. A., Fred. S. Moies, 1st R. I. L. A., Charles Crocker, 2d R. I. V.

At New Orleans, Louisiana.

The *Republican*, of May 31, published the following account of proceedings at Monument Cemetery: Yesterday was devoted to the pious duty of decorating the graves of our patriotic dead with flowers, and commemorating their deeds and glorious death in suitable speeches and other ceremonies. Two steamers were kindly placed at the disposal of the public—the revenue cutter Wilderness by Collector W. P. Kellogg, and the Ella Morse by Col. R. N. Batchelder. Both boats started with passengers, leaving first at 12 o'clock, noon, and returning immediately for another load. The last boat left the foot of Canal street about half past two, well crowded with people. A large number of ladies went down each trip. The number of visitors during the day was very large. On arriving at the cemeteries the people laid their offerings at the head of the tombs, and afterward inspected the grounds with feelings of deep and mournful interest. They stood within a small city of the dead; around them were the remains of twelve thousand true men who had braved the perils of the battle-field, and exposed themselves to the many dangers of a soldier's life. They now sleep in peace after having so nobly performed the highest duty they owed to their country. Of the number buried in the cemetery only about six thousand five hundred are known by name. The rest have never been identified. When the task of strewing the graves with flowers was completed, the people assembled upon and around a canvas-covered platform, to listen to the speeches. Capt. W. B. Armstrong was chosen chairman. He stated the objects for which they had been called together in a brief and forcible speech, after which he introduced Rev. N. L. Brakeman, who addressed a prayer to the Throne of Grace, and then read General Orders No. 11 of Gen. Logan, and commented upon it in appropriate terms The chairman then introduced Gen. L. A.

Sheldon, who was to speak on behalf of the Army and Navy Union. The General spoke as follows:

SPEECH OF GEN. L. A. SHELDON.

FELLOW-CITIZENS AND FRIENDS: The profoundest sorrow is said often to be manifested by muteness. Therefore, on this occasion it is perhaps not becoming to indulge in any elaborate speech. It will be of little use to us and of no service to those who are here interred. I cannot help remarking the appropriateness of establishing a national cemetery upon this historic field. It has been the custom of all civilized nations to respect the dead; more often it arises from relationship, personal acquaintance, or other ties. From the earliest times, nations have been in the habit of perpetuating the memories of their heroes in history and in song. Many who sleep here are nameless. But their virtues, and the cause in which they fought, entitle them to go down to posterity by the side of the most honored in history. We all remember well the feelings with which we were impressed at the time of our enlistment, when we took the contract of death. When we swore fealty to our government, we but recognized that principle which was instilled into the minds of the Spartan youths when they went out to war, to return only with or upon their shields. Those of us who survive returned *with* our shields, while those who are buried here returned *upon* their shields to mother earth. They were actuated by the same spirit that moved Regulus to choose imprisonment, torture and death rather than advise his country to a disadvantageous peace. There was in them the same self-abnegation that characterized the Decii, when they devoted themselves for the good of Rome. The same love of country which actuated Jasper in risking and losing his life, to prevent the flag of his country from remaining in the hands of its enemies. The same absence of all venality that actuated the bosom of Col. Morris of the Revolution, who, when offered power and possessions to turn against his country, replied, that he was not worth purchasing, but such as he was King George had not money enough to buy him. The same pertinacious courage which characterized the dying Lawrence when he said, "Don't give up the ship!" The same spirit which actuated that brave Philadelphia general whose name I cannot now recollect, who, when dying of wounds, said to his physician, "Doctor, turn me over that I may die with my face to the foe." The same spirit was manifested by an officer of my command, who, when pierced through the body with a rebel bullet, said to his men by him, "Boys, fight on to the last. I have lost one life for my country, I wish I had an-

other to lose." The same spirit that actuated a young soldier whom I had, on the 27th day of April, 1863, made a sergeant for gallantry, and who, on the 1st day of May following, fell mortally wounded, and when being carried past me desired to speak with me. Seeing the pallor of death upon his countenance, I asked: "Gray, are you wounded?" He replied: "Yes, badly, and I cannot survive." Said I, "Don't despair; men sometimes die for want of the will to live." He replied, "I cannot live, but I want to ask one question. Colonel, have I been a good soldier?" To which I replied: "Yes, you have been a good soldier, Gray." He then said, "That is all I desire to know. Boys, carry me on!" The same spirit that characterized another soldier of my command, who, after receiving a fatal wound in battle, said: "It is as I expected when I enlisted —to die; but I have lived the life of a Christian. Tell my grandfather that I have tried to do my duty as a soldier."

It is too affecting to continue a recital of these occurrences. They may be carried so far as to become tedious. These illustrate the general feeling that pervaded all minds: and when I think of the death and suffering which have fallen under my observation, it so harrows up my soul that I could almost wish that treason and all its supporters had shared the fate of Satan when he was cast from the battlements of heaven. But it does not become us, victors in the late war, to indulge in feelings of unkindness. It will not restore the dead to us, nor will it heal the wounds that have been made. We should now labor for the peace, happiness, and welfare of our common country. We should manifest a spirit of charity, and cultivate the kindest relationships possible. Every soldier remembers the delight with which he was filled when the flag of our country was borne on to victory. We remembered that it was the flag which Jasper lost his life in attempting to save; that it floated over Porter on the "Essex," and over Grant at Vicksburg, Chattanooga, the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania. Two millions of men bore that flag to victory, and among them were our fellow-comrades here. They fought not alone for union, not alone for nationality, but like the patriot fathers of the Revolution, they contended for the rights of human nature. White men, remember that you stand here to-day in the enjoyment of the great constitutional principle of free speech undisturbed, that you are now relieved from the fear of a grasping and intolerant aristocracy. Black men, you are redeemed and disenthralled, not alone by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation. You stand here with the hopes and privileges of men, because the soil of the country has been bounteously saturated with the blood of patri-

ots, and because their bones whiten upon six hundred battle-fields. Let us now and here resolve that we will stand by our country in war and in peace, and that we are the certain and eternal enemies of treason under all circumstances. We were permitted to survive to aid in achieving the victories of peace. Let us now, in the presence of these graves of our dead comrades, resolve that we will conduct ourselves in all future time, both in war and peace, in such manner as shall leave these sheeted regiments no occasion to rise up and rebuke us.

Captain Armstrong then reminded the audience that they had often heard of a man who had one foot in the grave, taken in a figurative sense, but he had the honor of introducing one who had literally buried one leg in his country's cause, Henry C. Dibble, Esq., who would speak on behalf of the Grand Army of the Republic. Mr. Dibble then delivered the following address:

Comrades and Friends: It is made my duty to address you on behalf of the Grand Army of the Republic, under whose auspices this day was "designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, and hamlet churchyard in the land." It seems eminently proper that the day should be designated, and the ceremonies conducted by the organization to which we belong. The dead were our comrades and friends. We cherish the same principles for which they died. We are united by recollections the most sacred and lasting. We are gathered together by a common impulse to cherish the memory of the dead, to cultivate those ties of friendship among ourselves which were formed in the bivouac, in the camp, or upon the battle-field, and to care for the widows and orphans of those who lie around us to-day. But there is in our organization something more than these elements of strength and unity. We are bound together for the purpose, and sworn to "see that no harm come to the State," as the Roman Senate decreed to their consuls in the hour of sedition and danger. And so it has been said that we are a political organization. In the sense of party preference for men, it is not true. But the war for the Union was a struggle for the ascendency of political ideas. Our armies were raised, our battles were fought, our comrades died, and our victory was won that the nation might live, that liberty might prevail, and that the vestiges of slavery might disappear from the face of the land. These were the political ideas for which our comrades fought, and suffered, and died. Here they lie buried around us now. Do you expect that

the Grand Army will prove recreant to those principles, political though they may be called? No, comrades, our organization is looked upon by the nation with that confidence and hope which our people cherished toward their soldiers in the days of war. We will deserve that confidence, and warrant that hope, for we swerve not one step from that line of duty in which

> Four hundred thousand men,
> The brave, the good, the true;
> On battle-field, in swamp, and glen,
> Have died for me and you.

This later May day is about the only time in the year when all over our broad land the flowers are in full bloom. Upon the far borders of the North the chill of winter has but just passed away, and

> The verdure of the meadow lands
> Is creeping to the hills;
> The sweet blue-bosomed violets
> Are blooming by the rills.

An earlier day would not have found the flowers there for the graves. Here in the South the spring flowers are fast passing away, and a later day might find a stint of these emblems of affection which we bring with us.

Comrades and friends, pause one moment and think that to-day, aye! at this hour, in the ten thousand burial-grounds throughout the land, more than a million men and women are strewing flowers upon the graves of fallen heroes. Fathers, brothers, and sons; mothers, widows, and daughters; friends severed; lovers heart-broken, have met, bearing sweet tokens of remembrance to the graves of those but for whose death our country would not have lived. How when we dwell upon the thought it expands; the recollections of individuals parting, and suffering and death; the story of a thousand battle-fields; the history of a nation's struggle; the ransom of a race from bondage.

If we could only hear the story of each one of these graves we would know nearly all that is good in human nature. How the old man left his grandchildren and came away with his son to lie down here in a grave marked "Unknown." How the young man whose quickened mind was all aglow with thought, and whose heart was throbbing with virtuous ambition, left his wife of a month, she who dared not bid him stay for his honor's sake, to meet death with less of sorrow than hope, and with no feelings of disappointed ambition, but rather the sense of glory achieved. How the middle-aged man gave up the pursuits of

business, severed himself from an affectionate family, and concentrated those energies which he had developed in an active life to his country's good; how he gave up all to perform a duty which he deemed paramount, and at length gave up his life which he could spare in such a cause without a sigh. When among the dead we usually experience a sense of gloomy sorrow; but somehow it seems to me to-day, when I remember how these heroes fell—died that a victory might be won for the right —that this is not the most gloomy place on earth, for I only think that each grave is surrounded by a halo of glory not to be likened to gloom. It is the purpose of the commander-in-chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades. And so we have come to-day to perform this sacred duty for the first time, but let us hope not for the last time. We meet here under circumstances differing from those which surround our friends in the distant North who are decorating the graves of those comrades who lie in the churchyards of their native villages. There every heart is alive with sympathy and there are many attendants at every tomb; here we are but a small band comparatively in one of the nation's burial-places, and the graves far outnumber the hands that strew the flowers. Ah, comrades, we recollect to-day how we came away from our Northern homes, many of us marching side by side with those who lie beneath these garlands. Does it not almost seem that it is our duty to remain here in the South, if for no other purpose than to watch over this sacred spot, and come to it and bring tokens of remembrance from year to year? In conclusion, comrades and friends, let us learn the lesson of the hour. It has been said that we come to honor the nation's dead. In one sense of the term that were impossible. Their honor and glory are transcendent. We come rather to be reminded that we must live for the cause for which they died. They gave up their lives that the Union might not perish. Let us see that they died not in vain, and in passing away ourselves let us leave as a dying wish the charge to our children. These fallen heroes fought the good battle against slavery, whose policy was to teach that ignorance is the mother of virtue and bondage the basis of strength. If we forget to struggle on and perfect the work which they began, we are recreant to the cause in whose behalf they fell. We are here met in the midst of the scenes of the conflict—in the heart of the South—which was saved to the Union and regenerated by the sacrifice of these lives. Our people are kneeling to-day along the northern lakes, upon the shores of the Atlantic, and

far inland at the graves of those comrades who are buried there. Let us, in unison with them, dedicate our lives anew to our country and to the work of Christian civilization.

Gen. Hobart, of Wisconsin, a member of the Army of the Gulf in 1862, responded to the call of the chairman in a short and effective speech. At the request of the chairman, Mayor Heath then read the following description of the cemetery: Monument National Cemetery is situated at Chalmette, in the parish of St. Bernard, Louisiana; is six miles below the city of New Orleans, and one mile below the United States (Jackson) barracks. It contains thirteen and a third acres, was purchased by the city of New Orleans from its original owner, Mr. Charles Resner, in 1861, and has since been ceded by the city to the United States. It was commenced by Captain N. Constable, Assistant Quartermaster, in May, 1864, and will probably be completed by the latter end of the present summer. It has a frontage of 250 feet on the Mississippi river, and a depth of 2317 feet. Young cedar, arbor vitæ, and other trees and shrubbery have been obtained with some difficulty, and planted about half way on each side of the main avenue. The government made no appropriation for the purchase of shrubbery, and the only means of obtaining it was by procuring shrubs and trees from the woods, and by donation. The first plan has been carried out until the supply is about exhausted, and a large quantity is still required to beautify and decorate the cemetery. If the loyal citizens of Louisiana who are known to have at heart the beautifying and decorating of this cemetery, where so many brave defenders of the Union from almost every State and territory therein are interred, would take into consideration the great want of shrubbery for this purpose, and furnish as much as possible, it would be one of the most acceptable offerings in the way of decoration, and it would besides be a lasting memorial of their generosity, and would permanently beautify and decorate the cemetery. About 12,000 bodies of deceased Union soldiers are now interred in this cemetery, of which number about 6500 are "known," and the remainder "unknown." About 1000 more bodies scattered over the Teche country are yet to be removed and interred herein. Fifteen thousand eight hundred and eighty graves is the entire capacity of this cemetery. There were formerly about 7,000 bodies of colored civilians interred in it, but they have all been removed to the Freedmen's cemetery adjoining. The ground on which we now stand, on which this national cemetery is located, will ever be memorable in the annals of the country, it being the scene of General Jackson's greatest triumph, recorded in the history of

the United States as the "Battle of New Orleans." Six hundred and eleven yards northwest stands Jackson's monument, from which the cemetery derives its name, and eight hundred and eighty yards east stands a venerable live oak, under which General Pakenham lay mortally wounded during a portion of that memorable engagement; this incident gained it the cognomen of the "Pakenham Oak," and cannon balls are still imbedded in its trunk. The associations and memories connected with this spot render it the best location that could have been selected in the whole of Louisiana, for the ashes of our brave dead who fell in the late rebellion probably mingles with that of the heroes of 1815. It is replete with memories of self sacrifice and patriotism; the receptacle of the dust of two generations of heroes; and every effort has been made to render it worthy of the holy purpose to which it has been consecrated.

Captain Sheridan, one of the participators in the struggle for the Union, was then called, and responded as follows:

SPEECH OF CAPTAIN SHERIDAN.

So much has been said here to-day, and so well said, in praise of the silent battalions of the Union, whose green graves spread out here before us, that to add anything of interest I feel almost a hopeless task. I hold, in common with all here, and with the loyal millions of the North, the memory of our dead sacred, and the ground where they slumber hallowed. And here, as elsewhere, my tongue refuses to keep silence when a word is asked of me in remembrance of comrades whose blood flowed freely that the flag we loved might not go down in disaster and defeat, that the nation our fathers founded, purified of its great wrong against humanity, might endure for all ages to come, and prove by its power and stability the falsity of all who say man is incapable of self-government. I believe that America is the battle-ground designed by God for the overthrow of all forms of wrong and oppression. A land where the broadest liberty shall exist, the only test of a man's right to citizenship, loyalty to the government, a devotion to his principles which impels him when they are assailed to stand boldly forward, and if need be, give up his life as freely as the quiet sleepers around us yielded up theirs. Standing to-day in the presence of our dead, memory is busy, and the scenes of the few years past crowd thick upon us. We live over again the stormy days of the war. By doing this we more fully realize the deep-seated love of country, the strong conviction of duty, and the lofty courage that animated the soldiers of the Union when summoned from their quiet homes by the thunder of hostile guns they

took up their line of march, and never paused before the flag of rebellion went down before their advancing columns. And who to-day will say humanity did not breathe freer when the smoke of the mighty conflict passed away, and their straining eyes caught sight of freedom's flag waving over every foot of America? Thank God, we all in some capacity or other helped on the grand struggle. Thank God so many of us are permitted to come here to-day, and pay tribute to the memory of our departed ones. I come not sadly here to-day, but rather with a feeling of joy and pride. I am proud of the valor which won for us to speak and act as men wherever the flag of the republic floats; proud that under this Southern sky, within the shadow of yonder mighty city which our dead heroes helped to win, we can come and crown their graves with flowers; proud to feel that America, through the efforts of the quiet sleepers here, stands the mightiest republic in the world; proud to look upon these graves and say they are the mute but eloquent index of how well our armies fought, and how lavishly they poured out their blood when called upon to stand by their God and nation. There is no soldier here to-day who cannot recall some glorious recollections of the war. And as the picture flashes into view how the heart thrills. Proudly, yet with moist eye and trembling lip, we recall the forms of those who fell by our side on some battle-field of the rebellion. We hear again the stern commands, "Close up," "Steady on the right," "Guide centre," "Forward, march." "Charge bayonets!" falls on our ear with the olden power. We see the glistening steel come down, guns grasped in strong hands, teeth shut close, eyes of flame, every chest heaving as the mighty line sweeps forward over ditch and parapets, up to the very muzzle of the thundering guns, the solid earth reeling beneath our tread, the air throbbing with the mighty shout that bursts from our victorious ranks when, high over the stronghold our valor won, the banner we bore flashed out its stars of glory! The picture fades only to give place to others, in each and all of which the fallen ones stand out bold and clear. There are friendships beautiful and lasting in almost every walk of life. But there are none more sincere than those formed upon the weary march, and knit close in the shock of battle. When we clasp hands with one who stood side by side with us on many a field, we feel toward him as we feel toward none other. And when we look upon the graves of comrades there steals over the heart a thousand recollections that make their memory dearer than that of others, and invests the spot where they sleep with an interest no other in the world can have. That we come here to-day is but one evidence of how

fondly we love the memory of our dead. Lying here upon the banks of the mighty river their strong arms wrested from a race of warriors, are the representatives of nearly every State in the Union. Many graves are nameless. We only know that some one lies there who fell for America, and we crown his grave with our tribute of respect. Many a mother's darling lies in an unknown grave; all she knows is that somewhere her boy lies buried. When to-morrow the news flashes over the country that we have here decorated the graves of loyal soldiers, many a heart will throb with joy to think that others have done for their dead what they themselves have longed to do. Many a soul will be stronger for the knowledge that we have visited the nation's dead, struck palms across their green graves, and pledged anew our fidelity to the country they laid down their lives to maintain. But not alone to our army is all the praise due. Brave men are sleeping here who maintained the honor of our flag upon the seas. Some, perhaps, who sailed through storm of shot and shell with grand old Farragut to the conquest of the empire city of the South. The army spares not in praise when the deeds of our sailors are mentioned. We remember proudly the wondrous circle of fire in which our navy sailed at Port Royal, we bless the hardy tars who manned the Monitor, our hearts swell with exultation when the Cumberland is mentioned, and we thank God that America had sons to stand by the ship, and fight her till she sunk beneath the waves of the Chesapeake, thundering her own requiem. We glory in Winslow, who near the sunny coast of France taught all Europe to respect our navy, and in presence of the Continent covered our flag with glory. We remember the bay of Mobile, where, lashed to the mast, America's great admiral led his fleet to victory, and added new laurels to our navy. A thousand other recollections cluster around it, dear to the hearts of the army. The glory of the war belongs alike to each. The war is over, the old drum stands silent, the bugle has sounded its last charge and pealed its last recall. The sword hangs idly in its scabbard, the musket leans unused by the fire-side, the banners that gleamed so proudly in the front of battle have folded their riven stars, and now stand mementoes of glories passed. Our armies have taken their tents and silently gone; the fields where they struggled gleam with the glory of peace, and another than death gathers the rich harvest that springs from their fruitful bosom. We are often asked, now that the war is over, why not let the dead rest in the graves their valor won? I would not crush one flower that grows on the graves of the Southern dead. I only ask that the graves of our dead be sacred—free from censure and unmanly

reproach. The duties we owe the living must not blind us to the duties we owe to the dead. Let us yearly crown their graves with flowers. Thus shall we show the world we never let the memory of valor perish. Thus shall we perform a duty, and feel that when we are gone we shall have a right to claim a wreath of flowers from companions left behind us.

SPEECH OF CAPTAIN JORDAN B. NOBLE.

Captain Noble having been introduced as the "Drummer Boy of Chalmette," said:

Ladies and Gentlemen and Brother Soldiers: Though last, I hope I am not the least to address you on this memorial occasion. So much has been said by the gentlemen who have preceded me, it is unnecessary for me to say anything concerning the great war and rebellion that was concluded by the surrender of General Lee to General Grant. I hope it will not be out of place to make a few remarks respecting this sacred ground. On this spot and not far from here, fifty-three years ago, I had the honor to be present under our great commander, Major-General Andrew Jackson. There stands the old house where he made his headquarters, and where I often served him as orderly during the encampment of American troops. Here we met and beat back one of the proudest and most daring enemies that ever invaded this continent.

Here Captain Noble gave his hearers a vivid and interesting description of the battle of the 8th of January, 1815, and proceeded:

Governor Claiborne then came to the camp in person, and was with the General almost every day until the enemy retired. Thus you see, that over half a century ago the poor drummer boy who this day stands before you in this honored place, surrounded by the honored dead, now stands the only living being that can be found of his regiment. There are many of the old veterans still here that belonged to the different battalions too old and feeble to be present on this occasion, among whom I will name the honored Anthony Fernandez, and a number of the colored battalion, too numerous to mention at present. The roll of the Seventh regiment was called on the eighth of January, 1867 and 1868, and there were none to answer to their names except the poor drummer boy of the regiment. I would here remark that I hope you will not attribute to personal vanity the mention of my services to my country. Enlisted in 1813 in the Seventh regiment as drummer during the war, discharged on the eighth of May, 1816, re-enlisted the same day for five years, and honorably discharged at Baton Rouge; again re-

enlisted in the First United States infantry, and served as a substitute four years four months and fourteen days. I was then honorably discharged from the United States army in 1825; I came to New Orleans and made this my home till 1836. In that year, at the time Major Dade was massacred with his troops in Florida, the call was made by General Gaines for volunteers to go there. I then volunteered for that service, under command of General Persifer F. Smith, and was present at the burial of the murdered men of Major Dade. Major-General Buchanan, the present commander of this department, was then adjutant of the Fourth infantry, commanded by Major Twiggs. To him was assigned the duty of collecting the dead bodies and reporting their numbers. He did this by counting the skulls of the dead soldiers. I returned to New Orleans after three months' service in Florida, and was placed under the command of Colonel Cross in the recruiting service, where I served two years, and was honorably discharged.

REMARKS OF COLONEL CASE.

The chairman then introduced Col. Charles Case, remarking that he would read an original poem, written for the occasion, and precede it by a few remarks.

Colonel Case said that in consideration of the many things which had been said, and well said, he should not detain them long, but confine his remarks to a single point: whether the immense sacrifices in valuable lives and millions of treasure we had given for the Union our country did not outweigh its real value. He had considered the matter seriously, and had no hesitation in declaring that the honor, integrity and glory of our beloved country were beyond price, and more than worth all the sacrifices the nation had made for it. In regard to the poem he was about to read, he would only remark that it had been written since twelve o'clock, and must not be considered a thoughtful production. He then read the poem, as follows:

All honor to the patriot dead,
  Who fell that freedom's cause might live;
We strew above each grassy bed
  The sweetest flowers our hands can give.

And thus beside each hallowed grave
  We tell how recollection still
Warms with those memories of the brave
  Which lapsing years shall never chill.

And here above their sleeping dust
  We call their shades from spirit land,
To seal our pledges that the trust
  For which they died for aye shall stand.

Dearer than aught on earth beside,
Sacred as all our hopes of heaven—
That for the flag, whate'er betide,
Our lives are pledged, and shall be given.

So on the field where long ago
Brave warriors stayed invasion's tread,
We swear afresh, come weal or woe,
We will be faithful to the dead.

A few remarks from the chairman, and a prayer by Rev. Mr. Plumb, closed the interesting ceremonies.

At St. Joseph's, Missouri.

At an early hour in the morning, the comrades of the Grand Army in this city assembled at their hall, on Edmond street, and at nine o'clock the line of the procession was taken up in the following order: First, band of music; 2d, officers of the post, G. A. R.; 3d, members of the post; 4th, members of the press; 5th, soldiers of the army not connected with the G. A. R.; 6th, members of the Turner Society; 7th, citizens on foot; 8th, ladies and gentlemen in carriages. Under the charge of Major Drumhiller, as Chief Marshal, with Col. John Pinger, Major I. B. Halsey and Captain Frank Hopkins as assistants, the route of the march was taken up. When the procession entered the cemetery, the band played the dead march, the men in line passing the portals with uncovered heads.

Owing to the fact that the graves of the fallen soldiers were scattered throughout the cemetery, it was determined to hold the ceremonial services around the grave of Captain Arthur J. Devlin, one of the bravest of the "unreturning brave." The services commenced with a most feeling and appropriate appeal to the throne of grace by the Chaplain of the Post, Rev. Mr. Flowers. A most suitable song, "O'er graves of the loved ones plant beautiful flowers," was chanted by a choir of ladies and gentlemen, under the leadership of Professor James. During this song the graves of the soldiers were decked with flowers. Gathered around the sacred remains, they covered the passionless moulds above them with the choicest flowers of spring time, and raised above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor. An address was then delivered by the orator selected by the Post—Colonel Green.

Address by Colonel T. A. Green.

Fellow-Citizens: We have met here this quiet, holy morning, in this beautiful "city of the dead," for the purpose

of decorating the graves, and honoring the memories of the departed Union soldiers, who are here, and who gave up their lives that our country and our liberties might endure. During the long and sanguinary struggle between Slavery and Freedom, through which our unhappy country has just passed, many of our brave Union soldiers fell on distant fields, in the enemy's country, far from home and friends, and often, after battles, our dead and dying fell into the hands of the enemy, and were wholly denied the last, sad rites of burial, and their bones were left to bleach on the fields where they fell. Many others, like Sir John Moore, were buried "hastily at dead of night," or under emergencies which compelled their comrades to give them but a partial burial, without having time to make their graves; and they now sleep their last long sleep in unmarked and unknown beds of honor, where no friends or grateful countrymen can decorate their tombs with flowers, or shed over them the grateful tears of gratitude; but the blessed, unseen spirit of liberty will ever linger near and guard their sacred resting-places. Those were more fortunate who were gathered into this beautiful cemetery, and around whose graves we have assembled this lovely spring morning, to pay a becoming tribute to their memories. It has been said, however, that the most fitting place for a soldier's grave is the field of glory on which he falls. You will pardon me for indulging in an old, patriotic Latin sentiment of a nation that is past—*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*—"It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country." In all ages of the world, and amongst all noble nations of the earth, love of one's country has been, and still is, regarded as a great virtue; nor has it only been held to be a great virtue, but a man's duty to his country has been regarded as next to his duty to his God. On the other hand, treason to a good government has always been held to be the basest and most infamous of all crimes. It has been generally thought that it is a man's sacred duty to stand by his Government, no matter whether it be right or wrong; but believing, as I do, in the higher law doctrine of the paramount obligations of the eternal and immutable principles of right and justice, I am not willing to recognize the principle, that it is the duty of a subject to support his government in perpetuating an act that is clearly wrong, as, for instance, selling a little child from its mother, like a brute, for paltry gold, which was often the case under the institution of slavery as it existed in this country. Understand me. I simply say it was not a man's duty to support his government in that particular wrongful act; but because our Government tolerates such a wrongful act, did not absolve its

subjects from supporting it in all other respects; but every subject had the right to earnestly protest against "the deep damnation" of such a revolting crime! When a government is hereditary, and its ends are subverted to oppression and wrong, and there is no other manner of righting the wrong, revolution is justifiable, and even a right inherent in the people, as in the case of our revolutionary fathers; but in our Republic, where all power is in the people, and is only delegated for a short time to our rulers, and all reverts back to the people, rebellion or revolution is a crime. When a government is in the right, and is attacked by its enemies, and, in self-defence, is engaged in a struggle for its life, or is engaged in a righteous struggle for human freedom, then I endorse the principle that next to a man's duty to his God, is his duty to support his country, and if need be, sacrifice his life for it. Then indeed is the old Latin maxim true—that it is sweet and glorious to die for one's country—and then, too, it is true that it is base and infamous to desert or betray one's country. Such was the case in our late war for the Union. Our revolutionary fathers had struggled hard through seven long years of privations, hardships, toil, suffering and bloodshed to establish this mighty, free Republican Empire upon this western continent, and in a short time we had grown to be a great, prosperous and happy nation.

Heaven seemed to bless us above all other nations and peoples of the earth; but, alas! our fathers in laying the foundations, barely tolerated the institution of Slavery, believing that it would in a short time pass away, which it did in many of the States, but was retained at the South, and grew to be a formidable institution; and, as it was soon ascertained that there was an irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery, and that it was impossible for the two to exist in the Government together, the slave power attempted the entire overthrow of the Government of our fathers, and the establishment in its stead, and upon its ruins, of a great Slave Empire; and had it not been for the Union soldiers now living and dead, our Government would have been blotted out from amongst the nations of the earth; and the sun in the heavens to day would be looking down on the melancholy ruins of a once mighty nation. Had the slave power succeeded in the destruction of the Government, the human mind cannot conceive of, nor can the imagination picture the horrors that would have befallen us. Some may think that the Union might have been divided into two governments—one slave, the other free—and so remained and flourished side by side, but this is a fatal delusion. Had this Union once been severed, disintegration thus begun, would have continued,

until, instead of two, there would soon have been as many miserable, wrangling little republics as there are now States; and this would have been equivalent to a declaration of eternal warfare; and they would have preyed upon and desolated each other, until the people would have been compelled to have sought peace in despotism. Thus, our political sun, which, in the morning of the Republic, rose in such cloudless splendor, and shone so brightly for so many years, would have gone down in anarchy and blood, and finally set forever in a long, gloomy, dreary night of absolute despotism. Webster, in his great speech on the importance of the Union, said: "I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the abyss below. Nor have I considered how tolerable might be the condition of the people, when the Union shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for ourselves and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the vail. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision may never be opened what lies behind.

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in the heavens, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union—on a land rent with civil feuds, and drenched in fraternal blood.

"But rather let their last feeble and lingering glance behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly, Liberty first, and union afterward; but everywhere spread all over with characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea, and over the land, and on every wind, and under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every American heart, 'Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable.'"

If the Union was important and glorious in Webster's day, how much more important and glorious is it to-day! Then, its glory was obscured by the deep, dark, and damning shame of slavery, and the clanking of chains mingled with all our songs of freedom. Now, thank God! there is not a slave upon all

our shores; and our songs of freedom ascend to heaven unmingled with the sighs and groans of the oppressed. Then, the canker-worm of Slavery was gnawing at its heart, and the doctrine of State Rights threatening its destruction. Now, the canker has been extracted, and the suicidal doctrine of State Rights forever crushed. Then a large portion of the Union was founded on the quicksands of oppression and wrong; and when the rains and the floods and the storms came and beat upon it, it fell, and terrible, indeed, was the fall thereof. Now, that part is being reconstructed and founded on the eternal and immovable rock of justice, and will stand firmly as the everlasting hills. Like Mount Athos, "When storms and tempests beat upon its brow, and the ocean laves its billows at its feet, it stands unmoved and glories in its strength." In Webster's day it was the asylum of the persecuted of some races and some nations. To-day it is the asylum of the down-trodden and oppressed of all people and nations of the earth, no matter of what color or tongue or race. Here, every human being, no matter if he be from the uttermost parts of the earth, if he have the upright form of man and the image of God in his soul, may now find a sure refuge from oppression and wrong. It is now truly

"The land of the free and the home of the brave."

All the crushed and famishing millions of earth can now find freedom, homes, and plenty upon our happy shores. There are bright, exciting and glorious prospects spread out before us in the future. No imagination can paint the coming greatness and glory of our now redeemed and regenerated country.

"Great God! we thank Thee for this home,
This bounteous birthland of the free,
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty;
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise,
And yet, till time shall fold her wing,
Remain earth's loveliest paradise."

Who can estimate the importance of the Union to day, freighted as it is with the hopes, the happiness and liberty of millions of our fellow beings—not only of present millions, but of millions yet to be. For all that our country now is, and all that it is destined to be in the future, we are indebted to the Union Soldiers. Although I believe that God, in the beginning, reared this mighty continent from the waters, that Freedom might somewhere on earth find an eternal home; and that the same Power sustained our fathers in their revolutionary struggle and

our Union Soldiers in their struggle with the gigantic rebellion; yet notwithstanding I believe there is a Providence who rules over the destinies of the nations of the earth, yet these destinies are worked out by human agencies; and a vast amount of human suffering, and human sacrifices were necessary in the fearful struggle through which we have just passed, to preserve and perpetuate the liberties which our fathers purchased with their blood. Weary marches in the burning sun, and pelting storm; beds on the cold ground, hunger, thirst, privations, suffering, toil, hardships, sickness, danger and death—these for four long years were a part of the price which was paid by the Union Soldiers for the inestimable blessings of liberty which we now enjoy. If there ever was a country and a cause for which it was noble to suffer and to die, it was the cause for which our brave Union Soldiers suffered and died. Reverence for the dead is one of the noblest sentiments of the human heart, and especially should all true Americans cultivate this sentiment for the memories of our brave Union Soldiers who toiled and suffered for us and who have now gone to their final account. They have worked out an imperishable immortality and of earthly glory that will only grow brighter and brighter with time. Their memories can never perish so long as the love of liberty shall continue to glow in a human heart in any part of the earth.

They have the gratitude of all the present generation who love liberty, their country, and all that is heroic, noble, sublime, and redeeming in human action and in the human soul; and unborn millions will bless them! The grave of every brave Union Soldier, in our whole land, is a shrine of liberty; and there are over three hundred thousand of them dotted all over our country. Let him whose patriotism is growing cold, go to the graves of Union Soldiers, and there inhale afresh the sacred inspiration of Freedom. He will there find, in the silent inspirations of these graves, a power far surpassing any eloquence of the human tongue. And let us all, this beautiful, quiet, holy Sabbath morning, listen to the silent eloquence of these graves around which we have assembled, and ourselves breathe in anew, from these sacred shrines, the holy inspirations of Freedom!

"Give me the death of those
  Who for their country die;
And oh, be mine like their repose,
  As cold and low they lie.
Their loveliest mother earth
  Enshrines the fallen brave;
In her sweet lap who gave them birth,
  They find a tranquil grave.

After a dirge by the band, the benediction was said and the large crowd assembled, slowly and quietly returned to their homes.

At St. Louis, Missouri.

In St. Louis the weather was gloriously propitious, an acceptable breeze aiding to cool the temperature of a fine sunny day. The national flags floated at half-mast from our public buildings, and as 2 o'clock approached, the hour appointed for leaving the Iron Mountain Railway station, crowds of men, women and children were seen with floral burdens wending their way to the train. Twelve large cars were filled with interested parties, and no accident prevented their safe arrival at the National Cemetery of Jefferson Barracks, where eleven thousand one hundred and fifty-three fallen soldiers already repose in their last earthly resting-places, and were visited on Saturday by about two thousand loving devotees. Here were surviving officers of every grade, to do honor to the men with whom they had stood side by side in the conflict of battle. Here were companions in arms who toiled and struggled with the fallen in the weary march and in the deadly struggle of musket and sabre. Here were parents whose hearts were desolated, lovers whose light of life had been put out, and brothers and sisters who cherish the memory of the lost in swelling pride for their deeds of self-sacrifice. Here, too, were the patient nurses of the Hospitals, who had watched over the wounded and the sick in many an hour of sad foreboding, only to close their eyes at last and follow their remains to the home of all the living. All had gathered upon the same touching errand, to leave fragrant blossoms upon their tombs, as memorials of reverential love. The cemetery is delightfully situated upon the banks of the Mississippi, from which it rises to an elevation of about two hundred feet, and spreads out in undulating variety with forest trees interspersed at sparse intervals, or clustering in beautiful groves. Towards the western centre boundary, two ponds of water lend variety and freshness to the spot. The grounds are in form of a parallelogram, 734 by 1200 feet, and contain 20½ acres. About 1½ acres was originally the cemetery for the barracks, and several handsome monuments and headstones mark the resting-place of officers and soldiers of the army of old times, with members of their families. Mr. Geo. W. Long is the present Superintendent, working under the general direction of Col. C. W. Thomas. Much progress has been made in beautifying and adorning the locality, walks and driveways are laid out, and partially macadamized, and a strong force is at work to complete it. The view is fine

from the summit, and the place one of great natural attractiveness. Besides the white soldiers interred upon the grounds, there are sections devoted to colored soldiers who fell in the service of the country, rebel soldiers who died as prisoners of war, and the children of refugees. All are carefully entered on suitable records, and the graves so marked and numbered that any remains may be easily and certainly indentified. On the arrival of the train at the cemetery, the visitors were received by Col. P. C. Hains, the commander of Jefferson Barracks, and by Company E of the Engineer Battalion, officered by Captain Jas. W. Cuyler and Lieutenants E. A. Woodruff and Jos. B. Quinn, all in full dress uniform. The company of about fifty rank and file was drawn up in line, and on the procession being formed, with the ladies in front, the military escorted the visitors up the hill to the speaker's stand, a band playing appropriate dirge music. The platform was erected from portions of a pontoon bridge that had seen service, and located upon the highest point of the ground, in a shady place, overlooking the river. As the audience gathered about it, Colonel Ledergerber called the assembly to order, and announced that James E. Yeatman, Esq., had been selected to preside on the occasion. Mr. Yeatman immediately took the chair, and thanking the visitors for the honor done him, introduced Rev. Dr. W. G. Eliot as the first speaker. Dr. Eliot spoke as follows:

Fellow-Citizens: We are here to-day to perform a duty of patriotism, of gratitude, and of love. There have been some to ask, "What use is in it? what good will it do the dead?" As well might you ask, what is the use of loving each other at all? When love ceases to pay let our friends be forgotten. When our children are dead bury them and forget them. As well might you ask, what is the use of gratitude? If you cannot pay for a service forget it, blot it out, and forget the benefactor. Measure everything by profit and loss. Let your hearts be as cold as stone, and never have any emotion upon any subject however sacred, however personal, until you know how much it is worth at the market price! We answer no such questions. We are here because our hearts led us here. The heartfelt gratitude to those who died for their country and for us is the least tribute we can pay, and, if it does them no good, it will do good to our own souls. It will quicken our own patriotism, and perhaps strengthen us, if need be, for the faithful performance of our own duties at the country's call. But why this expense? Why was not this money given to the poor? Why not show our gratitude to the dead by our care of the living? So in the Sacred Book we read that when Mary, whose brother had been

raised from the dead to live, came into the house where Jesus was, with an alabaster box of precious ointment, and anointed his head. One of those who sat with him said: "Why was this waste? Why was not this ointment sold and given to the poor?" But who was it that asked that question? Was it the husband John? Was it the warm-hearted Peter? Was it James, the brother of the Lord? No; but it was Judas Iscariot. He was the disinterested, careful man, so fearful lest the money should be wasted. The history may teach us something. And it may be now that those who did not rejoice at the victory are most ready to forget the martyred dead, by whose sacrifice the victory was won. They who hated the cause have no tears for those who died in its defence. And how did Jesus answer the complaint? "Inasmuch as she hath done it for me, she hath done it for my burial." And in like manner we would bring our humble offerings to lay upon the graves of our dead, and our hearts are full of thanksgiving, for their sakes, while we strew their lowly beds with flowers. The widow and the orphan —yes, we would take care of them, and we acknowledge the sacred obligation to do so, as long as we have a crust of bread to eat or a cup of cold water to share with them. But to whom would we appeal for the means to do this effectually? To the cold-hearted and calculating men? or to you whose hearts are warm with gratitude? I venture to say that more money may be obtained from those who engage with us in this day's commemoration, from one end of the country to the other, than from the united wealth of all who find fault with us for so doing. The feature that interests me the most on this occasion is that we have come to commemorate not the great and distinguished, but the common soldiers of the great war; the nameless dead, who are by a thoughtless world so apt to be forgotten. The leaders of a cause are sure to be remembered. To them the monuments rise. To them the nation's thanks are sure to be given. Great and glorious names they are! Reynolds, and Schofield, and Sheridan, and Thomas, and Hancock, and Sherman and Grant, and the time would fail me to name them all. But let me not forget him, the first—not the least—General Nathaniel Lyon. Great and glorious names they are! Living may they always be honored, and dying may the inheritance of their virtues be to us and our children. But this day is especially sacred to the memory of those who in lowlier places died an equally honorable death. By hundreds and thousands they came from their peaceful homes—from the plow-handles, from the work-bench, from colleges and schools—poor men who had nothing but themselves to give. And they came cheerily, as

one going to a banquet, to offer health and strength, and life itself, for their country's salvation. Of that glorious martyr band eleven thousand are here around us asleep. We thank God that they lived to do their work so well, and we honor ourselves by honoring them.

An offering at the shrine of power,
It is not ours to bring;
A garland on the car of pomp,
Our hands shall never fling;
Applauding in the conqueror's path,
Our voices ne'er shall be;
But we have hearts to honor those
Who made our country free.

Praise to the men, the lowly, great,
Who made us what we are;
Who lit the flame which yet shall glow
With radiance brighter far.
Glory to them in coming time,
And through Eternity,
Who burst the captive's galling chains,
And made our country free.

Here let me tell you an incident in the early history of the war, closely connected with this day's commemoration. Soon after the battle near Springfield, Mo., a soldier from Illinois, wounded there, was brought to St. Louis, where he died in hospital, and was buried. His friends from the country—from his country home—came down to disinter his remains, and carry them back to be buried among his kindred. They found that he had been placed in a city hospital coffin, buried at public charge among paupers and criminals, without name or record, so that they were unable to identify his body, and they returned home indignant, and sadly disappointed. From that painful incident came all the arrangements subsequently carried out for the burial of our dead. For when the facts became known one of our own citizens, whose presence prevents me from naming him here—the President of the Western Sanitary Commission*—carried the facts to Major-Gen. Fremont, and an order was immediately obtained, under which suitable burial-grounds were set apart, and proper arrangements made for a decent burial of every one who died in our hospitals or camps, with a careful registry of name and date, so that every grave is distinctly marked, and the remains of the dead can be certainly identified. And let it be remembered here, that this was the first order issued in the whole country to the like effect. Congress had as yet taken no action on the subject, and no army regulation

*Mr. James E. Yeatman.

fully met the case. And one word more let me say, for I love to speak well of those who have been unjustly censured, whether present or absent. Among all the commanding Generals in Missouri, and in the West, there was never one who paid so much attention to the private soldier or did so much for the sick in hospital, or to provide for the comfort of the wounded on the battle-field as John C. Fremont. If that is praise it belongs to him, and no small part of it belongs to her—Jessie Benton Fremont—who gave her personal attention to the suffering soldiers, visiting them in hospital, and protecting them from neglect. I care nothing about what politicians say, nor for the strifes of parties and party men, but I speak of what I know; and I believe that however high a man may be he is made higher by works of loyalty and love. Look now over this field of death. It is God's vineyard. How sad a record of suffering and pain preceded that obscure burial! Through the five years of fearful strife it was my duty to spend many hours of every day among the sick and dying in the hospitals, and among them all scarce a murmur of complaint was ever heard; no word of regret that they had enlisted was ever spoken. Some men will tell you they fought for pay or the love of strife. I tell you, No! They fought for freedom, for their country, for the Union, for the maintenance of law and order; for the nation's safety and for God. Let them be freshly remembered. Scatter flowers over their graves, and say, God bless them! And not only those who lie here, but all over the land—many of them in unknown graves, numbered only among the dead and missing—the nameless martyrs, wherever they may be. On the battle-fields of Virginia or Missouri, buried in the changing sand-bars of the Western rivers, or in the burial-grounds of the accursed prison, may they rest in peace.

Flung to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watched,
And gathered up at last;
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
For freedom and for God.
To save the nation's life,
They gave their latest breath;
Vain was the rebel boast
Of victory in their death.
Still, still, though dead they speak,
And trumpet-tongued proclaim,
From North to South, from East to West,
Freedom, in God's great name.

Upon the close of Dr. Eliot's remarks, Gen. Carl Schurz was introduced, and spoke as follows;

My Friends: We stand here among eleven thousand soldiers' graves—soldiers who received their wounds on the rough edge of battle, soldiers who sunk down under the burden of fatigue and toil, or who inhaled the fatal breath of disease from the deadly vapors raised by the Southern sun, or amidst the inhuman torments of captivity. To say that they died a glorious death would be saying little, for the same is said of those who, following the lead of vain and greedy conquerors, found their graves among enslaved nations, slaves themselves to the selfish and despotic will that ruled them. For our dead we have a higher praise. It was not forced obedience to the command of a tyrant that dragged them from their homes; not the lust of conquest, nor the scarcely nobler thirst for glory. When the life of the nation was attempted, when the cause of liberty and human rights called for their aid, they rushed forth to rally under the banner they loved, with grand singleness of purpose and heroic devotion, leaving house and home, wife and child, father and mother—leaving all behind them, to meet toil and danger, hunger, sickness, wounds and death, for nothing but the sublime satisfaction of doing their duty to their country and to mankind. Other soldiers have fought as well as ours; but proudly may we say, that no soldier ever battled with more unselfish zeal for a nobler cause than the American volunteer. That is his unmatched glory.

Honor to those who returned home from the field safe and victorious! Honor to them! But they have already received a high reward. The names of many are inscribed upon the rolls of renown, and all are left to rejoice over the great results of their struggles. Theirs is the happiness to read the praise of their sufferings and deeds in the beaming eyes of their children. But those upon whose graves we stand here, and many thousands like them, have gone down lonesome and nameless; the hands of strangers have closed their eyelids, and most of them now rest forever, far away from those to whom they were most dear. Therefore, you have come here to-day, patriotic men and women, to adorn these mounds with the offerings of your affection, of gratitude, and to prove that the great American heart forgets not one who has laid down his life that the republic might live, and that the eternal rights of human nature might be safe.

These flowers are beautiful, but their beauty fades over night. To-morrow's sun will wither it. What would this offering be worth if the spirit which brings it here proved as perish-

able as these flowers? If we could forget that we owe a higher duty to our dead than the mere ornament we strew upon their graves? Would not this be a most wanton mockery, if our hearts were not full of the sacred resolution to devote our lives to that for which they have died? We shall disgrace their memories if ever we prove faithless to their example.

Then, in the awful presence of these eleven thousand graves, let us pronounce this vow: By every drop of blood that has been shed in the great struggle; by every moan and sigh of the wounded and dying; by every tear that has moistened the pale cheek of mother, widow and orphan; by the terrors of death that swept over our battle-fields and haunted the beds of agony in our hospitals—here we record the sacred promise that these men shall not have died in vain; that no prejudice shall move us from our purpose; that no obstacle, ever so formidable, shall make us falter in our resolve; that we will not rest until we can crown their graves with the monument of the final victory of the right, until the great American Republic, one and indivisible, is firmly grounded upon impartial justice and the equal rights of all.

> Their bodies lie mouldering in the grave,
> Their souls are marching on!

—Yes, marching on with the van of the grand army of liberty, hovering over our banners as they advance for new struggles, quickening our resolution with their inspiring presence, striking confusion into the hearts of our enemies, and overwhelming those who have proved faithless with the deep damnation of their treachery. So we will march on together—on and on, united, fearless, irresistible, until the grand consummation is reached, so that when we lay down our heads mankind may bless us, as we now bless those who have preceded us.

This is the offering the loyal people bring to the soldiers' graves."

The Chairman introduced Mr. Stanegel, who spoke for about ten minutes in German, to the great acceptance of his fellow-countrymen. Dr. Eliot then pronounced the final prayer and benediction:

"O, most merciful God, our Father, here in Thine own temple, not made with hands, we lift up our hearts to Thee. In the midst of life we are in death. To whom then shall we seek for succor but from Thee? O, most merciful God, we thank Thee for all the faithfulness of those whom we here remember with so much gratitude and love, who gave themselves for our country and for us. And wilt Thou grant that the sacrifice

may not have been in vain. May the United States be bound together henceforth and forever more and more closely. From North to South, from East to West, may we all come together as a band of brothers, knowing that we have but one interest, one country, one God. And let Thy blessings rest upon us all now, and upon these loving hearts who here express their sympathy and gratitude for the departed; and to Thy great name we render thanks and praise forever through our Lord Jesus Christ. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of his Spirit be with us forevermore. Amen."

A deputation of colored people were in attendance to pay their tribute to the dead of their own race. Flowers were provided for them, and the following lines were handed to Col. Ledergerber on the platform, to be read in their behalf, but the Chairman had announced the benediction before the paper could be passed to him. We append them, as appropriately belonging to the occasion:

"And you,
Whom this song cannot reach with its transient breath—
Deaf ears that are stopped with the brown dust of death,
Blind eyes that are dark to your own deathless glory,
Silenced hearts that are heedless to praise murmured o'er ye—
Sleep deep! sleep in peace! sleep in memory ever!
Wrapt each soul in the deeds of its deathless endeavor,
Till that great final Peace shall be struck through the world—
Till the stars be recalled and the firmament furled
In the dawn of a daylight undying—until
The signal of Zion be seen on the hill
Of the Lord—when the day of the battle is done,
And the conflict of Time by Eternity won!"

At Waukesha, Wisconsin.

During the day occasional guns were fired, and flags waved from business houses and private dwellings. A procession was formed at the Baptist Church, at 1 o'clock, P. M., under the direction of Capt. Farnham and Lieut. Putney, as Marshals of the day. The procession moved through the principal streets of the village out to the beautiful cemetery. Here Capt. E. Enos, President of the day, addressed the gathered people as follows:

"Fellow-Citizens: We are assembled in this city of the dead for the purpose of doing honor to the memory of those who sacrificed their lives in the service of our country. We come, bringing with us evergreens and the flowers of Spring, to decorate their graves. It is fit and proper that, by public assembly of loyal people, and solemn observance, by song and eulogy,

we commemorate their services as benefactors of mankind, extol their virtues, and render thanksgiving and praise to God that they died *not in vain*, if we remain true to the cause for which they poured out their life-blood. We are here to bear our part in these manifestations of respect and gratitude which to-day so universally prevail over our land.

Just on the eve of the battle of Bunker Hill, the youthful Warren told his friends that he had determined to take part in the coming action as a soldier in the ranks. Though entitled, by his rank, to command, he had resolved that, in the first great battle of the Revolution, he would carry and use a musket. His friends remonstrated. One said to him, "As surely as you go there, and fight in the ranks, you will be slain." Warren replied, with enthusiasm, "*dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" These principles were sealed with his blood. He fell on that bloody field, the first great martyr of the Revolution.

In yonder grave lie the remains of one * who, eight years ago, in the full flush of youth, I heard address a public assembly on the issues then before the people. He discussed those issues in a strain of unanswerable logic and striking eloquence. One passage of that oration made a lasting impression upon my mind, and memory always brings it forth whenever I think of him. It was substantially in these words: "But comes to us upon every Southern breeze the threat that, if Abraham Lincoln be elected President, they of the South will destroy this Government; and with that threat comes the insulting taunt, that we of the North are pusillanimous cowards—that one Southern man in battle is more than a match for three Northern men—that there is not, among the people of the North, patriotism and bravery enough to prevent them from carrying into execution their threats. If, after Abraham Lincoln is inaugurated President, they attempt to make good their threat, a million of men will respond to their taunts of cowardice and want of patriotism, by springing to arms, and inscribing upon their banner the words of the immortal Warren, '*dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*'" He, too, sealed these principles with his youthful blood. His prophetic words were more than fulfilled; and those to whose memory we are this day paying the homage of grateful hearts, did go forth to battle for their country with these sentiments in their hearts; and were I to write his and their epitaph, I would inscribe upon their tombstones, "*dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

At the close of his remarks, he introduced to the assem-

* Col. S. A. Bean, Fourth Wisconsin Infantry.

blage Rev. Mr. Barnard, who offered a very beautiful prayer. A touching song was then sung by the "Young Vocalists," after which an address by the Rev. Dr. Rowe was delivered:

SPEECH OF REV. DR. ROWE.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNION: We are met here to-day at the graves of our departed heroes, with thirty millions of our fellow-countrymen all over the empire, on a great national occasion. The object that assembles and unites us is dear to the hearts of all true patriots. We are here to do honor to the names and memories of our heroic dead. We come to adorn their graves; we come to keep green in our memories the history of their noble deeds; we come to recall their brave defence, even unto death, of this beloved and imperiled Union—to express our sense of gratitude and indebtedness to them for the peace and unbroken nationality we now enjoy, and to assure, in the presence of their sleeping ashes, their weeping widows, orphans, and bereaved families, that their deeds, daring, sacrifices, and sufferings in this noble cause will be held by us in everlasting remembrance, embalmed in our love, our sympathies, and our tears.

I can hardly imagine why my townsmen have put this honor upon me to-day, unless it is because they know I am the soldier's friend, having been in the army of the Union myself, and having given two sons, a nephew, and brother, to this cause—unless it be that they know I can well sympathize with the deeds and the sufferings of those who have bared their breasts to the steel and the bullets of the foe, as I have stood in the line of battle with my men, have seen them in the hospital, have tended them when wounded, have been a prisoner with them in the hands of the enemy, and have buried our dead in the far-off, inhospitable cemeteries of the South; vindicating the cause in which they willingly laid down their lives, in the teeth and under the frowns of their indignant adversaries.

Yes, fellow-citizens, you know that there is scarcely one field of conflict, of success or reverse, where the regiments of Wisconsin or Illinois have proved their manhood and purchased their laurels with their hearts' blood, on which I have not stood and marked the scenes of their struggles—know well every spot where our heroic dead fell, their faces to the foe. At Antietam, where Hinton fell, I looked on as a prisoner paroled, almost distracted that eight thousand of us, wickedly sold, were unable to lift a sword or discharge a gun to aid in that terrible conflict. At Donelson and Shiloh I passed over the blood-drenched fields where our raw recruits, fresh from their quiet homes, per-

formed deeds of incredible valor and endurance. In fact, from Belmont to Vicksburg and Port Hudson, where the gallant Colonel Bean laid down his life; from Memphis to Corinth, Nashville, Franklin, Chattanooga, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge, every scene and spot is familiar to me, down to Mobile, Gaines, Morgan, Spanish, and Blakely, which closed the conflict. I have passed over the whole of the Western, and many of the Potomac and Southern fields, and can assure you, from the mouths of rebel commanders, as well as rank and file, that our Western troops have left a high character engraved in the scars and the consciousness of their bravest and most worthy foes. Perhaps it is because I know our brave. I know our brave boys—what they did, what they endured, what they suffered in their horrid prison-pens, where died the noble, pious, honored boy of my Rev. brother Foote—that I am placed in this honorable position. Perhaps it is because, not content with meeting our foes in the field, I went, in 1863, to Great Britain, and there lectured in defence of the North and the War in several of the large towns and cities to my old friends and countrymen, thus contributing my quota to hinder the sailing of the two vessels fitted out at Liverpool and Glasgow to prey upon our commerce, and thus materially aided to stop the war on the verge of breaking out between us and England. If this interest in the country, the Union, and the armies that defended and delivered it in the hour of its peril, be a passport to this honor, then the place is honestly mine to-day, and I accept it with thanks, and enter upon its duties heartily. And now let me say, we come together, not like heathen, to gloat over the havoc our brave boys made of their foes, the injury they inflicted on them, their country, and their families in the late awful struggle; nor are we here at their graves to vow eternal revenge and enmity to the cruel authors of their deaths and our own bereavements and sorrows; but as Christians, in sorrow to be sure, but with forgiving hearts, in pity for the misguided fellow-citizens who made this fearful attempt to destroy our Union and break up our nation. We are here to adorn their graves—not to perpetuate or further to embitter the hostile sections and their enmities, but to bless and heal—to express our readiness to welcome back to our hearts, homes, and franchises, every restored foe. We come to excite each other to devout gratitude to the God of our fathers for the victories He enabled their sons to achieve, by which our honor and our country were saved; gratitude to God that, in the darkest hour of the conflict, He gave us such leaders as Sheridan, Sherman, and Grant, to conduct our valorous hosts to triumph; gratitude to God, who gave

to our people such indomitable courage in battle, and such a placable, merciful spirit in the hour of victory, to forgive their cruel foes and brave opponents, and welcome them back to peace and Union. And, now that the God of battles has decided forever the great questions which agitated and alienated North and South so long, we may become stronger, a more united and prosperous nation, than if it had never occurred. Our mettle as well as our principles have been tried and proved by this terrible war. We have learned mutual respect; and the white heat of this furnace will fuse us together more indissolubly than before. We ought especially to laud and magnify our God to-day, that the struggle, in which these our townsmen fell, has settled for all time the great question, whether entertained on this continent or in Europe, of the integrity of this Union. All on-lookers, as well as participants in our conflict, are and must be fully assured that so genuine has been our patriotism, so vast our sacrifices, so superhuman our efforts to maintain our national Union, that all efforts to destroy it will be, in the future, abortive. Our expenditure of blood and treasure are well repaid by the peaceful, secure, and proud position our nation holds to-day amid the first-rate powers of earth. Once more we have cause for a mournful joy in this resting-place of our lamented sons, brothers, and friends, that their blood, so freely shed, has washed out from our national flag and escutcheon the foul stain of American slavery, the last great cause of internal division, weakness, and external reproach. Justice will now be meted out to the down-trodden and oppressed; freedom is national; our hands are washed; our constitution and character are redeemed. And now be it ours to maintain with unsullied integrity the honorable position gained at such costly sacrifices. Young America, self-asserting and somewhat boastful, has now become a man. He has gone through an awful process to attain the position now freely accorded to him; let him keep it with the sober dignity of a veteran returning from the well-fought field. We know, by costly experience, the expense of war; let us be cautious to avoid all that produces it. If we wish others to respect us and our rights, let us be careful to respect them, and thus give no excuse to those noisy talkers who try to stir up ill-blood between peaceable nations, and then, like vultures, fatten on the spoil, and enrich themselves by the tears and woes of their victims. We can now live in peace with all the world; let us cultivate the arts of peace; let us develop the vast resources of our country, make it a pleasant, cultivated, religious home for the needy, suffering, liberty-loving of all lands. Let us honor God, and keep His Sabbaths holy; let our word be as

reliable as our bond; and let truth and integrity in business prevail wherever an American merchant or citizen is found.

On the conclusion of Dr. Rowe's remarks, the decoration of the graves took place, after which the company again assembled, when Rev. Mr. Foote, who lost a son in the army, was called out, and made the following touching address:

It falls to my lot to offer those who have made these beautiful offerings the thanks of those whose loved ones here lie buried. Eighteen graves of the noble dead in this cemetery you have honored by strewing upon them the flowers of affection. They are touching mementoes to the departed, and they are received by many stricken hearts here to-day with peculiar gratitude. The moistening eyes of many before me testify to this, and are more eloquent than any language I can utter. When a beautiful wreath was this day laid upon our own table, as a tribute to our dear boy who died for his country, and lies buried in an unknown grave, the tears of the home-circle gave expression to the emotions of the heart, and we blessed the hand that brought such an offering to our "loved and lost." So these parents, and wives, and children feel, as they view your offerings this day. No act of yours could so affect our hearts. We would not dwell upon our loss, or their sacrifices. They have not been made in vain. Again from our heart of hearts we thank you for the precious mementoes you this day offer to the memory of our departed ones.

The "Young Vocalists" again favored us with another patriotic song, after which the benediction, patriotic and eloquent, was pronounced by the Rev. George Fellows.

At Berlin, Wisconsin.

The announcement that the members of the Grand Army of the Republic would strew flowers on the graves of such of their comrades as lie in Oakwood Cemetery, drew a large number of people from the country, while hundreds of citizens witnessed the impressive ceremony. The burial of Comrade William Gardner which took place at the same time, under the auspices of the Post, added solemnity to the occasion. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Ira D. Clark, at the F. B. Church, commencing at half-past 12 o'clock. The procession from the church to the grave was large, the body being preceded by the brass and martial bands, and followed by the members of the Post, each with a profusion of flowers, and a long concourse of people, in carriages, and on foot. In one wagon we noticed a banner inscribed, "Our Fallen Heroes."

After depositing the remains of their comrade in their last resting-place, the members, in procession, visited the grave of each fallen comrade lying in the cemetery, and each member deposited a portion of his memento on each grave—Mr. Vedder announcing the name and rank of the comrade, whom they thus remembered. The ceremony being over, the crowd gathered in a central spot, and were addressed successively by Colonels Bugh and Carleton, Rev. Messrs. Clark and Bennett, and Rev. Capt. Zickerick. All the addresses were appropriate and full of interest, that of Rev. Mr. Bennett, P. E., being especially full of interest. Mr. Vedder was called out, and, after a few pertinent remarks, announced that one year from that day, and on each succeeding anniversary, the surviving members of this Post would meet here for this purpose, and the sympathizing public were invited to be present.

At Beaver Dam, Wisconsin.

At 8 o'clock, A. M., the soldiers assembled at their Hall on Front street. Every one was furnished with an appropriate badge and a beautiful bouquet or other floral device, and at half-past 8 they formed a procession, under command of Col. A. J. McCoy, P. C., and Lieut. J. H. Douglas, Post-Adjt., preceded by the Cornet Band, which had kindly volunteered to take part in the observance. The national flag was borne at half-mast, draped in mourning, and the officers of the Post bore their side-arms. The procession moved, with the band playing sacred music, and accompanied by a large concourse of citizens, on foot and in vehicles. On arriving at the cemetery, the column of soldiers formed in open order. The Chaplain of the day offered an appropriate prayer, the band playing a funeral dirge, and the column, preserving its line, then moved from grave to grave, until each one had received its memorial of floral offerings, interspersed with appropriate remarks when any thing noteworthy was known of the occupant's military record.

LIST OF GRAVES.

Lieut. Wm. H. Lander, Adjt. 14th Wis. Inf.; was appointed Judge Advocate, Dept. of Ky. and Tenn., and died at Nashville, of dysentery, in 1865. Robt. McLaughlin, Co. —, 17th Wis. Inf.; was burned in barracks at Camp Randall, Madison, before the regiment was mustered into the U. S. service; was brought home, and died in a few days, in 1862. Capt. James Ordway, Co. D, 5th Wis. Inf.; killed in action at Rappahannock Station, Va., Nov. 7, 1863, while bravely leading his men

over the enemy's breastworks. Lieut. Richard Scovill, Co. D, 5th Wis. Inf.; died in 1865, of chronic diarrhœa, contracted in a forced march to the battle of Gettysburg. Henry Douglas, Co. D, 5th Wis. Inf.; died in 1862, in hospital at Philadelphia, of typhoid fever. Benjamin Faringer, Co. D, 5th Wis. Inf.; served throughout the war, was five times wounded in battle, and came home well and hearty; he was instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a gun while out hunting, in 1866. Lieut. Thomas R. Stafford, Co. D, 5th Wis. Inf.; died of consumption, in 1865. Wilkes Crocker, Co. C, 1st Wis. Cav.; died of disease, in 1866. Robinson Bailey, Co. C, 1st Wis. Cav.; died of chronic diarrhœa, in 1864. Capt. H. D. Patch, Co. C, 16th Wis. Inf.; was wounded, and contracted diarrhœa, at the battle of Shiloh (Pittsburg Landing), in 1862, and died in a few weeks after the battle. Jesse Hollingsworth, Co. H, 29th Wis. Inf.; died of chronic diarrhœa, at Memphis, in 1864. E. Reed, Co. K, 1st Wis. Inf.; was killed in battle at Atlanta, Ga., in 1864, and his remains lie on the battle-field; his name and record are inscribed on a cenotaph over the grave of his wife. Robt. Longstaff, Co. B, 1st Wis. Cav.; died in 1866, of inflammation of the lungs. Wm. Blackman, Co. —, 17th Wis. Inf.: contracted chronic diarrhœa in the battle of Shiloh, in 1862; came home, and died in a few days. Lieut. Charles A. Searles, Co. G, 1st Wis Inf.; killed in the battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 19, 1863. Lieut. Abel Howard, Co. C, 1st N. Y. Engineers; died of chronic diarrhœa, in 1865. Norman Evarts, Co. A, 98th N. Y. Inf.; died of consumption, in 1867. D. S. Thurston, Co. L, 1st Wis. Cav.; died of typhoid pneumonia, in 1863.

At Racine, Wisconsin.

A large number of the citizens repaired to Mound Cemetery — the ladies having previously prepared bouquets, wreaths, and garlands of flowers—to decorate the graves of those noble men who laid down their lives that the nation might live. The object of the mustering of our citizens at that time was stated by Colonel Bartlett in a few appropriate remarks, after which Rev. W. S. Alexander made an exceedingly touching and eloquent prayer. Rev. A. C. Barry followed in a short address, full of patriotism, interspersed with some of the painful incidents of the late war. Very appropriate remarks were also made by Col. J. G. McMynn and Mr. H. G. Winslow. During the interval, the Racine Glee Club came in with their sweetly-sung odes and songs, adding intensity to the feelings which seemed to pervade the audience.

When all the graves had been duly visited, the column again formed in open order, at a "parade rest" position, and Colonel McCoy addressed them as follows:

COMRADES: We have now performed the sad but pleasing service of decorating the graves of our departed comrades with the early flowers of Spring. May this small offering of ours assist to keep in memory those who fell in defence of that flag which to-day we drape in mourning, in grateful acknowledgment of the price they paid, that it might forever wave over the entire length and breadth of our land. The lives of these comrades were freely laid upon their country's altar. What more could they bestow? While we deck the last resting-places of those who lie here, let us not forget those noble comrades who fell on the battle-field in the distant South, where no friend will come to-day to sprinkle the early flowers of Spring over their heads. Let them quietly sleep in their soldiers' graves, where they bravely fell. Let them not be forgotten by us, or a nation they nobly loved. I now have the pleasure of introducing to you the orator of the day, Comrade Reid.

MR. H. A. REID'S ADDRESS.

COMRADES OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: We are assembled here on this beautiful Spring morning to inaugurate the annual ceremony of decorating with flowers, and memorials of fraternal and affectionate regard, the graves of those who served in the National army during the war of the great Rebellion. And though no relative or friend be present, and though even the name be not known, the grave is known as a soldier's grave, and will be marked as such, and reverently strewn with flowers on each annual return of this Memorial Day. Thousands of our comrades lie mouldering in the wildernesses and waste places of the war-ravaged South, and thousands of them, where no friendly hand will ever strew floral offerings upon their uncoffined remains, and no friendly eye ever come to drop the tear of sympathy and hallowed remembrance. Yet, my comrades, while we sprinkle these few graves here in our midst with this fresh and living baptism of memorial gratitude, we do likewise, in our hearts, hallow the grave of every man, wherever he fought and wherever he fell, of whom it is recorded in the great white registry of immortal deeds, that he periled his life to save our country—to save those free institutions of civil and religious liberty which are proclaimed in our national Declaration of Independence, and of which our national banner, the glorious Stars and Stripes, is the perpetual and triumphant symbol.

The Apostle says, "Charity hideth a multitude of sins." So also let patriotism cover, as with a radiant mantle of light, all human frailties. And on this sad yet proud memorial day, let the one noble record of these silent sleepers—that they served our country in her hour of need—blot out from our human remembrance all the faults and foibles of their lifetime, leaving only emblazoned over each sleeper's untimely tomb, and there written in sweet Spring flowers, the alphabet of the angels, this thrilling and eloquent epitaph, "He was a Soldier of the Republic." War is no part of our business, nor of the nation's; yet it is wise to keep alive and vigorous the spirit of patriotism. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty;" and it is not impossible that, in the future as in the past, the fair goddess of freedom may be stricken down, and her starry banner trailed in the dust. But we point out to posterity, through this memorial service, the bloodmarks of the foulest rebellion that blackens the pages of a thousand years. And we give, year by year, a fresh reminder that, when the slave-power raised its hideous black hand and brandished its bloody knife, threatening the life of the nation, a million of freemen, sturdy sons of toil and industry, left their peaceful avocations, and leaped into bristling ranks of armed soldiery; and every sword and bayonet was the centering point of high resolve to save the nation, and hand down her free institutions to all future time, or die at the post of duty in the mighty conflict. Let the rising generation be thrilled and inspired with the living sentiment of this great lesson of the age, and be imbued with its spirit, and hand it down, renewing and renewed, from generation to generation; and we, who still survive, can join our comrades in the silent tomb, with a restful trust in Almighty God, by whose gracious Providence we and our nation exist—that our labors and sacrifices, our marches, our battles, and our victories, shall not have been in vain.

At Kenosha, Wisconsin.

A little after 3 o'clock, a procession was formed on Main street, headed with martial music, and under the supervision of Col. Lovell. Capt. Frantz commanded the armed Union soldiers; Capt. Timme took charge of the unarmed soldiers and citizens; Capt. Capron, Marshal of the Day. In the meantime cannon were being fired at intervals on the Park. The procession having reached the Cemetery, and being formed in order, Rev. W. T. Smithett delivered a brief and eloquent oration, highly appropriate to the occasion—closing this part of the exercises with an impressive prayer; after which a volley was

fired over each soldier's grave in the Cemetery, in succession, and a profusion of fragrant flowers were strewn upon the green sod beneath which sleep the remains of the dead.

MR. SMITHETT'S REMARKS.

After the celebrated battle of Marathon, by which was secured the liberties of ancient Greece, and in which was struck the first blow, by the Republic, successfully, in arresting the progress of Persian tyranny and power—precursor of its utter overthrow—Miltiades, the victorious Athenian commander there was rewarded by being represented in the front of a picture surrounded by his generals and animating his troops by look and gesture to fight with courage and intrepidity. This was the only honor paid to the hero for his splendid achievement—the only public recognition of his valuable services to the State. To other statesmen and patriots of that day the Senate of Athens had decreed the highest honors, and columns of marble were raised to immortalize their virtues, to proclaim their courage and devotion, and to recognize and commemorate their public services to the grateful commonwealth. But with the jealousy and caprice characteristic of the ancient Republics, these enduring memorials were destined soon to perish—at the end of a single generation they were cast down and destroyed as the wave of political feeling rolled back and the tide of popularity turned—as the hero and patriot became the victim of public ingratitude and scorn, and ostracized by enemies, were driven into exile or condemned to a traitor's death. The monumental memorial by legal statute was overthrown, and every mark of honor religiously obliterated. Not so in Athens with the memory of Miltiades. The simple picture remained there from age to age, and its beautiful story of lofty patriotism was handed down from generation to generation, telling of its hero's worth and prowess, even when he was groaning in a dungeon, as the victim of popular fury, and under condemnation of death. So, by parity of reasoning, with our work to-day, and what this record of the patriotic past serves to illustrate. These monumental tablets by which we are surrounded will fall to ruin and crumble into dust, but this simple tribute of affection we now offer in memoriam to the honored dead, with its priceless lesson for God and country graven deep in the hearts of a grateful people, will live on from generation to generation, in imperishable freshness and unimpaired vigor. When the red hand of treason was raised to strike the flag, and the demon of rebellion was loosed o'er the land, the spirits of these noble dead around us were roused to do and die for the sacred cause. They went

forth as the tocsin of war sounded from hill to vale, and echoed back again from sea to sea. There, beneath the green sod, mouldering in the dust, is the fruit of their devotion—and there in yonder banner proudly floating over us, "with not a stripe effaced," and every star undimmed, is the price of their blood —the reward of their labors. To their memory we owe this debt of gratitude, this simple recognition of their services, the offering of patriotic hearts to the memory of the patriot brave. And we come to-day, not only to garnish their sepulchres, but to remember and celebrate their deeds, to proclaim their disinterested virtue, their sacrificing devotion to the world. And what are the lessons of the hour—the teachings of this sad and solemn, and yet beautifully touching occasion? To sympathize with the bereaved ones, to make the widow and orphan, the children of the Republic, the honored charge of a common country—to stand by, succor and protect *them*, as their lost ones bravely rallied around our imperilled nationality, and in life and in death defended the nation's symbol from desecration —the glorious old flag, and so secured to us and our children, an inheritance of peace to the latest generation. And that other lesson—the precious boon they have so secured—how ought we to value and treasure, how ought we to love and preserve it! Redeemed from shame by the blood of so many thousands, how pure and stainless ought we to maintain its honor among the nations, and make our land a praise, a joy and an excellency in the world. With a God-given destiny, for who dares dispute or question the recognition of the hand of heaven in all the past, let us live, as a people, for the elevation of the race, for the happiness of a common humanity, and for the enfranchisement of the nations of the earth. Never, with such an experience in the past, and such glorious hopes in the future—never let it be recorded in the hand-writing of God upon the page of our history—*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*—"Weighed in the balance and found wanting." We come here then, to-day, as we honor the memory of these martyred dead, to renew our patriotic vows—to plight our strength and faith in the mission and permanency of the Republic, and to resolve, God helping us, that it shall be a Union, indissoluble and forever. In one of Cicero's celebrated orations against the traitor Catiline, the following sentiment occurs: "If to Romulus was decreed divine honors because he founded the city, what honor shall be decreed to him who saved and preserved the city?" As then we shower these peerless beauties of nature around the graves of the departed, who have bled and died to preserve our institutions and save us a country, let this be our sentiment—this our high

resolve, that to them, under God, we accord the highest honors, the richest meed of praise. But this is not all. The fathers have founded the Republic, and have committed to us the trust to preserve and keep, if necessary, to save, the Republic. This is our work, our mission. In the hour of the perilous past these have done their duty, have fulfilled their obligations. In the oncoming future, when need arises, American fellow-citizen, Go, and do thou likewise."

At Detroit, Michigan.

In Detroit little was done until Wednesday, May 27. An energetic committee then set to work and perfected some hurried arrangements. On Saturday afternoon the ceremonies took place. The morning dawned cold and threatening, but in the afternoon the prospect brightened and the weather was delightful. It then seemed as though the drenching rains of the preceding day had washed off the adieus of flowery May and revealed the delicious greetings of the laughing month of June. Elmwood, ever picturesquely beautiful in spring-time, was resplendent with luxuriant verdure.

Over the entrance to the Cemetery an arch of evergreens had been erected, from the centre of which was suspended a wreath, composed of evergreens, white lilies, chromotella, and lamarque roses. To the left of the gateway, inside the cemetery, several tiers of seats had been erected for the accommodation of the band from Fort Wayne. Directly opposite the entrance the speaker's stand was erected. Several national flags, surmounted by a stuffed eagle, formed the background, while in front of the rostrum was tastefully arranged a number of rare and costly plants, among which were two large specimens of the cactus, the California pine, century plant, lilies of different varieties, etc. Several seats for ladies were placed opposite those of the band.

By 2 o'clock a large concourse of people had assembled, and, half an hour later, as the orator of the occasion, the Hon. Theo. Romeyn, entered the grounds, the band struck up a solemn, instrumental piece, after which they played the national anthem "America," which was immediately afterward sung by a choir composed of the Philharmonic Society. Col. Phelps, the chairman, then rose, and said:

Comrades, Fellow-Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is meet, right, and our proper duty at all times to confess our dependence upon the Almighty God. We will now be led in our intercessions at a Throne of Grace by the Rev. Chaplain Seage.

Allow me to say that Chaplain Seage bears marks of honorable service. I can bear testimony to the zeal and faithfulness of the chaplains of our army. Among the faithful I have the pleasure of introducing to you, and who will lead us in our devotions, the Rev. Chaplain Seage.

After a fervent prayer by Mr. Seage, who was chaplain of the Fourth Michigan, Col. Phelps again rose and said: That it was due to the speaker, and to the committee, to state that the ceremonies had been inaugurated since Wednesday last, therefore they had had little time to prepare. A little incident which occurred on Friday afternoon had thrilled his heart. A little girl had brought a bouquet to comrade Sheley, and presenting it, said: "Mrs. Sheley, my mother, has sent this. It is all she has got." The gallant colonel closed by saying: "Allow me to introduce to you the orator of the occasion, the soldiers' friend—the Hon. Theodore Romeyn."

Mr. Romeyn then rose and spoke as follows:

"Less than one-third of the average life of a single generation has passed since we were called to arms to defend the nation's honor and life. History will tell how Michigan responded to that call. She sent to the conflict more than 90,000 of her sons. They went forth with unbroken ranks, in the fullness of strength and hope. Of these, more than 13,000 died on the battle-field, or from wounds and sickness. Many lie in untraceable localities. The resting-place of others are marked and known. It is proposed that, on this day, these graves be visited and decorated by those who loved their tenants in life and who honor them in death. For this purpose we are met in this place of quiet beauty, consecrated to most of us by thoughts of the kindred and friends that lie in its bosom. Our arrangements for this city could not embrace more than this locality. But it is not to be forgotten that it is proposed everywhere through the length and breadth of the land, that patriotic men and women will, on this day, visit the graves of our soldiers, and "deck the turf that wraps their clay." In the flush of the perfect beauty of full spring-time, while the verdure of tree and grass is unstained, and the bloom of flowers is unfaded, we have gathered some of these to place upon the graves of our heroes as tokens of our remembrance of them. The offering is simple, but it is appropriate. God has given us flowers to gratify our sense of beauty. They grow in the wilderness and on the wide prairie, as well as in the garden and on the lawn. Their fragrance, their bright hues, their graceful forms, waken and refine our tastes. Jewels of nature, they are sweet adornments on all occasions—at the feast and the funeral, at the bridal and the

burial. They fade and pass away, as do all earthly things, for time sweeps the column from the tomb as certainly and resistlessly as it does the flower from its stem or the leaf from the tree. But their bestowal betokens kindly regard and tender recollection. And in this spirit we have come this day on this occasion. Our dead fell for their country. They died for her and for us. The cause which led them to leave friends and home and give their lives, was to save the very life of the nation. Not in vain did they live; not in vain have they died. Though dead, they speak. They will ever live in history—not as individuals, but as the patriot soldiers and sailors, who, without distinction of party, enlisted and fought together in the common cause of the assailed and perilled Constitution and integrity of their country, constituting, in truth, the 'Grand Army of the Republic.'

The monument at the Pass of Thermopylæ bore the inscription, 'Go, stranger, and tell at Lacedæmon that we died for our country, and in obedience to her laws.' The memory of the heroic deeds and of the heroic men lives in immortal greenness, though the names have not been recorded. And so will it be with our heroes, though they have passed from our sight.

'The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave, but fallen, few.

On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead!'

Friends, let us remember that for every added burial-stone there is a vacant chair at the hearthstone; and that, pleasing and grateful as our attention to the memory of their dead may be to the bereaved, there is a higher duty—to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and by our aid, if that be needed—by our sympathy in all cases—to sustain and cheer them. Let them remember that there is consolation in the respect and gratitude that attach to the memory of the fallen brave; and that a better heritage than lands or money will be the pride of being connected by ties of kindred with the men who fought and won the great battle for the preservation of the Union. Let all of us show that we appreciate the importance of the principles involved in the conflict, and the value of the triumph; and let us strive as brethren—differing as to means. when we do differ, honestly and with kindly feeling—to

secure the substantial results of the objects for which our heroes fought and fell—a vindicated Constitution, a purified and confirmed Union, and the restoration of fraternal feeling through all the extent of the truly United States."

On the conclusion of the address the band played a dirge, and meantime the citizens visited the graves to bestrew the flowers. The chief point of interest was the plot where seventy or more soldiers are buried. The graves were linked together with evergreens, and bedecked with lilies and other flowers. Only two ladies assisted the committee in the delicate office of decoration. While the citizens were surrounding the hallowed spot, the sun broke forth and smiled upon the scene. Until late in the afternoon the visitors lingered in the sacred precincts, and it was nightfall before the cemetery had resumed its wonted quietude.

At Marshall, Michigan.

The procession formed at the Court House, at half-past ten A. M., in the order as announced. The Marshall Cornet Band led the way, discoursing appropriate music. A delegation of Marshall Commandery of Knights Templar (Masonic), mounted, acted as escort. Deluge and Liberty fire companies, and a delegation of Masons, were prominent in the procession. Following the civic societies, a long parade of carriages occupied the place assigned to citizens. Nearly one hundred vehicles were in the procession.

Upon entering the cemetery, the band played the beautiful air, "*Come, ye Disconsolate*," and the procession filed in and assembled around the stand. The exercises were as follows:

1. Music. 2. Prayer by the chaplain, Rev. H. A. Read. 3. Music. 4. Address by the orator, J. C. Patterson.

ADDRESS OF MR. PATTERSON.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: We have met, in this consecrated spot, to honor our country's dead. Many are mouldering far from home—a few lie here with their kindred; and while we scatter garlands over these, may patriot hands decorate those distant graves. It is befitting on this, the anniversary of the great decisive battle of the rebellion, to offer some tribute to the martyrs of our Union, and to estimate the importance of their achievements.

The destiny of Athens was determined on the plain of Marathon. Miltiades, with his few Athenians, checked the invading Persians, turned their advance into a retreat, and not only Athens, but the independence of all Greece was secure. At the battle of Waterloo, the destiny of Europe was in the scale.

'Waterloo is the hinge of the nineteenth century.' The disappearance of Napoleon was necessary for the advent of the great century and the peace of the continent. His dictatorship was ended, his conquests ceased, the cause of liberty triumphed, and a new era dawned upon Europe. At the battle of Gettysburg, the destiny of America, the success of the Republican form of government, were in the balance. Three long days our gallant soldiers, champions of freedom, fought the desperate foe; three anxious days the momentous issues oscillated in the balance; but, at the close of the third day—just five years ago to-day—our destiny was sealed, the Confederates were driven back in dismay, the backbone of the rebellion was broken, its destruction decreed, Philadelphia and Washington were safe, the Union was secured, and liberty triumphant!

The destinies of nations and ages are often decided in a day. Who can estimate the results of decisive battles between conflicting armies and opposing ideas? In the Punic wars, had Carthage been successful, instead of her rival, Rome, the imperial city would have been razed to its foundations, the theatre of civilization would have been shifted from Europe to Africa, and the history of the whole world would have been changed. Had the Persians been victorious at Marathon, Athens would have fallen, and the world would never have known the classic glory of Greece. Had Napoleon triumphed at Waterloo, the thrones of Europe would have been shaken, and the balance of power lost. And had the Confederates been victorious at Gettysburg, and the rebellion triumphant, "the Government of the people, by the people, and for the people," would have perished from the earth, our nation would have been blotted out, liberty would have died, and the history of all succeeding ages been revolutionized! Such were the calamities averted by the gallant men whom we have met to honor. It becomes us, as devoted citizens, on this historic day, to repair to the silent city of the dead, and strew the graves of our fallen soldiers with choicest flowers; and, chanting grateful peans, shed the tears of patriotic remembrance, and thank God for such noble men, *martyrs for freedom*, who suffered that posterity might rejoice, who *bled*, that liberty might be *perpetual*, *who died*, *that our country might live!* It would be base ingratitude, dastardly meanness, to pass them by unnoticed, and consign their deeds and their memories to the cold waters of oblivion.

When the fearful prelude of civil war was sounded, and the guns upon Sumter announced to the world that the old flag had been insulted, these valiant men, loving their country, and kindred or comrade, alone, entered the chilly flood! Some

appreciating the worth of the Union with a devotion worthy of American citizens, rushed to the rescue, snatched the emblem of freedom from the enemy and restored it to the ramparts of our broad domain, "not a stripe erased, not a star obscured," and three hundred thousand of these citizen soldiers sealed their patriotism with their lives; to whom not only *this* generation, not only *this* age are indebted, but all *future* generations and all *future* ages!

When the President issued his first proclamation for volunteers to put down the rebellion, the partisan was merged in the patriot. Men of all parties and of all faiths unhesitatingly responded, eager to defend the flag of the Union. Magic-like an army was enrolled. Soldiers sprang forth from every hamlet and home in response to the President's call, like the armed Clan-Alpine warriors from Scottish heath, at the signal whistle of Roderick Dhu. The rebellion increased in magnitude, and the ranks were decimated in battle. More men were needed, and another call made—*another*, and STILL ANOTHER;—and to each repeated call came the hearty response: "WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM, THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE!" The humble laborer left his toil, and hurried to the field of death and glory; the proud millionaire left his uncounted wealth, went into the ranks, and filled the place made vacant by the enemy's bullet; the mechanic left the fire still burning in the forge, the farmer the ripe harvest ungathered, to vindicate the National Union; the young student left the epic of Homer half read, himself to become an actor on the heroic stage; the physician left his patient unattended; the lawyer his brief unfinished; the divine his sermon unprepared; the astronomer his sublime researches, his telescope still pointing to the stars, and hastened to the conflict. What pen can paint the anguish of these brave hearts, as through gathering tears they bade their dear ones a hasty good-bye, while they gazed at their little ones, as if they would take a look that would endure throughout eternity! What tongue can describe the patriotism that could nerve the heart to sunder such ties, as they pointed to the dear old flag, and exclaimed: "My country calls, and *I* will go!" How often was the parting of Hector and Andromache repeated! How often was this parting for all time! The regimental colors have returned, torn and shattered by many battles, borne by a *few* of the brave boys who first proudly carried them into the field. But how many brave boys do *not* return! Some died in the gloomy hospital, from foul malaria or festering wounds! Some, unwatched and unattended, famished and died in the dire prison-pen, from neglect and

starvation; taunted by their captors, and demented by their sufferings! Some fell on the "dead line," seeking a breath of pure air, or a ray of God's sunlight! Some fell on the field of battle, facing the foe, while the clashing of arms, the groans of the wounded, the terrific moan of the dying war-horse, the whistling ball and the cannon's roar, sounded the requiem to their departing spirits. Oh! the *sacrifices made!* Oh! the *sufferings experienced!* Oh! the *agonies endured for country and humanity!*

Never did a soldier fight for a nobler end, bleed for a grander idea, or die for a better cause. On the field of Gettysburg no new issue was contested. It was the same old conflict that has been waged in all nations and in all ages. "History repeats itself." The same spirit of oppressive oligarchy has often deluged the nations in blood. It was the irrepressible conflict of antagonistic principles. It was the mad effort of the minority to rule or *ruin* the majority. It was the marshaling of treason against loyalty, of aristocracy against democracy, of slavery against freedom. The rebels received the sympathy of the world's despots; the Union cause, the sympathy and prayers of every lover of liberty. Tyranny desired to crush, humanity to sustain our Government. The Confederates sought to destroy the Union, and to raze this grand temple of liberty—the refuge of the oppressed,—to its foundation. But *their* cause was tried before the *Infinite*, and their FAILURE DECREED. Under the blessing of God, our soldiers have demonstrated to the world that our Union is not a rope of sand, that the Republican form of Government is not a failure; that our Government has strength to put down mighty rebellions, and that the people are capable of governing themselves. All honor, then, to our soldiers, who fought, with more than Spartan bravery, the wicked forces of disunion, *who saved the Republic and liberated a race!*

On the third day of July, 1776, ninety-two years ago to-day, the Continental Congress at Philadelphia was perfecting the Declaration of Independence, the great Magna Charta of our liberties, which was proclaimed to the world on the day following. Five years ago to-day, at Gettysburg, the sons of those revolutionary fathers, amid metallic hail of shot and shell, at the point of the bayonet maintained the very principles of justice and liberty that the pen of Jefferson had announced nearly a century before, and again proclaimed them to the world. These principles were tried in the fiery crucible of rebellion, and they came forth with a renewed lustre, and never before were we *so free* a people as *to-day*.

The Declaration of Independence again triumphed. The bitter *cost* of that triumph is attested by countless graves, scattered all over our land, and by the bleeding hearts of unnumbered kindred. And while we weave the chaplet of flowers and strew the graves before us, let us not forget those who are slumbering beneath the orange groves and the magnolia trees of the South, nor those who were denied Christian burial, and whose bones are bleaching beneath the Southern sky. *Heroes all!* OUR COUNTRY'S GALLANT DEAD! Let us cherish their memories and treasure up their deeds! Let us gather their ashes into the urn of immortality, and write every name on the national roll of honor! Our country's soil gives them all sepulture. They sleep beneath the stripes and stars, revered by a race freed from bondage, and the liberty-loving masses of the whole world.

"Each soldier's name
Shall shine untarnished on the roll of Fame,
And stand the example of each distant age,
And add new lustre to the historic page."

The weary march, the lonely watch, the gloomy hospital, the bloody field, and the horrible prison, all prove the devoted patriotism and heroism of our soldiers. On many a missive sent to friends, on many a musket was it engraved as the soldier's motto, "*Dulce est pro patria mori*," and how many brave boys, in the embrace of death, repeated that sentiment, "It is sweet to die for our country!" It is said the swan, when dying, utters its sweetest notes. Thus, the Union soldier in his expiring breath, utters the purest, noblest sentiment of exalted patriotism.

Ancient history regards the *retreat* of the ten thousand Greeks under Xenophon as a great military success, but how much *greater* was the *advance of Sherman* from Atlanta to the sea! Ancient times can boast of many wonderful cavalry conflicts, but how much grander was the dashing exploit of Sheridan in the Shenandoah, when he sent the enemy whirling through the Valley! Ancient history looks upon the battle of Salamis as a sublime naval achievement; but when Farragut, lashed to the topmast of his flagship, passed the guns of the enemy, how much sublimer the achievement! In ancient battles, no Minie rifle sent the missile of death, no rifled cannon hurled the irresistible shot, no mortars, volcano-like, belched forth the destructive shell, and no monster iron-clad lit up the waters with its fiery breath. The great rebellion, the conflict in which our heroes fell, was the sublimest contest the world ever witnessed. The world never before saw such engines of war, and, what is grander still, the world never saw so much intelli-

gence, so much culture, and so much refinement marshalled together on the field of battle. The Union army contained America's choicest spirits and noblest sons.

"Go, strangers, and tell at Lacedæmon that we died for our country, and in obedience to her laws," was inscribed on the rocks at Thermopylæ, to commemorate the deeds of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans, who fell so bravely at that fatal pass. Though the deeds of our three hundred *thousand* fallen heroes may not be engraved on granite, yet they have reared monuments to their memories more enduring than brass. They have stamped their impress on the tablets of progress, and their influence on the civilization of the nineteenth century.

The heroism of Leonidas was often surpassed by these brave men. When a regiment of Michigan Cavalry was near Pittsburg Landing, in an ambuscade of rebels, a young lad was taken prisoner. Said they to him, "Now, we have you; if you shout or raise any alarm, we will shoot you. Silence, till they come here, and we will capture them." "Silence!" said he, scornfully, and, turning toward his unsuspecting comrades, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Boys, THE REBELS ARE HERE!" and quick as lightning a score of rebel bullets were buried in his heart. "Better die than betray," was his motto. The alarm was given, and his regiment was saved. *He died! and a nobler, braver patriot never fell.* This is but one of the countless incidents of lofty courage exercised, and self-sacrifice made by our patriot dead. Words are incompetent to describe their heroic virtues. Numbers are inadequate to estimate the value of their gallant services, and the importance of their victories. How weak and how insipid are our most expressive tributes to their memory!

As tempests and tornadoes in the physical world remove malaria and purify the air, so, in the political world, does agitation ventilate wrongs and lead to reform. Our country has passed through the whirlwind of rebellion, her strength has been tried, her patriotism tested, the cankering curse of slavery removed, and she has made a half century's progress in the last decade. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," union, and country. To-day, as we assemble with the stripes and stars floating over every inch of American soil, the republic safe, the Union preserved, the nation free; let us remember the *cost* of these blessings. The lives of three hundred thousand of America's noblest sons, and the limbs of as many more, paid the price. Our country owes them a debt of gratitude that can never be paid, and this is the *only* national debt that she can *not* pay.

In former times to be a Roman citizen was regarded the highest honor. But, now, America stands at the very summit of Christian civilization, and to be an American citizen is a greater honor. "The glory of Egypt was eclipsed by the Periclean age of Greece; Greece was surpassed by the Augustan age of Rome;" Rome has been excelled by the higher civilization of England; England holds the supremacy but a moment, for America stands ready to surpass whatever becomes the property of the Anglo-Saxon name, and the era of equal rights and universal freedom, that has already dawned, and which shall shed such lustre as to make all the past look dim, is to be all our own, the unsurpassed the unparalleled Anglo-American age!

When Ladd and Whitney, the first victims of the rebellion, fell in the streets of Baltimore, Governor Andrew telegraphed to the Mayor of that city to have their remains tenderly cared for and returned to their friends. Thus, to day, let us "tenderly" cherish the memory of the nation's dead, tread softly around their narrow homes, and cull the richest emblems of love, remembrance and patriotism, to scatter where the Goddess of Liberty keeps holy vigils over their graves. Let us add the beauties of nature to the soldier's burial-place, and make it a garden where the birds will love to sing. "Our Saviour's sepulchre was in a garden, and roses knocked at the door when the angels came down." Let us remember the hearts that still bleed, and the homes made desolate; and may all these sacrifices bind us, with bonds stronger than iron, to the Republic, the Union and Liberty. On the bloody field of Waterloo three hundred bodies were buried in a well. Tradition says the night after the burial, feeble voices were heard calling out from the well. Thus, to-day, voices are crying to us from *three hundred thousand* soldier's graves, to preserve the purchase of their blood, and *conjuring* us to settle our National difficulties on a basis that shall *prevent our* history's repeating itself, and will *shield* our country from another deluge of fraternal blood.

The heroes, whom to-day we honor, fell in the struggle for an idea. The grand idea of liberty triumphed. The struggle was desperate. The nation's heart writhed at its horrors and sympathy did all in its power to relieve its anguish. The Sanitary and Christian Commissions alleviated untold agonies. American women did their part nobly. They toiled, sacrificed, and suffered, that humanity might rejoice. When the women of Rome were bringing their jewels to the nation's treasury, to defray the expense of war, one noble matron brought her two sons to the altar of her country, and surrendered *them* as *her* jewels. Thus did many an American mother sacrifice her jewels at the shrine

of patriotism, as her own hands filled the knapsack and from her heart gushed the earnest God-speed. Cheerfully did she send her sons forth, following them through the dangers and temptations of the camp, the battle-field and prison, with a mother's agonizing prayer. In view of such patriotism, and such sacrifices, can we doubt that our flag shall forever wave in triumph? To-day, though the march is ended, the camp has disappeared, the hospital is closed, the din of battle is hushed, and the prison pen is empty, the same Christian mother brings her offering to the altar of country, honoring the fallen soldier with her tears of remembrance, and with woman's devotion, strewing his grave with choicest flowers. And as each spring-time comes and goes, as the flowers are fresh and fragrant in vernal beauty; so forever fresh and vernal be the memory of the brave boys, who, in the hour of death, thought of mother and country, and, from cold and dying lips, sent back the message—"Tell my mother, I die happy!" "It is sweet to die for country!"

There is, in every human heart, a natural desire to be remembered. At the bloody battle of Jena, Napoleon saw a faithful plume go down in his body-guard. He hurried to the wounded soldier and asked him how he could minister to his wants. The veteran of many battles, while his heart's blood oozed from a mortal wound, requested in his expiring breath, that his name might never be stricken from the muster-roll of the old body-guard, but at roll-call a sergeant might respond to his name. "He fell at Jena!" The soldier's request was granted, and ever after when the muster-roll of the body-guard was called, a sergeant responded, "He fell at Jena."

Thus, fellow-citizens, let not the names of our gallant dead be stricken from the muster-roll of the Nation's body-guard, but at every roll-call let the grateful sergeant of memory, with uncovered head, salute the flag and respond, *They fell in the great conflict! They fell at their post! Martyrs to Freedom!* to whom all posterity and all ages shall be indebted!

*"All honor to the fallen brave!
With lofty pæans greet the dead!
Let garlands wreathe each lowly grave!
Let *laurel* crown each honored head!
'Mid shot, and shell, and sabre stroke,
They bore our colors through the strife,
'Till stricken, 'mid the battle smoke,
They *died* to save our *country's* life!

Though angry skies in blackness bent,
And shook the shrinking world in wrath;

* Written for the occasion, by Mrs. J. C. Patterson.

Though lurid lightnings madly spent
Their unchained fury in their path,
Through wilderness of woven pine,
Through slimy pool, and tangled briar,
They marched in brave, *unbroken* line,
Or *sunk* beneath the clogging mire!

O'er scorching rocks that cut their feet,
In hospital and prison-pen,
Some sank with hunger, thirst, and heat,
But died, *no less* like *Patriot-men.*
Though spices may not wrap our dead,
Nor lofty pyramid arise,
Where justice triumphed while they bled,
Their *names* breathe incense to the skies!

Dust may *return* to dust," but deep
Within the hearts of Freedom's sons,
Embalmed forever, Love shall keep
The *memory* of these faithful ones!
And coming time shall *swell* our lays,
And weave *new* laurels for each head;
While grateful freemen shout the praise,
And glory of COLUMBIA'S DEAD."

With the conclusion of the address the procession re-formed and marched to the Catholic Cemetery, where is buried Dennis Cronin, a member of the 20th Infantry, whose grave was strewn with flowers. The Chaplain then pronounced a benediction, and the procession then returned to the city and disbanded.

AT COLDWATER, MICHIGAN.

A procession of over a mile in length formed at the Court House Square at the appointed time, and, headed by the Coldwater Brass Band, proceeded to the Cemetery, where the order of exercises were: First, a dirge by the band, followed by a touching prayer by Rev. Mr. Porter, after which the Quartette Club, consisting of Misses Mason and Andrews, Messrs. Conkling and Huffstadder, sang a beautiful and appropriate piece of music. Then came the eloquent and instructive address by J. H. McGowan, which was followed with sweet and solemn *andante* by the band. The next in order was the solemn exercise of strewing the graves with flowers, Dr. Beech giving a brief sketch of all whose history he could learn, and closing with some eloquent remarks on the bravery and fidelity of all. After a few remarks from Rev. J. W. Ray, the Quartette Club sang that excellent piece of music entitled, "Wrap the Flag around me, Boys," the exercises closing with a benediction by Rev. E. Curtis.

REMARKS OF DR. J. H. BEECH.

FELLOW-SOLDIERS AND CITIZENS: It is not simply convenient that we commence our mournful yet honorable and pleasant duties here, but it is a fitting tribute to the first independent military organization in the State which offered itself to the "General Government" to redeem the stars and stripes from the insolence of treason.

1. Capt. G. W. Vanpelt, Co. A, 1st Mich. Artillery, who was killed whilst commanding his battery at the battle of Chickamauga. This brave, cheerful, and zealous officer having won, in an unusual degree, the affections of all who knew him, and golden honors in every position which he was called upon to fill, fell a costly offering for the perpetuity of the Union. 2. Peter Budawa, also 1st Michigan Artillery. He shared dangers with the gallant Captain Vanpelt, let him share in our feeble tribute of respect. 3. Luther S. Millard, 1st Mich. Infantry, killed in that memorable struggle against greatly superior force, at Gaines Mills, Va., July 22, 1862. 4. Here lies Captain B. F. Knappen, Co. B, 44th Ill. Vol. Infantry, and commanding officer of that regiment. This brave young officer, mortally stricken at the inhospitable Kenosaw Mountain, was a most honorable member of the community and a true patriot. He expired on the 4th day of July—a fitting day of glory for a soldier's spirit to be set at liberty. Himself and his brother, Albert S. Knappen, Co. C, 11th Mich. Infantry, who died at Louisville, Ky., and whose remains lie by his side, to share in our evidences of esteem, were sons whom a parent may feel proud to embalm in our country's history. 5. Captain J. L. Hackstaff, 11th Mich. Infantry. How well might this gifted member of a most patriotic profession have claimed that the pen and the press were the weapons of his warfare. But his was a practical patriotism; seeing that the rebellion could not be quelled by reasoning, his "good right arm" seized the sword for the wager of force. Let the sweet incense of flowers and of praise arise to his memory. 6. As we approach the resting-place of the earthly remains of Colonel Henry C. Gilbert, of the 19th Michigan Volunteers, I am more than ever impressed with the feeling that my words cannot do justice to the sentiments of our hearts. Endowed with energy and industry by far too exhausting for any human organism, he had before the irruption of the rebellion so impaired his health that he considered himself unfit for military duties. When, however, it became apparent that the whole patriotic force of the country might be required to subdue our malignant foe, he could no longer yield to the claims of aged

and enfeebled parents, nor his own cherished household, but left all, to be numbered with that "300,000 more." His quick perceptions enabled him hastily to transform the star of the forum to a leader of battles; but before time and experience had ripened the enthusiasm of his nature, he was immolated upon the altar of Liberty. Whilst leading his regiment in a desperate charge upon a rebel stronghold at Resaca, in the State of Georgia, May 15, 1864, he received the fatal wound of which he died at Chattanooga, Tenn., May 24, 1864, exhibiting at the last characteristic mental vigor and activity. As a friend he was devoted and firm, but never flattered; as a citizen his influence was always on the side of order and enlightened liberality.

In domestic relations his kindness of heart smoothed away what might have seemed asperities in his ardent nature. Let bright flowers shine upon his resting-place. and vesper-stirred evergreens murmur his praise. 7. Clark W. Criter, Co. D, 1st Mich Artillery. 8. Edwin F. Moore, Battery G, 1st Mich. Artillery. War works its unrelenting mischief by privations, exhaustion and disease, with no less certainty than by its mangled limbs and carnage. The worthy boy whose remains lie beneath this stone performed the duties assigned to him at the battle of Rogersville, Ky., on the 29th of August, 1862, with bravery and alacrity beyond his endurance; came home soon after by the advice and assistance of an officer who knew him well; but feeling that he could not remain there whilst his comrades were facing dangers, started for the army against the remonstrances of his friends, still suffering unmistakable symptoms of inflammation of the brain. He was soon returned, a sad evidence of the fatal tendencies of a disease which he had striven to conceal and determined to disregard. Let sweet flowers cover the body which briefly outlived the noble mind that once inspired it. 9. Charles H. Robinson, 11th Mich. Cavalry, died at Lexington, Ky. I will here mention the name of a comrade of this soldier whose mortal remains are buried at Lexington, Ky., but whose grave we are assured by letter will to-day be decorated with floral wreaths woven by the hands of strangers—I refer to Smith Tibbits, also of the 11th Mich. Cavalry. 10 and 12. J. S. Conkling, 44th Ill.; Fred. Cutler, 11th Mich. Volunteers, whose homes were but a few rods from here, have answered their last "roll-call," and their memories should be precious to every citizen and soldier. 11. Jeremiah Van Kleek Cudner, Battery A, 1st Mich. Artillery. A native of Duchess County, New York. He was a noble boy, brave and generous to a fault. 13. Solomon Holben, Battery D, 1st Mich. Artillery, died at Murfreesboro, Tenn. Flowers distributed by his sister. 14. David R.

Leonard, Co. I, 49th Ohio Veteran Volunteers. 15. Charles Conrad, 9th Mich. Volunteers. Captain Mansfield scatters flowers upon his grave. 16. Westley Preston, Co. M. 11th Mich. Cavalry. 17. George Myers. A veteran of the German army, was prompt to join the army of his adopted country, although 50 years old. 18. Byron E. Bates, Co. C, 8th New York Heavy Artillery, died in Salisbury Prison, N. C., January 7, 1865,—a victim of one of the most horrid peculiarities of this unprecedented outbreak of treason. 19. Lieut.-Col. J. S. Hodges, 44th Indiana Volunteer Infantry, whose brave heart encountered the dangers of nine different battles. How feeble will be our best attempts to do him honor. By his side lie the remains of his brother, George H. Hodges, Co. B, 20th Ill. Infantry, who, as the representative of a most noble regiment, deserves additional honors. 20. Captain Ebenezer Butterworth, Co. C, 1st Mich. Infantry, mortally wounded at the first battle of Bull Run, Va., July 21st, 1861. This gifted officer died at Charlottesville, Va. One of the brightest stars in the galaxy of heroes. Possessing remarkable versatility and vivacity, the noble Captain inspired his sprightly zouaves with patriotic devotion, and led them with the foremost to the "field of honor." Our tribute to his manly virtues and heroism may be bestowed upon this tablet to his memory, while his dust sanctifies the soil which he would restore to loyalty, and his spirit abides with the assembly whom the God of battles has called to Himself. 21. Lieut. J. Billingsly, Co. I, 17th Mich. Infantry, a young lawyer of excellent and amiable qualities, proved himself no less meritorious as a soldier, and sealed his devotion to his country with his blood, upon the bloody field of Knoxville, Tenn. 22. John E. Kenyon, 9th Mich. Infantry. Cut down by disease in hospital, before he had opportunity to demonstrate his sterling qualities.

23. Colonel Baldwin J. Crosswait, 44th Indiana Volunteer Infantry—with bitter knowledge of the trials of a soldier's life, having served in our war with Mexico—he was among the first to again number himself with the vindicators of our National honor, and among the earliest victims of rapacious disease, or, as has been believed, of murderous poisoning by a rebel cook. Entering the service as a Captain he was soon promoted to Lieutenant-Colonelcy, and to Colonel—his last commission reaching his family after his death, which occurred in February, 1862. Flowers strewn by one of his soldiers. 24. Captain Silas Parker, Sergeant Chester Craft, Edwin H. Benton, Lucius L. Clark, Julius Hubbard, Joseph Newman, Luther A. Russel—Officers and soldiers of the 44th Ill. Infantry,

killed at the battle of Stone River, in the eventful autumn of 1863. If Branch County had no other names than these inscribed on the "roll of fame," she would deserve honorable place in our country's history. The brave Captain Parker and six such noble boys in one battle! Oh my country!! what a costly boon!!! Oh war! Thou relentless Demon, to wring at a single grip the very heart centre from seven families in one poor county. Well might the hand of affection come "like the Marys, to the sepulchre early in the morning," to pay the tribute of love. Let there be no stint to our peaceful offering. 25. Spencer Mitchel—Cannot give his regiment, but knew him to be a worthy young man and must have been a brave and good soldier. 26. John Sterling, 24th Mich. Volunteers, who died at Culpepper Court House, Va., buried in Girard. Richard Chamberlain, George Aiken, Charles Wainer, Thomas Jefferson Nichols, Joseph Newton, —— Tuttle, —— Burleson, —— Ball, whose graves we have not been able to find, deserve honorable mention, for though their bodies may moulder like common earth, their names are sacred at all times. We strew flowers on both sides of the main alley in honor of their names. What chaplet shall crown, and whose hand shall weave a garland to decorate the grave of those who, far from all that they held dear upon earth, not amid the dangers of the battle-field, but in the midst of the ten-fold greater horrors of the hospital or prison —or, crushed in spirit by the *ennui* of an inactive camp, opened the long-wished-for letter to read of almost shoeless children—an almost breadless house—an almost heartless neighborhood—an almost soulless landlord—and an almost comfortless wife or parent—then let the missive fall from the nerveless hand, the eye shrink in its fleshless socket, and the wearied soul depart from the famished body—seeming to perish a useless and unprofitable sacrifice, wounded far away in the house of their friends, buried in a hasty and solitary grave, never to be recovered or recognized from an enemy. I have seen death hailed with joy and high appreciation of glory on the bloody field, where blue "Minie" and "Enfield" sang a thousand requiems, and each screaming bomb announced the departure of scores of glorified souls, but these had no sadness compared with the death of the fever-blanched or homesick soldier. The climax of agony cannot be reached by ghastly wounds, but doubly culminates in heart-stricken woe. For such we should drop tears of sympathy which the Almighty may weave in a bow of bitter beauty to span the heavens and encircle them all.

At Adrian, Michigan.

Arrived at the cemetery, the procession halted near the grave of Captain Rodgers. Captain J. H. Fee, Commandant of the Post, then briefly stated the duty which had called his comrades together, and announced as first in the order of exercises the singing by the choir of the tune, "America," requesting all to join. The grand old tune was beautifully rendered by Messrs. Bliss, Moses Rice and Russell, and Mrs. Turner, Miss Mattie Graves and Mrs. A. L. Bliss. This was followed by a brief and impressive prayer by Captain Hadley, after which followed a quartette, "Let me die with my face to the foe," sung by Messrs. Russell, Rice and Bliss, and Mrs. Turner. It was composed by James G. Clark, was a most appropriate selection, and was sung with good taste and feeling. Following this was

THE ORATION.

Captain C. R. Miller had been selected as the orator. He spoke as follows:

Comrades and Friends: We meet to-day beneath the shadows of this still home of the dead for no formal parade, to go through with no set forms of address or ceremony, but to pay a loving tribute to the memory of men whom we learned to know on fields not smiling with flowers or grain, but where, instead of the song of birds, was heard the thunder of hostile cannon and the groans of stricken men; where, instead of the harvester with his sheaves of grain, the reaper was Death, and his sheaves the dead bodies of men. These were our comrades in the march, in bivouac, in camp, in hospital, in battle. These went forth with us in the day of our country's peril, to meet the common foe, but with us they came not back. Victors over treason and their country's enemies—vanquished only by death. We learned to know them better in the brief months of common danger and common suffering, than we know men in peaceful days at home in scores of uneventful years. The ties of blood are strong among kindred, but the tie among comrades, whose blood has been shed in the same great cause, is as strong, and a much nobler bond. In tender memory and in reverential honor of our dead comrades do we now stand by their graves. I can here mention but few of the long roll of brave men who went forth from this community to battle, and came not back, or came with hands crossed over pulseless hearts:

Woodbury—Dead on the field of honor. Dead where the hosts of Lee were at last, after seven dreadful days, shattered and repulsed on the bloody field of Malvern. Smith—Dead on

the field of honor. Dead amid the valleys and the mountains of Tennessee. COMSTOCK—Dead on the field of honor. Dead within the walls of beleaguered Knoxville. HOYT—Dead, doing his duty skilfully and well within the walls of the crowded hospital. LADD—Dead on the field of honor, where Sherman marched down to the sea. VREELAND—Dead on the field of honor. Dead in the Wilderness. And the heroes of that untitled host, whose names emblazon no historic page, who wore no insignia of rank, those who carried the musket, where are they? RAMSDELL—Dead. Maimed and torn by rebel shot, dead at last in his father's house, and in the arms of his mother who bore him. HORTON, BAKER, MOORE—Dead. In the bed of the mighty Father of Waters they sleep. WHEELER—Dead; dead of starvation and disease in the rebel prison at Cahawba. I cannot further call the roll (though their names come to my lips in companies) of the rank and file of this Grand Army, who, for no gain, no hope of renown, met hunger, cold, sickness, wounds, captivity and death. In nameless graves, wrapped in their torn and bloody blankets, on hill-sides, in ravines, in trenches, by the roadside, scattered from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, sleep those who, on the day of its deadly peril, saved this nation, and all you love and hope for, from ruin and desolation. You, oh men of Lenawee, bade these men go forth to battle and to death. They went in your stead. They went to war that you might stay at home in peace. No more truly died Jesus of Nazareth for man than these died for you and yours. *Have you paid the debt you owe them?* For their wounds, their homes made desolate, their lives you cannot pay; these are lying on their country's altar, priceless sacrifices to freedom and to God. But one thing you might have done—a little, little thing, to show that you remember the sacrifices these men made for you. You might have raised some stone, somewhere, to show that you at least do not wish to forget the names of your dead soldiers. Have you done this? Tell me where stands the lofty shaft, adorned with statues and graven deep with the names of these dead heroes. Tell me where stands the simplest slab to keep their names from oblivion. There is none. It is a bitter shame, a disgrace that knows no equivalent in the vocabulary of shameful things, that this should be so. You intend to build a monument, say you? Three years have come and gone since the falling banners of the rebellion trailed in the dust and we came home, but the monument to our dead brothers in arms, where is it? There is not yet dug the trench to lay the first foundation-stone of the monument for the dead soldiers of Lenawee county.

We have charity to believe this is the fault not so much of

your hearts as of your memories, but even then we feel that forgetfulness of these, our dead, is black ingratitude. In the name of the living members of that Grand Army, I demand that its dead be not forgotten. We ask of the people of this community that the remains of our noble men be not treated like dead dogs, only covered in earth from the sight of men, and the spot where they lie and their names alike forgotten. We ask that the people of this county shall somewhere rear a fitting memorial, graven with the names of our dead comrades and consecrated to their memories. *We* should not forget their names, but we wish that, after us, our children and our children's children may look on this monument, and there read the names and learn to reverence the memories of the men who fell by their fathers' sides in the great war for the preservation of the Union. We have hoped that our neighbors and friends would willingly, nay, eagerly, rear this monument, but if it shall prove that in this we are mistaken, then we, the *living* soldiers, will see to it that there is as fair a memorial reared to our dead comrades as our slender purses and thinned ranks can raise. Not in anger, not in reproach, do I say these things, but in sorrow, grief, and shame. Most justly is the memory of our Revolutionary fathers held sacred by us all. Are these, our brothers, less worthy of remembrance? If braving death in the storm of battle for a just cause is a criterion, then are these men more worthy than they. For, sum every battle of the Revolution into one desperate fight, and I will name you a score of battles of this rebellion, to which the concentrated Revolutionary fight would be as the shower of spring is to the hurricane. The true measure of men's patriotic self-sacrifice is found, not so much in the danger they brave, as in what they leave and lose at home when they go to battle. The Russian serf, when he is driven from his miserable hut to do battle in the armies of the Czar, loses not much, but gains rather in the way of shelter, comfort and care. The negro slave, who fought under the national standard in this rebellion, left chains, stripes, serfdom on the old plantation, and found freedom, hope, enlightenment for himself and his family beneath the starry flag. It was no sacrifice for him to leave his hell of servitude and degradation, but it was a boon, longed for, hoped for, prayed for all his days—this chance to win his manhood by the cheap peril of his miserable life. But it was a different task for the volunteer who went to the nation's rescue from this community. He left sacrifices at home more than serf or slave ever dreamed of in their captivity. He left a home filled with beauty, ease, comfort, intelligence, freedom and friends. His future was full of all that peace, love, and plenty could bring.

Judging from this stand-point, no class of men were ever animated by a higher and more patriotic devotion than the volunteers from this beautiful city, and from this, the garden county of Michigan. Let their memory be honored accordingly.

The simple fact that our volunteers left such homes and hopes as these, to fight, suffer, die, for the country's honor and preservation is, in itself a eulogy upon our national institutions, surpassing all that can be said by politicians or statesmen to the end of time. The man who spends his breath talking for his country's welfare and honor does well, but he that spends his heart's blood fighting for it, when there is sore need, does better. As blood is more precious than words, as life is more costly than sweat, so much dearer to this nation than the sounding praise of the orator should be the voiceless eulogy upon her institutions that comes from the silent graves of our dead volunteers. And if the genius of American liberty wished to prove to all the world that the American government is not only the best, but the best loved on earth, she has but to point in silence to the graves of 300,000 volunteers who died that the nation might live. History makes some men: these men made history. They have done more. They have made a future of progress and of glory possible, nay sure, for this great Republic. In doing this they have done the crowning work of all time, for they have proved the strength of a people's government and the progress of righteousness, of freedom, forevermore. Comrades of the Grand Army! We have met here to-day with our friends to decorate with flowers the graves of our brothers, who, having met soldiers' deaths as soldiers should, now answer to the roll-call above. Many of them sleep in their unknown graves, cared for by no loving friends, but over these, kind nature and the sweet influences of spring, have caused the grass to grow with deeper verdure, and the flowers to bloom in richer colors and more generous profusion. In strewing flowers on these graves we but follow humbly in the path already marked by nature's own hand. Then strew your flowers on the resting-places of the heroic dead, and with each flower dropped on a soldier's grave, send up a blessing for his deeds, and a prayer to the soldier's God for his hereafter.

Then followed the singing by Messrs. Bliss and Turner and Miss Graves and Mrs. Turner of a quartette—"The Death Knell is Tolling." The decoration of the graves was conducted as follows: The members of the Grand Army, forming, as near as possible, a circle round the grave to be decorated, at an order from the Commandant uncovered. Major Graves then announced the name of the comrade sleeping below. The color

bearer, attended by comrades bearing wreaths and bouquets, advanced to the grave, the floral ornaments were deposited, colors dipped, the order was given "Cover," and the procession moved on.

At Monroe, Michigan.

The decoration was carried into effect by a procession of ex-soldiers and civilians, headed by a band and attended by a large concourse of ladies at Woodland Cemetery. After religious exercises by the various clergymen of the city, Judge I. P. Christiancy delivered an excellent oration, which was followed by vocal and instrumental music, while the ladies were decorating the graves of the heroic dead.

At Hillsdale the soldiers and citizens united in the ceremony of visiting the cemeteries. The procession was formed at the Court House at 9 A. M., and led by the colors and the "Silver Band," proceeded to the College, where they were joined by the faculty, students, and citizens, and marched to Oak Grove Cemetery. The graves of the soldiers were all visited, and flowers strewn in profusion upon them. The procession then formed a hollow square around the burial-grounds of the deceased soldiers, and joined in singing "America." Prayer was offered by Prof. Whipple, and the band then played "The Star Spangled Banner," in which all joined. The "Old Cemetery" was also visited.

At Romeo a procession was formed at the liberty pole (on which was displayed the national flag at half-mast) under the command of Col. Wm. Wilkinson, who was assisted by Capt. Thompson and Lieut. Selfridge. The procession, headed by the brass band, marched to the cemetery, at the entrance to which was an arch of evergreens, with a suitable inscription. At the head of each of the graves of these fallen heroes was a cross of evergreens tastefully decorated, on which was inscribed the name of the soldier whose ashes reposed beneath, and last was the finely-decorated but empty tomb erected in commemoration of those fallen heroes who were buried upon the battle-field. The long procession filed past each of these tombs, depositing upon them their offerings of flowers as they passed. This completed, an appropriate prayer was offered by Rev. P. R. Hurd, and brief, solemn, and impressive addresses were made by Col. Wilkinson, and Rev. Messrs. Hurd, Bigelow, Deering, and Wooden, when the ceremonies were closed with the benediction.

At Nashville, Tenn.

Decorations were made at the National Cemetery, on the Gallatin Pike, six miles from Nashville, by the citizens of that place,

assisted by delegations from Gallatin and the vicinity. Prayer was said by Rev. W. Bennett, a poem, by Mrs. Judge Mills, was pronounced by one of the young ladies who were present to strew flowers upon the graves of the soldiers, and the following oration was delivered by Colonel W. A. Prosser:—

He said, we are assembled this day for the purpose of strewing with flowers, or otherwise decorating, the graves of our comrades—those who made their breasts a barricade between the country and its foes. Their soldier-lives were the reveille of freedom to a race in chains, and their deaths the tattoo of rebellion's tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton feet tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time testify to the present or to coming generations that we have forgotten, as a people, the cost of a free and undivided republic. If other eyes grow dull, and other hands slack, and other hearts grow cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us. Let us, then, at the time appointed, gather around their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of spring-time; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us, in their solemn presence, renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude—the soldiers' and sailors' widow and orphan.

It is not only right and proper, but it is peculiarly fitting and appropriate, that we should weave a chaplet of roses for the last resting-place of those who went forth with us but a few years ago in all the pride and glow of manhood; but who laid down youth and hope and life itself, and whose gentle souls went out in the smoke of battle, that the principles of freedom and good government might be extended and perpetuated. The garlands we strew upon the graves of the dead soldiers of this cemetery are not only a tribute of respect to them, but to all those who gave up their lives in the defence of their country, whether they sleep in the North, the South, the East, or the West. We consecrate this day and these ceremonies not only to the memory of the sixteen thousand warriors who rest within the limits of this burying-ground, but also to the memory of the seventy-five thousand soldiers who were born under the glittering stars of the frosty North, but who now sleep their last sleep within the lim-

its of the State of Tennessee. We consecrate this day and these ceremonies not only to these, but to the three hundred thousand men of every race, color, and condition in life, who loved not their lives unto the death, but freely gave them up that their country might live. We consecrate this day and these ceremonies to the memory of Wadsworth and Kearney, of Reno and of Lytle and Harker, of Siel, the McCooks, and the gentle McPherson, of each and all of that gallant host, to whom life was once as sweet and its hopes and enjoyments as precious as to ourselves, but who are now filling a soldier's grave. Their names are immortal, and their deeds are written with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond in the nation's history, while the grace and beauty of their lives and characters, and the sublimity of their deaths, will be an honor to humanity in all succeeding ages of the world. We this day pay the tribute of our esteem and admiration to the silver-tongued Baker, whose eloquence has charmed multitudes upon multitudes from the Atlantic to the far-off shores of the Pacific, whose voice and heart and hands were at all times devoted to the highest and best interests of humanity, and who at last laid down his life for the preservation of the country he loved so well. We cannot forget, if we would, the youthful heroism of Dahlgren, or the untiring energy of Lyon, of the West, or the brave and modest Gaische, of our own Army of the Cumberland, with hosts of others whose names are inscribed high upon the roll of honor, but whose highest ambition it was to discharge honestly and faithfully the duties they owed to their country.

More than all, we this day crown with a wreath of immortal freshness and fragrance the kingly sepulchre which contains all that could die of him who was the last and greatest sacrifice his country could offer on the altar of patriotism, and who made the name of Abraham Lincoln a precious jewel in the casket of treasures bequeathed to a feeble and frail mortality. We call up to our remembrance the sad face of the man whose great heart was able and willing to comprehend all of the deepest distresses of his country, and whose sacrifices and sufferings in the cause of humanity were second only to those of the Son of God himself. We look in vain through all human story for a parallel for that marvel of faith and patience, and we recognize the hand of Providence in furnishing us with a leader who could, "with charity for all and malice toward none," guide and direct a nation successfully through the labyrinth of difficulties and dangers attendant upon a civil war, of unexpected and unexampled magnitude. But, as we turn aside from the busy scenes and pursuits of life, to perform these reverential ceremonies, we

not only pay the tribute of our respect and admiration to the memory of the fallen brave who were once our comrades, but we also honor the memory of all those who, in any age of the world, have devoted themselves to the cause of republicanism, to human liberty, progress, or justice.

We this day honor the names and deeds of the Fathers of the Republic, who laid the foundations of the temple of freedom in the wilds of America. The war of the rebellion but concluded the work which they commenced, and the principles of liberty and equal rights to all men have been made the ruling and cardinal principles of government throughout the entire territory over which floats the stars and stripes. We offer up the incense of our admiration at the shrine of Hampden and Sidney, of England; of William Tell, of Switzerland; of Kosciusko, of Poland—of all the heroes and champions of liberty, whether known or unknown, throughout the world. Their cause is our cause; we participate with them in their shouts of victory, and we share with them the disasters of defeat. The cause for which they labored is that for which our comrades drew the sword, and for which they thought it happiness to die. The Spartan mother who received her son upon his shield; Leonidas, with his three hundred men, and all the long line of the friends of liberty, from their day to our own, were animated by the same spirit and drank their inspiration from the same fountain of undying patriotism. These are the men who have been fighting the battles of human freedom and constitutional liberty, from their earliest inception down to the present time. Three hundred years ago, when the civilized world lay at the feet of royalty, and no rights were recognized but the despotic rights of kings, the burghers of Holland took up the cause afresh, and, conscious of its justice and strong in their sense of right, they organized resistance to the oppressive tyranny which then held in complete subjection the most enlightened nations of the earth. Under the blighting influences of the dark ages civil and religious liberty had alike disappeared, until these men undertook to restore both the one and the other. Respectfully asking for a redress of their grievances in an humble petition, they were spurned in contempt from the presence of arbitrary power with the scornful words, "What do these beggars want? What would they have?" They were the wealthy merchants and citizens of Amsterdam, whose industry and genius were known and recognized throughout the world, whose commerce had enriched their own as well as other countries of Europe, and whose opinions and requests should have commanded the respect of the most powerful monarch that ever existed. Knowing their rights and

daring to mainthin them, they were not the men tamely to submit to the insults of royalty or the exercise of despotic authority. Denounced as beggars, they were proud of the epithet, and inscribed upon their banners, as their choicest legend, the words, "Long live the beggars!" For seventy-five years they waged the unequal contest, without the aid of the ordinary elements of power or the assistance of kings; but relying upon the justice of their cause and the support of that Power which ever protects and assists the cause of right and truth, they pressed forward to the accomplishment of their noble purposes, and through victory and defeat, in sunshine and in storm, on the land and on the sea, above the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry, the cry still went up of "Long live the beggars!" Above the smoking ruins of two thousand towns and cities, amidst the shouts of the victors or the groans of the vanquished, amid the heat and dust of battle, the cry of "Long live the beggars!" went up to heaven, until the Lord of Hosts gave the victory to their persevering arms, and the foundations of constitutional liberty and of equal rights to all men were laid, broad and deep, by the labors, toils and sacrifices of more than three generations of freemen. From that hour until the present, that cause has been growing and prospering, marching forward from one triumphant contest to another, until the entire civilized world recognizes the principles for which those early pioneers of liberty devoted years of sorrow, and for which they were willing to die. The principles of free thought, free speech, free labor, and a free press are everywhere known and acknowledged as the avenues to the greatest good of the greatest number of the human family. The genius of free labor enters the hovel of poverty and says to its inmates, "Come up higher." The genius of free labor nerved the heart and strengthened the arm of Abraham Lincoln, and four millions of people were lifted out of the darkness and oppression of slavery into the sunlight of freedom, progress and intelligence, and were invested with all the rights and privileges of American citizenship.

The genius of free labor is the soul of all the triumphs of industry and art, of the sciences, of invention, of literature, philosophy, poetry, and song, which have made the nineteenth century illustrious among the ages. The genius of free labor has filled our towns and cities with an industrious and enterprising population; it has dotted the earth with schools and churches, cobwebbed the sea and air with the telegraph; it has spanned the earth with railroads, and bridged the ocean with ships. The genius of free labor first planted the Tree of Liberty, watched over the slowness of its early growth, nourished it into life and

vigor, beauty and strength, with the blood of unnumbered brave and gallant men, including my comrades, until to-day millions upon millions delight in the shadow of its branches and the richness of its fruit. The genius of free labor is the soul of all the battles which have been fought in modern times. The war of the Revolution gave to the principles and the children of free labor a home on the shores, and amongst the mountains and the prairies of the New World; and millions of freemen find room for their energies, and a reward for their enterprise and industry, in the beautiful landscapes that stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, where but a short time ago were only the wild beasts of the forest, or shapes in human form more savage still. The war of 1812 gave the ocean to freemen, and the white sails of commerce were wafted into every sea on the habitable globe, bearing to the breeze the motto of free trade and sailors' rights. The Mexican war added millions of square miles to the area of free labor, and California sprang into existence an empire of herself, complete and perfect in all her appointments, like Pallas when she sprang from the brain of Jove, and more beautiful than Venus when she rose from the sea, the most glorious illustration of the power and genuis of free labor to be found under the sun. There men of every race and nation, color and complexion, enjoy the equal protection and benefit of the law. The State has grown rich and prosperous because her government is just, and the commerce of the world has been enriched by the hidden wealth of her territory, developed by the agency of free labor. The war of the rebellion was begun in the interest of slavery, but it terminated in the interest of freedom; and all of that vast territory extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, has been consecrated to the use and service of freedom forever more. If we were placed upon one of the highest of our mountain tops, and were to see passing before us in one grand, solemn and awful procession, all the great, the wise, and the good of every age and clime, their kings and priests, their poets and philosophers, their heroes, warriors, and statesmen, all those whose names are distinguished in the arts of peace or the stategy of war, in genius, literature, or statesmanship, and we were to ask them one by one, as they passed us in this grand procession, what is the greatest boon which could be conferred on mankind, they would tell us with one unanimous heart and voice and soul, in tones as clear as the echoes of an Alpine horn, that constitutional liberty and free labor were the greatest benefits which could be conferred upon the human family. They would tell us that the right to worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience, the right

to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, the right of every man to enjoy the fruits of his own labor, to reap the rewards due to his own energy, were the greatest blessings that could be conferred upon the human race. These are the principles for which our comrades labored, fought, and suffered, and for which they left the comforts and pleasures of home, endured all the hardships and privations incident to a soldier's career, and for which they were willing to sleep in bloody garments until the morning of the resurrection, that it might be made an everlasting success. Our memories to-day are full of the scenes of 1861, when a nation which had grown rich and great in all the prosperous arts and blessings of peace, clothed itself in the stern panoply of dreadful war, that the principles of free government might be made perpetual, and might be preserved to all future generations. We remember the hundreds of thousands of men who went forth to battle full of manly vigor, health, and energy, not for military glory or renown, nor for the gratification of any feelings of malice or revenge, but that the last experiment of freedom might be made an assured success. Before us pass in solemn procession three hundred thousand disembodied spirits, whose silence is more eloquent than all the words that were ever uttered by the lips of the most gifted of mortals. Not one of all that army who sleeps in the most sequestered spot of the sunny South, who was not once the pride of a household, and whose vacant chair is still a perpetual reminder of the sacrifices made by the nation to secure its existence. No one of that grand army of fallen soldiers, buried though he be in the most lonely valley or unknown spot of the country he died to save, but there are fairy hands to ring his knell, and fairy forms to sing his dirge in every sighing breeze, that lingers in sad sweetness over the mortal remains of one who died, not for the glittering bauble of earthly glory, but, dying for his country, won an immortality of fame. His grave may be amongst those who, seeking his destruction and rejoicing in his death, were unable to comprehend the purity of his patriotism, but though

> "Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
> And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
> But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
> In the grave where his comrades have laid him."

Such were the men who were once our brothers in arms, and our comrades in the field. But their task is done, their work is accomplished. We can add nothing to the brightness of their glory or the perfection of their fame. We may emulate their virtues, and be proud of their deeds, but their fame is as wide as

creation, and will endure as long as there are those who can breathe a sigh of sympathy for human distresses, or labor for the cause of human advancement. No narrow boundaries of sea or land confines their glory, and time will only add to the brilliancy and permanence of its lustre. The friends of freedom and progress, of civilzation and Christianity, in every land, are mourners this day at the shrine of their patriotic devotion. The story of that devotion is not confined to the race or color, complexion or language of any special latitude, but is the heritage of the whole brotherhood of man. The love of liberty is a virtue implanted in the human soul by God himself. It is a characteristic of the Laplander, in the frozen zones of the north, of the English, French, German, Italian, Swiss, and all other nations of the more temperate climes, and the indolent people of tropical regions delight to live in the enjoyment of its multiplied blessings.

Without liberty there can be no progress or improvement; and without human freedom Christianity itself would be useless and unavailing. In defending and maintaining the unity and nationality of the American people, our comrades rendered the highest service it was possible for them to do for the human race. In so doing they demonstrated the fact that the people are the true source of all power and authority in human government. They furnished the world with an illustration of the fact that a government of the people, and by the people, was the most powerful of all human organizations, and that resistance to its will was resistance to God himself. The achievements of our comrades, and the Grand Army of the Republic, in which they served, which secured America to Freedom, and Freedom to America, have lifted up the souls of the friends of liberty in every part of the world, and the tide of Republicanism, rising higher and higher with each returning year, promises soon to sweep away every element of opposition to the right of every man, however poor or humble, or of whatever race or color, to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The nations of the old world take heart, and are inspired with fresh courage in the struggle, when they learn or remember what has been accomplished in America. The German to-day is proud of a united Fatherland; the Italian, wherever he may be, takes delight in the unity and the nationality of a regenerated Italy, and the sons of Green Erin gather fresh hope in America for the independence of the Gem of the Sea. The banner of beauty and glory under which our comrades fought and fell is looked upon with pride and pleasure by every nation under the sun, because it is the emblem of all that is precious in human hope for the

progress and advancement of the human race. It excites the admiration and the enthusiasm of the remotest corners of the earth, not only for the blood which has consecrated its folds, but because of the principles of justice and of equal rights to all men which it represents. No other banner that floats on the mountain or the plain, or that is unfurled to the winds over the briny deep, is worshipped with such sublime devotion, simply because it is the emblem of those principles of truth and right which the Great Father of us all has implanted in the breasts of His children. Once the kings of the earth were those who controlled the lives and property of whole nations, and whose possessions were the diamonds of Brazil and the wealth of the Indies; but now the kings of the earth are those whose labors and achievements in the fields of genius, invention, science, literature, poetry, and song, have contributed in the highest degree to the advancement of human happiness. Under the starry flag that waves over us to-day as well as America, every citizen is a king, and there is no avenue to wealth and fame, position and power, that is not open to every child of the Republic. In securing the preservation and the permanence of republican institutions in America, our comrades made those institutions possible and practicable in all the length and breadth of their unnumbered benefits to the remaining nationalities of the civilized world. The lovers of freedom everywhere are proud of the achievements of our comrades; they participate with us in the triumphal procession in which we honor their memories and their deeds, and they shed with us a tear of regret this day that a cause so noble should have required such noble sacrifices to secure its success. Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust; we tenderly commit to their last resting-place, as to the bosom of God, the mortal remains of our fallen comrades, resting confident in the assurance that a cause will grow and prosper beyond measure which has been watered by so much of the precious blood of the country. They are with us no longer, but they have left us, as a priceless legacy, the principles for which they fought, and the wives and children which they loved. We bring forth this day the shattered and war-worn banners, upon which are inscribed Shiloh, and Murfreesboro, and Gettysburg, and Franklin, and Richmond, and Nashville, and a hundred other fields of strife illustrious in the nation's story, and we resolve this day to labor for the success of the principles for which they died as long as life shall endure. While we strew upon their graves the flowers of spring, let us resolve that their wives and children, as long as we are blessed with returning seasons, shall be a charge upon a nation's gratitude and the wards of a nation's trust.

Ah, yes! their work is done, and they rest from their labors. For them there are no more weary marches to be made under the scorching rays of the sun, or the silent stars of the night, to do battle in the cause of human rights and human progress. Treason has done his worst, and they no more tread the lonely beat to guard the white tents of the gleaming camp, while they wistfully turned their thoughts to the distant firesides which they were to see no more forever. No coming conflicts can be to them a source of anxious solicitude, because they are beyond the reach of cannon and musketry, and are unmoved by the shouts of victory or the distress of defeat. They poured out their life-blood upon the field of battle like the rain, the most precious treasure they could offer upon the altar of duty and patriotism, while their immortal spirits were carried down the long aisles of Heaven, and hid beneath the mercy seat until the evil days are passed, and the angel standing upon the sea and upon the land proclaims that "time shall be no longer," and the strifes of mortality shall disappear in the sunlight of everlasting peace. Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, it is for us to see that the fallen brave who were once our comrades shall not have died in vain. It is for us to determine that the principles which they so gallantly defended shall be preserved in their purity, and perpetuated in their strength. Let us renew our allegiance to those principles, and go forward in our work with an unfaltering determination that we will, through evil report as well as good report, honestly and faithfully discharge the duties we owe to our country, resolved that in all its length and breadth it shall be consecrated to the principles upon which it was founded in 1776, and that those principles shall rule and govern it in righteousness, until the sinking earth shall open its soldered seams, and sweep the world of humanity out of existence. Whilst we bind up the scars, and the wounds, and the broken hearts that were left us by the rebellion, it is for us to see that free thought and free speech, a free press and free labor are the corner-stones of a regenerated republic. Our cause is the cause of right and truth and justice, and in laboring for its success we have the approval of our own consciences, and the support and blessing of Him who has richly prospered it hitherto, and who holds the nations of the earth in the hollow of His hand. The soldiers who marched under our banners, wear upon their brows the perpetual garlands of victory, and each returning season of spring-time and harvest, summer and winter, brings to them the ever green laurels of triumphant success. We survive the contest in which our comrades fell, but sooner or later all those who have labored, toiled and suffered in behalf

of a fallen humanity shall be gathered home to that land where the flowers bloom in immortal beauty and fragrance; where no eye is ever filled with tears or heart with sorrow, and where the only airs that are breathed are the breezes that blow from the "Isles of the Blessed." For us there still remains the toil and strife of life's unceasing warfare, until we, too, shall be summoned to appear before the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the universe, there to receive, if we do our duty, the reward due to good and faithful soldiers. If we must all die, let us enter the portals of immortality with the consciousness that the starry flag under which we lived and fought was never stained or dishonored by our misconduct, and that all our duties and obligations as soldiers and citizens were sacredly met and performed. If we live in deeds and not years, and we fill the measure of our usefulness according to our opportunities, when other generations shall come, in future years, to pass their judgment upon us, it may occasion us no regret to remember that

> "None but the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

At Memphis, Tennessee.

Upwards of five thousand persons visited the Mississippi River National Cemetery to participate in the Dedication exercises, and to strew sweet flowers on the graves of those who fell fighting in defence of their flag, their hearthstones and their country.

A large number of persons arrived at the Cemetery about eleven o'clock, among whom were many fair ladies, who had charge of decorating the graves. These ladies performed the pleasing and melancholy task which devolved upon them most admirably. Beautiful crosses clothed in evergreens, and studded with flowers, were planted throughout the grounds, while on many a grave were to be seen bouquets of most beautiful flowers, which had been laid there by the tender hand of woman, who doubtless dropped a silent tear to the memory of the brave boy who slept beneath the green sod, far, far, from the home where he first saw the light of day, and where he had passed the joyous days of boyhood.

Shortly before twelve o'clock the troops in garrison at post marched into the Cemetery, headed by the fife and drum corps, and under command of Capt. Estes. The soldiers marched up the avenue with a steady martial tread, and formed in line close to the spot where the soldiers of the regular army lie buried, and planted the "Stripes and Stars" amid the graves.

After the troops came a large detachment of the Metropolitan police force, under command of Captain Symons, and presented a fine appearance. Next came the United Sons of Ham, the Social Benevolent Society, the Mutual Relief Society, and the United Sons of Zion, all clothed in nice regalia, each Society being headed by a fife and drum corps. Between 12 and 1 o'clock, a dense crowd of between three and four thousand persons had assembled in front of the speaker's stand, and about 1 o'clock the exercises commenced.

The President of the day, Hon. J. O. Pearce, called the assemblage to order, and said: The time has now arrived to commence the mournful ceremonies of the day. Before the exercises, however, I will ask the Vice-Presidents, and other officers of the day, to their places on the stand. The following gentlemen responded to the call: Hon. J. T. Swayne, Col. J. L. Chandler, Wm. R. Moore, Esq., Col. Reuel Hough, Capt. H. S. Lee, Col. Joseph Lenow, Dr. W. H. White, Col. W. B. Holbrook, Rev. T. E. Bliss, Maj. J. Hart Purdy, Col. A. P. Curry, Capt. M. Campbell, Capt. L. Horrigan, Dr. S. J. Quinby, Rev. A. L. Rankin, Hon. J. M. Tomeny, Capt. Channing Richards, Col. S. B. Beaumont, Capt. D. C. Pool, J. R. Stebbine, Esq., Prof. J. H. Barnum. Major Davies, Commandant of the Post; Dr. W. S. Tremaine, Post Surgeon; Colonel Palmer and Major Fredericks of the 45th U. S. Infantry, also occupied seats on the platform.

The exercises of the day commenced with the City Band playing the beautiful anthem, "Man should not be Proud."

The President then introduced Rev. T. E. Bliss, Chairman of the General Committee of Arrangements, who delivered the following Dedicatory Address:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: The occasion which has brought us together, is one of no ordinary interest. A great army is sleeping around us, no more to engage in the conflict of battle, no more to be roused by the morning drum, but only to respond when the Archangel's trump shall awaken them on the great and final day. The Government of the United States, with a thoughtful care of her children, has provided, at great expense, in various places, for the interment of those who have fallen, or may do so hereafter, in her defence. We meet to-day to consecrate with appropriate religious rites, this National Cemetery; to plant the cross, that symbol of our faith, in which is all our hope, to deck with evergreens and flowers these grounds and graves; thereby expressing our affectionate interest in our friends and comrades and brothers who are lying so thickly around us, and pledging here before God and the nation, that their names and noble deeds shall ever live

fresh and green in our memories and in the memories of our children who shall come after us. In no spirit of rivalry or emulation of party, or of sectionalism do we come, but with kind and fraternal hand would extend out over these graves the olive branch of peace—even to that cluster of graves so recently dedicated at Elmwood. Laying aside the implements of war and burying the asperities of strife, we would catch the spirit, and attune our heart to the sweet harmonies of the song of the angels, as they sang in full chorus to the Shepherds of Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the highest, and on *Earth peace and good will towards men.*"

Of the noble deeds of patriotism and fame of those who now peacefully sleep around us, of their virtues and sacrifices for the cause of liberty, and a united country, of their aspirations, and hopes for a prosperous and happy people, of their longings and previsions of a great and glorious Republic, which should be free from every stain, and become the light and joy of all nations—of these, other and more eloquent lips than mine will speak to you on this occasion. The inspirations of the hour, the thronging memories of the past, the scenes recalled of other fields, wherein so many of these brave men laid down their lives, amid the roar of battle and the surging tide of war, cannot fail to thrill the whole soul of the orator anew as he recounts the high resolve and heroic action of so many of those who fought under the same command. But while we cheerfully accord the preëminence on this occasion to their late comrades in arms, as eminently befitting and proper, we yet would remember that the name and fame of these noble dead are committed by the nation to no one class, but are henceforth and forever to be the rightful heritage of a whole, grateful and united people. Neither party names, nor sectional lines, nor artificial distinctions—no, nor even the bloody and painful conflict which laid them here shall ever alienate the right in this great and precious inheritance, either for ourselves or for the generations yet to come. Therefore it is that we are all here present to-day to unite in these services—to recognize first and reverently our dependence, as a people, upon the God of nations and the God of battles—to dedicate in accordance with appropriate usage, from time immemorial, these grounds by religious services, to the sacred purpose for which they are designed—to hear of the mighty deeds performed in our behalf—to cement anew and in stronger bonds, the political, social and friendly union of this great people, and to have the altar-fires of a common and mutual patriotism for our *whole* country, lighted up with purer rays and with a warmer glow—even to a welding and suffusing heat.

We would bring our votive offerings in a reverent and loving spirit, imploring the God and Father of us all for His divine benediction upon this occasion. We would not keep back our tears when we think of the hearts which still bleed in secret for the loved whose forms are sleeping here.

O well may we weep for the good and the brave,
Whose forms are lying before us;
O well may we bow with tears over the grave
Of the soldier who died to restore us.

The Union so dear, the life of the Nation,
Tinged with the blood of our fathers,
Must never be sunder'd in any relation,
Though tears again flow like the waters.

On the patriot's shrine, in love's sacred name,
We will lay our sweetest token,
And we'll bind him a wreath of immortal fame
On the cross where the Savior hath spoken.

It is in this spirit, I trust, that we have all met on this glad but solemn occasion, with humble and devout thanksgivings to Almighty God, for His great mercies towards us as a people—for the preservation of our national unity, and for permitting us here to meet in fraternal accord on this joyous day—we come to dedicate this sacred enclosure. We should be especially glad and grateful that He has inclined our hearts so generally to lay aside the asperities of the past, and disposed us to extend so many mutual kindnesses and courtesies, whereof these beautiful flowers and evergreens are a token. With united hearts we would reverently engage in these services, and implore the spirit of divine mercy and grace to rest upon all here present, and upon all who shall rest in this hallowed enclosure. In the name of the God and Father of us all—the God of the nation, who hath done great things for us—the sovereign and only potentate—the King of kings and the Lord of lords—we would solemnly dedicate these grounds to the sacred purposes for which they are designed. We pray that His benignant smile may ever rest upon this spot—that His favor may here ever abide, and that in other years we and our children may come as pilgrims to this shrine, and reverently bring our votive offerings, and along these walks and beneath these groves, and among these graves of the brave defenders of our nation, may we be inspired with a higher and purer patriotism—be strengthened in our devotion to the Union of these States, and may the silken cord of love and social kindness bind the hearts more and more closely together of this whole people and nation, and may the God of our fathers—the God of the dead and of the living, hear our vows thus taken,

and bestow upon all our country His favor and His continued blessings.

At the conclusion of Mr. Bliss's remarks, Rev. F. A. Mason pronounced a prayer, after which a dedicatory poem by Judge J. O. Pierce was read by Channing Richards, Esq. This was followed by remarks by Capt. Lee. He spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I regret exceedingly that, by an unforseen accident, Gen. Hurlbut is unable to be present. The committee received a telegraph dispatch from the General that, owing to the sickness of his wife, he would be unable to be with us to-day. I feel certain that if Gen. Hurlbut had been present, he would have delivered an address which all would have listened to with the greatest pleasure. I regret that I am called to take the place of that gentleman, and I wish it to be understood that the citizens of Memphis who will speak on this occasion will do so extemporaneously and without preparation. It is the habit of the Mohammedans to make an annual pilgrimage to the shrine of the prophet, and to-day, those who had come to the cemetery had come to discharge a patriotic duty, and actuated by the same devotion. Fortunately, however, they were not compelled to go far from their homes on such an occasion, as their altars were here, where repose the remains of our former comrades, our brethren-in-arms who died while engaged in the grand work of preserving the government which Washington and the other fathers had handed down to us. These brave men who lie in the graves around us fell by our sides while saving from destruction and preserving to us and those who are to come after us the most precious legacy on earth, the best, purest and highest form of government that has ever been conceived by the ingenuity and wisdom of man. (Applause.) A few short years ago the tocsin of alarm was sounded throughout the breadth of this land that the government was in danger, and that it was about to be destroyed by armed violence and anarchy at the South. But a call was made by the government, and these patriots, who now lie here, answered the call and sprang to arms. They came from every valley, village, city and town in the country. They left their hearthstones and came forth, at the call of their country, for its protection and preservation. Sires, sons and fathers all sprang to arms, and they poured out their blood in defence of liberty and of a free government. They fell bravely, and to-day, for the gallantry they displayed, are held in reverence by all the nations of the earth, but more especially by those of our own nation, for they met their death in the shock of battle all too soon, but they fell while bravely fighting for a cause which they at least deemed most just and righteous. (Ap-

plause.) No one would, therefore, be so ruthless as to pluck from their brows one solitary laurel to which they are entitled. We have here those graves as monuments of the devotion of the American people to the permanency of our government and institutions. We have in our midst the many brave and noble comrades stranded upon the bloody waves of the great surging tide of battle—as gallant barques as ever floated upon the sea of life—thrown upon the shores of horrid strife, shapeless, shattered vessels of humanity! with their pale faces looking up through the sea-drift of suffering, beaming with a calm, patient hope and resignation that no more of agony could ripple or disturb. And I say it reverentially, approaching nearer to the inspiration and self-sacrificing, holy devotion of that death which was "to save sinners." These brave heroes deserve our greatest care, while those who sleep here appeal to us and to all around here, regardless of the position they held in the late conflict. Those dead heroes died owing their devotion to the institutions of the best and purest government on the face of the earth, and therefore we are here to-day to do reverence to the glorious dead, and we are here to commemorate the death of these fallen braves by decorating their graves with flowers—sweet flowers, the freshest jewels in the crown of the earth. We are here to strew these flowers on the graves of heroes, while those to whom they were dear, and in distant States, can realize our appreciation of the devotion they showed for their country and the sacred cause in which they were engaged when they fell. While we do this in the presence of the illustrious dead, let all dissensions, all bitterness, all strife pass away, and let us thank God that we can all meet together as citizens of one common country and under one flag. (Applause.) The cause for which these men fell is a most precious legacy, and was secured to us through their toil and through the sacrifices of their lives, and given to us and to our posterity. It is a great and noble legacy (applause)—the Union of the United States of America.

And in receiving at their hands such a legacy from these dead patriots, it is our bounden duty to preserve and perpetuate this government which they have bequeathed to us.

It seems to me that language is too feeble and inadequate to express fully all that we owe to these brave men, who left their homes, their friends, and sacrificed their lives in order that we might enjoy freedom. We all know the spirit in which they went forth, and the noble object for which they fought—the glorious institutions of the country. When we think of this, language seems poor, weak and feeble to express all we owe to these patriots. With these thoughts in our minds, let us ever

remember the sacrifices these gallant and patriotic men made for us, and let us make to this city of the dead an annual pilgrimage, and strew flowers upon their graves, and, when we are taken away by death, let us bequeath the pleasing task to our children, and thus testify our gratitude to these patriots, and our remembrance of the cause in which they fell.

The President of the day then introduced J. M. Tomeny, who said:—I am about to read a poem, written by Mary T. Bolton, and first published in February, 1861. It was composed at the time the secession of South Carolina sent a thrill through this broad land. It is one of those noble emanations of genius inspired by genuine love of country, which are called forth only at great eras of the world's history. It embodies in beautiful language the imaginary dream of an old soldier of the Revolution, who had lived more than a century and had seen generations pass away. Its noble pathos and glowing patriotism inspired thousands of the brave men whose mortal remains rest around us, and whose immortal souls, we hope, have taken their flight to realms of eternal bliss.

In the midst of his children's children, by the home fire's cheerful blaze,
An old man sat in his easy chair, dreaming of bygone days;
Dreaming of wearisome marches, by flood, morass and wold,
Where many a brave heart fainted with hunger and thirst and cold;
Dreaming of midnight watches in the dreary, drizzling rain,
And the hum of his comrades' voices, that he never shall hear again;
Of the smouldering fires of the bivouac, the sentinel's measured tread,
The smoke and roar of the battle, and the faces of the dead—
Of the fair young son of his neighbor, who fought and fell by his side,
And the sacred message he gave him to his girl-love when he died.
He saw the face of the maiden grow as cold as death and as pale,
As he sat by her father's hearthstone and told her the cruel tale.
"Ay, ay," in his sleep he murmured, "she was fair and he was brave,
But she faded away like a blossom, and we made him a soldier's grave.
But we routed the British legions, and sent them over the sea,
For the God of battles helped us, and our native land was free.
My son, I have been dreaming a dream that gives me pain;
I thought I was young, and a soldier, fighting for freedom again;
I saw the tents and the banners, and the shining ranks of the foe,
And the crimson tracks of our poor recruits left on the frozen snow.
But is it true, this rumor, or only an idle tale—
Do they talk of dissolving the Union?—Ah! well may your cheek grow pale,
And well may an old man tremble, and his heart beat faint and low,
When he thinks of the price it cost us some fourscore years ago!
I have watched its growing greatness through a life of many years,
But I never forgot its blessings were purchased with blood and tears.
I never forgot the privations of fourscore years ago,
When the naked feet of our poor recruits left crimson tracks in the snow.
I never forgot their faces, and I seem to see them still,
Who looked straight into the face of death at the battle of Bunker Hill.
And so the home of Marion is the first to break the band

That bound the beautiful sisterhood of our beloved land;
The children of the heroes around whose memory clings
The glory of King's Mountain, Cowpens and Eutaw Springs!
I saw our blessed banner, with its white and crimson bars,
When fair South Carolina was one of the thirteen stars;
And if ever that constellation is marred or rent in twain,
It would blast the sight of these poor old eyes to see its folds again.
If God has forsaken our country, the only boon I crave
Is, that He will delay its ruin till I have gone down to the grave;
For I could not breathe with foemen, nor turn my face to the sun,
Nor dwell in the land of the living, when the States are no longer one.

Judge J. T. Swayne then spoke as follows:

He said he came before them to-day with some embarrassment, having been called upon to make an impromptu speech.

He intended by his presence here to-day to pay a tribute to the restoration of peace. He did not expect to make a speech, as he had no information on the subject on which he was called to speak, and he was not aware that it was contemplated he should make a speech on the occasion until he reached the grounds. He saw here the spirit of conciliation and harmony, and he called on his countrymen of the sunny South to witness the spirit of conciliation and harmony which he observed, and the sentiments expressed on that happy occasion. He asked, if this was not a fitting occasion and a fitting place, there in that silent, solemn city of the dead, for the cultivation of these sentiments. They were in the presence of patriot sons, dead, but whose memories are enshrined in their hearts and their affections. He observed above him the godlike portrait of Daniel Webster, and his own great political patron, Henry Clay, and there was the portrait of one higher than any man living, or any man who had ever lived, except the Saviour of mankind. It was that of the "father of his country," George Washington. (Applause.) In such a presence it was meet that there should be harmony and conciliation. He was glad to see this spirit existing at the present time. He was also glad to see so many of his own Southern countrymen present, and among them many officers who had served in the Confederate army. They can testify to the bearing of these men who slept in the graves around them, as they had met them many a time on the battle-field. They could speak of their gallantry, and it had been well said that both sections of the country produced the bravest of the brave, and it was a proud satisfaction to him that day to witness the spirit of conciliation and harmony which prevailed on this occasion.

The band then played the very appropriate air, "Auld Lang Syne."

REMARKS OF COL. HANSACKER.

Col. Hansacker, late of Gen. Griffin's staff, was then introduced. He said he did not expect to be called on to address the assembly on that occasion, but he was glad to be with them that day, while they were paying a tribute to the patriot dead. He hoped they would permit him to retire on such a solemn occasion, for he assured them that his heart was too full to give expression to his thoughts.

"AMERICA."

The entire assemblage then joined in singing the grand old tune "America."

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

The exercises then terminated with the Rev. A. L. Rankin, chaplain of the Memphis Post of the G. A. R., pronouncing the benediction.

AT KENDUSKEAG, MAINE.

The citizens of Kenduskeag gathered at the Town Hall, at 8 o'clock A. M. to pay their tribute to the eleven graves—all the bodies recovered out of the twenty-eight from this little town, who lost their lives in the great struggle for freedom. A large procession was formed, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, led by the Post, W. H. H. Stackpole, Commander, followed by Tranquil Lodge of G. T. in regalia and citizens generally; and, to the solemn taps of the drum marched to the grave-yard. In silence and with many tears the graves were all visited. Monuments and headstones were tastefully twined with evergreens. Beautiful wreaths and bouquets of the first flowers of spring, and a cross of evergreens were placed upon each grave. The procession then formed in a square, and the Choir sang—

"Brothers, ye have gone to rest."

Eloquent and very feeling remarks were made by E. F. Crane, Esq., causing the deepest emotion,—he having a son buried here. Also, appropriate and impressive remarks were made by T. W. Hodsdon, and Rev. T. B. Robinson. Prayer was offered by Mr. Robinson, and the Choir sang the beautiful piece—

"We will not forget them,"

by Geo. F. Root.

At Brewer, Maine.

The arrangements were under the charge of a detachment from Post No. 12, G. A. R., under the command of Col. Jasper Hutchings as chief marshal, assisted by Sewall H. Downs and Manly Hardy as aids. The members of the G. A. R. visited the Cemetery in the morning and placed crosses of arbor vitæ at the heads of those graves which had no stone placed at the head. At nine o'clock the citizens and public schools met at the Town House, and formed a procession in the following order: Bangor Cornet Band; Detachment from Post No. 12, G. A. R.; Thirty-seven young ladies, representing each State of the Union, wearing the national tri-color; Citizens of Brewer; Scholars of the public schools. The procession was very long, all the scholars of the village schools, and a large number of the citizens taking part. The procession marched to the Cemetery, and, having been massed, prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Fuller, following which the audience sang the National Hymn, the Band accompanying. The comrades of the G. A. R. were then formed in two platoons, and one beginning at each end of the Cemetery, strewed with flowers the graves of their fallen comrades, placing a wreath and a bouquet of flowers on each, the Band meanwhile playing a dirge. After they had done this, the scholars of the schools and others came forward and added their tribute to those already offered. The procession was again formed, and after marching back to the place where the line was formed, were dismissed, just as it began to rain.

At Bangor, Maine.

Saturday, the day set apart all over our country, to do honor to the gallant dead who fell in defence of our flag, our Constitution and the principles of universal freedom, was observed in this city in accordance with the arrangements previously announced in our paper. The day opened with a raw east wind and a heavy fog, which during the forenoon turned to rain, and at noon the rain came down in torrents, which made it seem almost impossible that any services could be held at Mount Hope. But the Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, who for four years had marched and fought side by side with their fallen comrades, through rain and storm, were not to be kept from doing honor to their late compatriots by any such little thing as rain, and consequently they decided to attend to the duty they had undertaken, even if no others should unite with them. But the fates were propitious, and at one o'clock

the rain was over, though the sky was still overcast, and looked as likely to rain again as at any time during the day. The various bodies met at their different places of meeting at half-past one o'clock, and at two o'clock the bodies formed in line on Main street, in the following order:

Bangor Cornet Band—A. D. Harlow, leader. Co. B, State Guards—Capt. J. S. Ricker; Co. A, State Guards—Lieut. Marshall Dyer; Post No. 12, G. A. R.—under the command of Sen. Vice Commander, Gen. Chas. Hamlin, Junior Vice Com. A. C. Hamlin, and Lieut. B. H. Beale, Officer of the Day. Officers of the Regular Army. Post No. 19, G. A. R., Kenduskeag, with the following officers: Post Commander W. H. Stackpole; Senior Vice Com., John H. Everett; Jun. Vice Com. J. H. Dolliver; Post Q. M., F. A. H. Stackpole; Officer of the Day, G. A. Hutchings.

City Government of Bangor: Ex-Mayors of the city; soldiers of the war of 1812; Soldiers' Monument Association; clergymen of the city; Heath's Martial Band; Eagle Engine Company No. 3, George H. Chick, foreman; Union Hose Company No. 1, A. Morse, foreman. The procession made a fine appearance—Co.'s A, and B. State Guards, each about forty strong, in uniform. Post No. 12, G. A. R., about eighty, and Post No. 19, about twenty strong, each wearing a rosette of the national tri-colors draped with crape, and bearing aloft the blood-stained and tattered flags with which they marched to battle, and in defense of which their comrades fell. The regular army was represented by Lieut. Col. James H. Carleton (Major-General of Volunteers), and Capt. Wm. H. Mills, Jr., both of our city, and who are at present on leave of absence. The soldiers of 1812 were represented by five of our venerable citizens, and would have been much more largely represented had any notice been given in season, as it was only announced in the paper of Saturday morning that they would take part. Eagle Engine Company numbered fifty-one strong, and they wore their well-known and tasty uniform. Union Hose Company, twenty-five strong, made their first appearance in their handsome and showy uniform. It consists of scarlet pants, blue jacket with buff facing, and scarlet cap with blue band. They made a fine appearance. At 2.20 the procession marched directly to the cars, through Main, Union and Front streets. Arriving at Mount Hope the procession re-formed and marched through and around the grounds, the band playing "The Grave of Washington" and other dirges. After making the circuit of the grounds the procession formed on three sides of a hollow square, facing the soldiers' monument, when the exercises of the day commenced.

The decorating committee had attended to their duty in the forenoon, and the grave of every soldier was profusely covered with wreaths and bouquets. This was done not only at Mount Hope, but also at all the other cemeteries in the city, viz.: Mount Pleasant (Catholic), Pine Grove, Maple Grove and Levant Road Cemeteries. At Mount Hope the principal decoration was of the soldiers' monument, erected to perpetuate the memory of all our brave boys, whether interred here or their bones lie bleaching on the Southern soil. A proper description of the beautiful manner in which this was decorated is beyond our power. Each corner of the shaft was covered with a garland of evergreen, and on each face of the shaft, midway to the top, was a wreath of evergreen enclosing a beautiful bouquet. Each corner of the base had a bouquet, while all around were festoons, wreaths and flowers in great profusion. The base of the monument bore on each face in letters of green the following mottoes:

South side—"Heroes never Die."

East—"*Dulce est pro patria mori.*"

West—"*Non sibi sed Patriæ.*"

North—"Honor the Dead."

The graves within the monument enclosure were adorned with wreaths, crosses and bouquets.

The curbstone surrounding the enclosure, was covered with wreaths and festoons of evergreen and immortelles, and at the entrance were flowers in the most lavish profusion. At each corner was placed a flag, attended by a guard of honor, while all around outside of the enclosure, bouquets and wreaths were scattered upon the grass.

The Ceremonies at Mount Hope, Maine.

The square being formed, Gen. Daniel White, Commander of Post No. 12, which had the charge of the arrangements, entered the enclosure accompanied by the speakers of the day, Monument Association, City Government and invited guests.

Advancing to the front General White said:

"Comrades—We have assembled here to-day to perpetuate and keep bright the memories of our departed companions-in arms, a sacred trust and duty, and a peculiar privilege. To-day our comrades of the order throughout the Nation, are engaged in decorating with floral tributes, the resting places of our fallen. It is befitting that men strong and brave in the hour of danger, should show their regard for those who fell—whose worth we learned to know and appreciate."

He then announced that the exercises of the day would com-

mence with a prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. B. A. Chase. Mr. Chase then offered a prayer. Gen. White then requested the audience to unite in singing "America," led by the music of the band, and called upon the officers of the Post to come forward during the singing and decorate the graves of their comrades. The officers then came forward and taking the bouquets they had brought with them, scattered the flowers around the monument and upon the graves of the soldiers. It was one of the most beautiful and impressive sights we ever witnessed.

Gen. White next announced that comrade Rev. J. B. Gould would deliver the address. Mr. Gould spoke as follows:

Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic: In conformity with your request I perform the sad yet pleasant duty of speaking briefly on this occasion. But you will first listen to the roll call of the heroic dead. The great Napoleon ordered when one of his gallant marshals was slain, that his name should be called each morning with the names of the living, and a soldier stepping to the front responded "died, covered with glory, on the field of battle."

ROLL OF THE HONORED DEAD.

Gen. Chas. D. Jameson, Gen. Cyrus Hamlin, Col. Daniel Chaplin, Major Stephen D. Carpenter, Major Wm. L. Pitcher, Surgeon Alden Palmer, Surgeon Wm. H. Allen, Chap. Henry C. Henries, Capt. John Ayer, Capt. Scollay D. Baker, Capt. Samuel W. Daggett, Capt. Frank W. Sabine, Capt. S. F. Thompson, Capt. Henry Warren, Capt. Rindaldo B. Wiggin, Capt. Chas. A. Thatcher, Lieut. Edward R. Flowers, Lieut. George F. Bourne, Lieut. Thomas Drummond, Lieut. Luther C Fairfield, Lieut. Walter S. Goodale, Lieut. John M. Sherwood, Lieut. George H. Benson, Lieut. Thos. L. Cates, Sergeant Wm. J. Deane, Robert L. Atkins, Eben E. Andrews, Amaziah Billings, Wm. Bartlett, Charles E. Bicknell, Warren Boynton, Benj. C. Benson, Isaac Berry, John Billings, Jeremiah Corcoran, Rufus H. Cole, Peter Cannon, Edward R. Chamberlain, Hiram G. Claridge, Sergt. Charles B. Cobb, Charles H. Cleaves, Sergeant Robert Carlisle, Benjamin Chase, Wm. A. Cates, John F. Drew, Adrian R. Drew, Henry O. Dunbar, Corp. Chas. H. Daggett, Willard G. Delano, Lysander B. Dunbar, Chas. V. Dudley, Ozra W. Davis, John A. Dealing, Seth E. Drinkwater, Samuel M. Emerson, Solomon G. Emery, Frederick W. Flye, John A. Farnham, Albert W. Forbes, Edward A. Goodale, Nathan D. Hanson, Edward W. Hanson, Nathan A. Hopkins, Sergt. W. H. H. Hasey, Joseph E. Hatton, Sergt. W. P. Holden, John W. Hurd, Albert M. Jackson, Wm. Jordon, Stephen H.

Leighton, Sewell B. Lambard, Otis E. Lufkin, John J. Marston, Andrew McFadden, Lewis L. Marsh, Geo. C. Martin, Corp. Gustavus Nason, Edward F. Orff, Bryden L. Osborne, Frank Powers, Charles Parkhurst, Wm. T. Pierce, George L. Palmer, Corp. Chas. W. Pierce, Henry N. Pollard, James Quimby, Sergeant James L. Rowe, Frederick H. Rogers, Amos H. Richardson, James Robinson, Harvey H. Reed, Frank L. Robinson, Benjamin F. Scribner, Isaiah B. Scribner, James Stone, Alfred M. Sprague, Charles W. Smith, Henry O. Smiley, Amos N Smiley, Sergt. Shepherd L. Thomas, Corp. Sumner Tibbetts, George A. Tibbetts, Ranson Warton, Henry O. Wilson, Oscar Wyer, Peter Welch, Asa Wilson, Richard H. Webster, Daniel West, Albert M. Wheeler, Frederick E. Webster, Chas. H. Whittier, Sergt. Thos. D. Witherly, Franklin W. Whittier, David O. Pollard, John S. Libby, Patrick Carlton, Hermon K. Day, Micheal Mehan, George A. Clark, Fred Jenkins, Chas. Forbes, Albert A. Abbott.

Listen! If your ear is quick enough to catch the sound, in response to every one of these names comes the answer "*Here!*" or some one in their stead, advancing to the front of the immortal host, replies, "Died, covered with glory, on the field of battle."

Immortal Men!

> "On fame's eternal camping ground
> Their silent tents are spread,
> And glory guards with solemn round
> The bivouac of the dead."

I am by no means the orator of this occasion. This enduring shaft, these patriot graves, these evergreens and flowers, and this gathered throng are the orators, eloquent and impressive, before which our lips may well be dumb. On the one side this monument and these graves tell us, and will continue to tell, at what cost liberty and national glory are won and preserved:— on the other side these wreaths and flowers, and this gathering of the citizens of every class and calling, show the appreciation of the services, sufferings and successes of the heroic dead.

This scene brings back afresh the dark and sorrowful days when stalwart men and frail youth were gathering from city and country to march to the field of strife, when the fife and drum were heard from morning till evening, and sad adieus were uttered. We shall never forget these short but startling telegrams which announced that terrible battles were raging, and that our boys were in the thickest of the fight. How we trembled at the ringing of the door bell, and at the arrival of each

mail, lest the tidings had come that "the lips we loved to press" were cold in death. Then came to one, and another, and another, that it was even so. This scene also reminds us of the days when loving wives, and mothers and sisters, were so busily employed for the comfort of the sick and wounded soldiers, and it is appropriate that the same loving hands should cull evergreens and flowers, and bedeck these graves. For all the future, let the earliest and sweetest blossoms of the spring time be showered here to keep ever fresh our love and remembrance of those who sleep in glory. They gained victory and honored graves; we gained freedom and the perpetuity of our institutions as long as the stars shall shine. These men went out at your side, and were brought back to sleep among their kindred; but how many came back no more! They lie in an unknown and unmarked grave. In the Wilderness, on the Peninsula, by the road sides, in swamp, and field, and forest.

> "They sleep their last sleep, having fought their last battle,
> No sound shall awake them to glory again."

But heroes never die. I shall not soon forget my emotions, as I walked by starlight among the sixteen hundred graves at Yorktown, upon the very field where Lord Cornwallis surrendered to George Washington and concluded the Revolutionary War. Nor shall I forget that long line of graves at Williamsburg, skirting the woods for two miles, where Hooker fought so nobly. And so around every battlefield the dead were buried in multitudes. It is a most commendable arrangement of our Government, to gather the fallen heroes into National Cemeteries, where their names shall be ever cherished, and their graves be honored and adorned. It was also most appropriate that each community should erect its monument and dedicate a spot to such sacred memories. These will be our Meccas, whither we and our children will make our pilgrimages in the years to come, and when the tooth of time shall obliterate the names chiseled on this granite shaft, doubtless some Old Mortality will rise to carve them still deeper in the stone.

With intense interest do we sometimes stand by a single grave of the heroes who fell in our Revolutionary struggle. If they had been gathered in one burial place, with what emotion should we visit that hallowed ground, and read the names that never perish.

These graves not only speak to us of loved ones slain, but they also speak of the great principles which they maintained, and it is our solemn duty, ever and anon, beside these mounds to renew our vows, and swear with vote, and voice, and sword

if need be, we will defend the principles for which they died, and "bate no jot of heart or hope." A united nation, four millions of freedmen and exalted honor among the peoples of the earth, are the memorials they built, and each of them may truthfully say to after generations, in the language of the Venutian bard, "*Exegi monumentum aere perennius.*" Who helps to free a people "makes his statue's place in time's Valhalla sure." Our brave soldiers slain! I have marched with them, slept with them, suffered with them, prayed with them, and buried them, and ever shall my pleasantest recollections of duty be associated with those noble men.

> "Whereso the choicest of the well beloved
> Are bid to memory's feast, they shall be there."

These patriot graves form the local attachments which make us more patriotic, and the *genii locorum* are whispering to us of the land we love, as we gather above their ashes. We are, perhaps more than any other nation, contented to pitch our tents on the banks of any river, and with the rising sun move on to other scenes. We have not had the old world mausoluems and the time honored cathedrals which make a land sacred But these attachments are multiplying, and the places where our loved ones fell, and the places where they sleep, will bind us more closely to our native soil. The morning reveille is no longer heard, the clash of arms has ceased, and the terrible suspense of days of battle is felt no more. God grant that such days never come again. Peace now reigns. "The battle's fought, the victory's won," and let us praise God who ruled the storm, and keep in everlasting honor the names of those for whom we wreath our laurels. When the reveille of the last morning shall summon us to the roll-call of immortals, may it be as true of us as of these—"they died at their post." Till that morning dawns,

> "Green be the grass above you,
> Men of our darker days,
> We knew you but to love you,
> We name you but to praise."

The *words* of the address are given above, but to be appreciated, it should have been heard. It was one of the most eloquent and touching discourses we have ever listened to, and was delivered in a most impressive and masterly manner, and was listened to with breathless attention. The Band then played a choice selection, after which Hon. John A. Peters was introduced as the closing speaker. Mr. Peters spoke as follows:—

REMARKS OF HON. JOHN A. PETERS.

Fellow Citizens: The occasion demands but the fewest words to close this solemn ceremony of paying our tributes of honor to the memory of the loyal dead. Speech can add nothing to the thick clustering memories which fill our minds amid scenes like these. The war with all its incidents, its great battles, its noble officers and heroic men, are vividly within the recollection of all of us, and neither we nor our children nor our children's children will ever forget them. To perpetuate the memory of the heroic dead who in the late war pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor, for the immutable principles of justice and truth, the Grand Army of the Republic, who survived the fate of comrades, have this day caused us to be assembled together. The friendships of the march, the battle grounds and the camp fires, as well as a desire to minister to the wants of suffering brother soldiers and to relieve soldiers' widows and orphans in distress, has been the main-spring of that great organization. God speed your brotherhood, and may the blessings of Heaven and the applause of a grateful people ever attend you.

Fellow Citizens: It is an inspiring reflection that this ceremony is a common one all over the land. This same ceremonial, at this hour, is being observed from Maine to the most distant portion of our country, where loyalty can yet lift her beneficent hand. Wherever has been the bloody track of war, there has the nation erected and supports its National Cemetery. The sun of each day flashes upon tens of thousands of snow-white head-boards about our national Capital. As far almost as the eye can survey they may be seen at Arlington in the so-called sacred soil of Virginia. Thousands of them bear the simple inscription of "Unknown." What a tale it tells. It is only known that the occupant of the little earthly tenement fell upon a field of carnage in our country's uniform. Many an hour have I wandered among these graves of heroes, looking out the names of the officers and men who conferred so much honor upon Maine,—God bless our State of Maine! Her sons have given her an enviable name. She contributed seventy thousand men to the war;—thousands of them never returned. Our heroic dead help fill the graves of every battle-field. There are names upon this monument as imperishable as the results of the war itself; they will fill a space in history after all of us have passed away and the monument itself shall have wasted into dust, for the deeds they did are immortal. And when the call came no part of our State sprang to arms with more alacrity than the freemen of the valley of the Penobscot. Who does

not recollect the emotions which filled his breast when first of all others the gallant Second Maine started from Bangor for the conflicts of the field? Who will ever forget the partings we had with the fellows of the noble Sixth and Eighteenth, who with our other glorious regiments, were added to the "three hundred thousand more," who went out to defend the power and majesty of this great Republic? I have been proud always, away from home, to hear the praises accorded by all who knew them to our Maine troops; and no more honorable mention has come to us than has been readily and eloquently bestowed by the greatest among all living military chieftains—Sheridan, Sherman and Grant. Howard, among the living, and Berry and Jameson among the dead, are known through all the States.

Inseparably connected with the associations of to-day, is the name of the second father of his country, the martyred LINCOLN. What an immense sacrifice the nation furnished upon the altar of freedom, with the loss of a beloved President and three hundred thousand men. But, fellow citizens, we can mingle on this occasion some joy with our sorrows. Though we lost our sons, thank God we won our cause; and in spite of foes at home and abroad, we saved our country and Constitution, and four millions of enslaved human beings have been set free! We have fought the good fight once, and we have fought it forever. Nothing but our own supineness and folly can ever take from us the glorious results of the war. Let this occasion, and these scenes, and these emblems over the ashes of these defenders of the Republic, ever remind us to be vigilant and active and brave. Let our mottoes be *Truth*, *Justice*, and *Equality*, and the heroes who died for us will never have been disgraced.

Gentlemen of the Grand Army, for your great interest and service, in keeping bright the escutcheon of our country, in behalf of this great assemblage, I again bid you God speed.

At the conclusion of Mr. Peters' remarks, a benediction was pronounced by the Chaplain, after which the services were closed by the "National Hymn" by the Band.

The procession then marched again through the grounds, and after a brief rest took up the line of march for the city, instead of returning by rail as they went.

This gave a better opportunity for those who had gone up to witness the ceremonies to return in the cars, which made three trips before all were brought who wished to come by that method of conveyance. It is estimated that about three thousand persons were present, but had it been a pleasant day, more than two or three times that number would have availed them-

selves of the opportunity of doing honor to the brave boys who gave their lives for their country.

After the procession reached the city it marched through State, Essex, Somerset, Broadway, Hammond, High, Union, and Main Streets, when it was dismissed.

The procession was under the direction of Gen. Daniel White, as Chief Marshal, assisted by Gen. Geo. Varney, Col. A. B. Farnham, Captain Herman Bartlett, Lieut. D. C. Morrill and Surgeon E. F. Sanger.

Thus closed the first celebration of the custom which will become an annual one, of keeping in remembrance our heroic dead, by visiting their resting-places in the season of flowers, and decorating them with our floral tributes.—*Bangor Courier.*

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OFFICERS AND MEMBERS

OF THE

NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,

FOR THE YEAR 1868.

JOHN A. LOGAN	Commander-in-Chief	Carbondale, Illinois.
Joshua T. Owen	S. V. Commander-in-Chief	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Jos. R. Hawley	J. V. Commander-in-Chief	Hartford, Connecticut.
N. P. Chipman	Adjutant General	Washington, Dist. Columbia.
Ed. Jardine	Inspector General	Jersey City, New Jersey.
T. C. Campbell	Quartermaster General	Cincinnati, Ohio.
John Bell	Surgeon General	Davenport, Iowa.
A. H. Quint	Chaplain	New Bedford, Massachusetts.
Wm. T. Collins	Ass't Adjutant General	Washington, Dist. Columbia.
J. W. Shaffer	Aid-de-Camp	Freeport, Illinois.
Charles G. Gould	do	Washington, Dist. Columbia.
Allen A. Grant	do	Washington, Dist. Columbia.
John F. Wentworth	do	Chicago, Illinois.
Harry H. Davis	do	St. Clair, Pennsylvania.
W. F. Wentworth	Council of Administration	Kittery, Maine,
D. J. Vaughan	do	Portsmouth, New Hampshire.
A. S. Cushman	do	New Bedford, Massachusetts.
James Shaw, Jr	do	Providence, Rhode Island.
E. W. Whitaker	do	Hartford, Connecticut.
G. W. Cumming	do	Newark, New Jersey.
T. B. Gates	do	Kingston, New York.
J. T. Hartranft	do	Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.
A. W. Denison	do	Baltimore, Maryland.
N. P. Chipman	do	Washington, Dist. Columbia.
H. B. Banning	do	Mount Vernon, Ohio.
Charles Craft	do	Terre Haute, Indiana.
Julius White	do	Chicago, Illinois.
William Phelps	do	Detroit, Michigan.
T. J. Saunders	do	Davenport, Iowa.
J. Arthur Ege	do	Minneapolis, Minnesota.

John A. Martin	Council of Administration	Atchison, Kansas.
T. C. Fletcher	do	Jefferson City, Missouri.
H. D. Grant	do	Nashville, Tennessee.
H. C. Warmouth	do	New Orleans, Louisiana.
J. K. Proudfit	do	Madison, Wisconsin.
Louis Wagner	Ass't Inspector General	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Wm. W. Douglass	do	Providence, Rhode Island.
Thomas W. Bennett	do	Liberty, Indiana.
A. S. Cushman	do	New Bedford, Massachusetts.
A. Rutherford	do	Wilmington, North Carolina.
B. F. Potts	do	Carrollton, Ohio.
H. A. Shorey	do	Bath, Maine.
Richard Middleton	do	Washington, Dist. Columbia.
H. L. Taylor	do	Olantha, Kansas.
F. G. Wentworth	do	Portsmouth, New Hampshire.
T. McKinley	do	Gallatin, Tennessee.
Daniel Grass	do	St. Francisville, Illinois.
James B. McKean	do	Saratoga Springs, New York.
Harrison Adreon	do	Baltimore, Maryland.
Daniel S. Kent	do	Wilmington, Delaware.
E. A. Montooth	do	Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.
B. F. Morgan	do	New York, N. Y.
Fenton Rockwell	do	Minneapolis, Minnesota.
B. P. Larned	do	Norwich, Connecticut.
Thomas J. Blakeny	do	Sacramento, California.
J. W. Stanton	do	Central City, Colorado.
E. W. Everson	do	Charleston, South Carolina.
John H. Stout	do	Santa Fé, New Mexico.
H. K. Millward	do	Lexington, Kentucky.
Willard Warner	do	Montgomery, Alabama.
Evan R. Jones	do	Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Timothy Lubey	do	Washington, Dist. Columbia.
W. J. Handy	do	Detroit, Michigan.
Chas. Merritt	do	New Orleans, Louisiana.
George P. Foster	do	Wolcott, Vermont.
O. L. Spaulding	do	St. Johns, Michigan.
George L. Beal	Delegate	Department of Maine.
A. B. Farnham	do	Department of Maine.
T. W. Hyde	do	Department of Maine.
A. P. Harris	do	Department of Maine.
Edward Moore	do	Department of Maine.
W. F. Wentworth	do	Department of Maine.
Edward Harland	do	Department of Connecticut.
W. H. Mallory	do	Department of Connecticut.
L. N. Middlebrook	do	Department of Connecticut.
W. H. Noble	do	Department of Connecticut.
W. E. Simons	do	Department of Connecticut.

C. L. Upham	Delegate	Department of Connecticut.
A. W. Angell	do	Department of New Jersey.
George B. Halsted	do	Department of New Jersey.
Ed. Jardine	do	Department of New Jersey.
A. Sears	do	Department of New Jersey.
W. S. Stryker	do	Department of New Jersey.
M. T. Belton	do	Department of N. Hampshire.
J. H. Kent	do	Department of N. Hampshire.
F. G. Wentworth	do	Department of N. Hampshire.
A. S. Cushman	do	Department of Massachusetts.
A. A. Goodell	do	Department of Massachusetts.
W. B. Meldon	do	Department of Massachusetts.
L. E. Stuart	do	Department of Massachusetts.
N. W. Douglass	do	Department of Rhode Island.
T. W. Higginson	do	Department of Rhode Island.
James Shaw, Jr.	do	Department of Rhode Island.
William Sprague	do	Department of Rhode Island.
C. H. Tompkins	do	Department of Rhode Island.
N. G. Axtell	do	Department of New York.
H. A. Barnum	do	Department of New York.
M. B. Eldridge	do	Department of New York.
M. L. Filkins	do	Department of New York.
J. M. Geer	do	Department of New York.
Ferris Jacobs	do	Department of New York.
James B. McKean	do	Department of New York.
B. T. Morgan	do	Department of New York.
George W. Palmer	do	Department of New York.
D. F. Richie	do	Department of New York
L. H. Roberts	do	Department of New York.
Daniel E. Sickles	do	Department of New York.
C. B. Winslow	do	Department of New York.
T. B. Gates	do	Department of New York.
J. T. Hartranft	do	Department of Pennsylvania.
J. T. Owens	do	Department of Pennsylvania.
A. L. Pierson	do	Department of Pennsylvania.
C. McMichael	do	Department of Pennsylvania
E. A. Montooth	do	Department of Pennsylvania.
J. F. Meredith	do	Department of Pennsylvania.
Louis Wagner	do	Department of Pennsylvania.
W. M. Worrell	do	Department of Pennsylvania.
A. W. Denison	do	Department of Maryland.
W. O. Bigelow	do	Department of Maryland.
W. P. Parasine	do	Department of Maryland.
F. W. Simden	do	Department of Maryland.
A. H. Grimshaw	do	Department of Delaware.
Thomas G. Black	do	Department of Delaware.
James Lewis	do	Department of Delaware.

J. S. Valentine	Delegate	Department of Delaware.
N. P. Chipman	do	Department of Potomac.
Richard Middleton	do	Department of Potomac.
Timothy Lubey	do	Department of Potomac.
H. S. Merrill	do	Department of Virginia.
M. H. Fitch	do	Department of Wisconsin.
T. Reynolds	do	Department of Wisconsin.
H. A. Starr	do	Department of Wisconsin.
F. C. Winckler	do	Department of Wisconsin.
Theo. Autenreith	do	Department of Ohio.
James Barnett	do	Department of Ohio.
T. C. Campbell	do	Department of Ohio.
B. W. Feree	do	Department of Ohio.
M. P. Gaddis	do	Department of Ohio.
J. R. Hurd	do	Department of Ohio.
H. B. Jones	do	Department of Ohio.
D. W. C. Loudon	do	Department of Ohio.
B. F. Miller	do	Department of Ohio.
G. W. Ramage	do	Department of Ohio.
J. W. Sanderson	do	Department of Ohio.
W. M. Ampt	do	Department of Ohio.
G. M. Barnes	do	Department of Ohio.
E. T. Dunn	do	Department of Ohio.
A. S. Frazier	do	Department of Ohio.
B. F. Hawkes	do	Department of Ohio.
J. Hunt	do	Department of Ohio.
J. F. Longsworth	do	Department of Ohio.
T. J. Lawton	do	Department of Ohio.
J. C. Moon	do	Department of Ohio.
J. A. Shannon	do	Department of Ohio.
W. R. Warnock	do	Department of Ohio.
H. B. Banning	do	Department of Ohio.
George L. Childs	do	Department of Ohio.
C. W. Earnshaw	do	Department of Ohio.
F. H. Goodman	do	Department of Ohio.
Josiah Given	do	Department of Ohio.
H. E. Jones	do	Department of Ohio.
J. W. Lindsley	do	Department of Ohio.
F. Miller	do	Department of Ohio.
A. S. McClure	do	Department of Ohio.
Charles Steadman	do	Department of Ohio.
L. T. Scofield	do	Department of Ohio.
Coates Kinney	do	Department of Ohio.
C. M. Allen, Jr.	do	Department of Indiana.
John Coburn	do	Department of Indiana.
M. C. Hunter	do	Department of Indiana.
G. W. Lambert	do	Department of Indiana.

J. P. C. Shankes	Delegate	Department of Indiana.
George C. Baker	do	Department of Indiana.
T. W. McCoy	do	Department of Indiana.
J. C. Bennett	do	Department of Indiana.
O. Chamberlain	do	Department of Indiana.
Nath. Kimball	do	Department of Indiana.
R. N. Lamb	do	Department of Indiana.
H. D. Washburn	do	Department of Indiana.
Thomas W. Bennett	do	Department of Indiana.
J. Bellinger	do	Department of Indiana.
Milo Hascall	do	Department of Indiana.
R. H. Litsen	do	Department of Indiana.
James B. Mulkey	do	Department of Indiana.
H. L. Royce	do	Department of Indiana.
T. M. Brown	do	Department of Indiana.
O. M. Wilson	do	Department of Indiana.
W. C. Wilson	do	Department of Indiana.
Benjamin Spooner	do	Department of Indiana.
J. M. Beardsley	do	Department of Illinois.
John Cook	do	Department of Illinois.
A. Engleman	do	Department of Illinois.
J. F. Farnsworth	do	Department of Illinois.
G. L. Foot	do	Department of Illinois.
A. C. Harding	do	Department of Illinois.
R. M. Hough	do	Department of Illinois.
J. M. Haynie	do	Department of Illinois.
C. E. Lippencott	do	Department of Illinois.
John A. Logan	do	Department of Illinois.
T. S. Mather	do	Department of Illinois.
J. S. Martin	do	Department of Illinois.
T. O. Osborn	do	Department of Illinois.
J. M. Palmer	do	Department of Illinois.
E. Kitchell	do	Department of Illinois.
R. Rowett	do	Department of Illinois.
Louis Schaffner	do	Department of Illinois.
Robert W. Smith	do	Department of Illincis.
John C. Smith	do	Department of Illinois.
George P. Smith	do	Department of Illinois.
J. W. Shaffer	do	Department of Illinois.
M. J. Sheridan	do	Department of Illinois.
T. M. Thompson	do	Department of Illinois.
W. M. Taylor	do	Department of Illinois.
Julius White	do	Department of Illinois.
J. Smith	do	Department of Illinois.
J. Scull	do	Department of Illinois.
L. G. Ingersoll	do	Department of Illinois.
J. M. True	do	Department of Illinois.

M. Shepherd	Delegate	Department of Illinois.
G. B. Ramm	do	Department of Illinois.
Charles Odell	do	Department of Illinois.
L. W. Shepherd	do	Department of Illinois.
Jonathan Morris	do	Department of Illinois.
John Hay	do	Department of Illinois.
John M. Snyder	do	Department of Illinois.
W. J. Handy	do	Department of Michigan.
William Phelps	do	Department of Michigan.
N. B. Baker	do	Department of Michigan.
John Bell	do	Department of Iowa.
C. L. Matthias	do	Department of Iowa.
Thomas J. Saunders	do	Department of Iowa.
William Vandeveer	do	Department of Iowa.
J. A. Williamson	do	Department of Iowa.
William T. Collins	do	Department of Minnesota.
J. E. Doughty	do	Department of Minnesota.
J. A. Ege	do	Department of Minnesota.
M. F. Kelly	do	Department of Minnesota.
James G. Blount	do	Department of Kansas.
W. F. Moorehouse	do	Department of Kansas.
C. B. Fiske	do	Department of Missouri.
J. J. Gravelly	do	Department of Missouri.
J. H. Hammond	do	Department of Missouri.
John McNeil	do	Department of Missouri.
P. H. Murphy	do	Department of Missouri.
William A. Pile	do	Department of Missouri.
F. Roberson	do	Department of Missouri.
D. W. Glassie	do	Department of Tennessee.
H. D. Grant	do	Department of Tennessee.
F. W. Sparling	do	Department of Tennessee.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF MAINE, 1868.

George L. Beal	Grand Commander	Norway, Maine.
Thomas W. Hyde	S. V. Grand Commander	Bath, Maine.
A. B. Farnham	J. V. Grand Commander	Bangor, Maine.
Charles P. Mattocks	Assistant Adjutant General	Portland, Maine.
J. C. Caldwell	Ass't Inspector General	Ellsworth, Maine.
H. A. Shorey	Ass't Q. M. General	Bath, Maine.
E. F. Sanger	Ass't Surgeon General	Bangor, Maine.
S. H. Merrill	Chaplain	Portland, Maine.
M. F. Wentworth	Council of Administration	Kittery, Maine.
Gustavus Moore	do	Gardiner, Maine.
J. S. Faunce	do	Lewiston, Maine.
E. F. Sanger	do	Bangor, Maine.
J. C. Caldwell	do	Ellsworth, Maine.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, 1868.

William R. Patten	Grand Commander	Manchester, New Hampshire.
D. J. Vaughan	S. V. Grand Commander	Portsmouth, New Hampshire.
W. P. Moses	J. V. Grand Commander	Great Falls, New Hampshire.
Samuel F. Murray	Ass't Adjutant General	Manchester, New Hampshire.
Luther E. Wallace	Ass't Q. M. General	Manchester, New Hampshire.
A. H. Bixby	Ass't Inspector General	Francistown, N. Hampshire.
Thomas Sanborn	Ass't Surgeon General	Newport, New Hampshire.
James F. Lovering	Chaplain	Concord, New Hampshire.
James E. Larkin	Council of Administration	Concord, New Hampshire.
Henry B. Wheeler	do	Pennington, New Hampshire.
Solon A. Carter	do	Keene, New Hampshire.
H. B. Atherton	do	Nashua, New Hampshire.
Charles Scott	do	Peterboro, New Hampshire.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF VERMONT, 1868.

George P. Foster	Grand Commander	Wolcott, Vermont.
William W. Henry	S. V. Grand Commander	Waterbury, Vermont.
L. H. Birbee	J. V. Grand Commander	Newport, Vermont.
C. J. Lewis	Ass't Adjutant General	Morrisville, Vermont.
F. E. Smith	Ass't Q. M. General	Montpelier, Vermont.
Henry James	Ass't Surgeon General	Waterbury, Vermont.
H. W. Floyd	Ass't Inspector General	Springfield, Vermont.
H. Webster	Chaplain	Cambridge, Vermont.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS, 1868.

A. B. R. Sprague	Grand Commander	Worcester, Massachusetts.
George H. Pierson	S. V. Grand Commander	Salem, Massachusetts.
Mason W. Burt	J. V. Grand Commander	Taunton, Massachusetts.
Thomas Sherwin, Jr.	Ass't Adjutant General	Boston, Massachusetts.
H. J. Hallgreen	Ass't Q. M. General	Boston, Massachusetts.
E. P. Halstead	Ass't Inspector General	Worcester, Massachusetts.
J. Marcus Rice	Ass't Surgeon General	Worcester, Massachusetts.
N. M. Gaylord	Chaplain	Boston, Massachusetts.
W. G. Scandlin	Council of Administration	Grafton, Massachusetts.
H. C. Lee	do	Springfield, Massachusetts.
F. A. Osborn	do	Boston, Massachusetts.
William S. Cobb	do	New Bedford, Massachusetts.
H. R. Sibley	do	Charlestown, Massachusetts.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF RHODE ISLAND, 1868.

A. E. Burnside	Grand Commander	Providence, Rhode Island.
William Ames	S. V. Grand Commander	Providence, Rhode Island.

Thomas Fox	J. V. Grand Commander	East Greenwich, R. Island.
Henry Allen	Ass't Adjutant General	Providence, Rhode Island.
Wm. H. Reynolds	Ass't Q. M. General	Providence, Rhode Island.
Howard W. King	Ass't Surgeon General	Providence, Rhode Island.
L. D. Jenckes	Ass't Inspector General	Woonsooket, Rhode Island.
Charles Morgan	Council of Administration	Providence, Rhode Island.
T. W. Higginson	do	Newport, Rhode Island.
John M. Barker	do	Providence, Rhode Island.
J. L. Sherman	do	Providence, Rhode Island.
John Aigan	do	Central Falls, Rhode Island.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF CONNECTICUT, 1868.

Theo. G. Ellis	Grand Commander	Hartford, Connecticut.
Charles L. Upaam	S. V. Grand Commander	Meriden, Connecticut.
Wm. H. Mallory	J. V. Grand Commander	Bridgeport, Connecticut.
Robert H. Kellogg	Ass't Adjutant General	Hartford, Connecticut.
L. A. Dickerson	Ass't Q. M. General	Hartford, Connecticut.
O. W. Peck	Ass't Surgeon General	New Haven, Connecticut.
B. P. Larned	Ass't Inspector General	New London, Connecticut.
H. Clay Trumbull	Chaplain	Hartford, Connecticut.
Nath. Mayer	Council of Administration	Hartford, Connecticut.
J. J. Woolley	do	Meriden, Connecticut.
John E. Ward	do	Norwich, Connecticut.
L. N. Middlebrook	do	Bridgeport, Connecticut.
J. G. Perkins	do	Hartford, Connecticut.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK, 1868.

Daniel E. Sickles	Grand Commander	New York, New York.
James M. Geer	S. V. Grand Commander	Belle Isle, New York.
Bradley Winslow	J. V. Grand Commander	Watertown, New York.
James L. Farley	Ass't Adjutant General	Brooklyn, New York.
E. E. Kendrick, Jr.	Ass't Inspector General	New York, New York.
George F. Hopper	Ass't Q. M. General	New York, New York.
E. Hutchinson	Ass't Surgeon General	Utica, New York.
H. E. Tremaine	Ass't Judge Adv. General	New York, New York.
Wm. Oland Bourne	Chaplain	New York, New York.
William De Lacy	Council of Administration	Brooklyn, New York.
George W. Warren	do	Albany, New York.
John W. Maxwell	do	New York, New York.
John B. Weber	do	
John P. Shobt	do	

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF NEW JERSEY, 1868.

Ed. Jardine	Grand Commander	Jersey City, New Jersey.
	S. V. Grand Commander	, New Jersey.

Wm. S. Stryker	J. V. Grand Commander	Trenton, New Jersey.
Henry G. Shaw	Ass't Adjutant General	
F. T. Farrier	Ass't Q. M. General	Jersey City, New Jersey.
R. H. Lee	Council of Administration	New Jersey.
F. Shallenberger	do	New Jersey.
L. T. Brant	do	New Jersey.
H. M. Fagin	do	New Jersey.
M. T. Dwyer	do	New Jersey.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA, 1868.

A. L. Pierson	Grand Commander	Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.
James Selfridge	S. V. Grand Commander	Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.
W. M. Worrell	J. V. Grand Commander	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
W. B. Cook	Ass't Adjutant General	Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.
O. M. K. Storrie	Ass't Inspector General	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Wm. J. Mackey	Ass't Q. M. General	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
James Moorehead	Chaplain	Pennsylvania.
S. B. Wylie Mitchell	Ass't Surgeon General	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
J. R. Oxley	Council of Administration	Pennsylvania.
E. A. Montooth	do	Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.
A. Patterson	do	Pennsylvania.
F. Duke	do	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
George F. Smith	do	West Chester, Pennsylvania.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF DELAWARE, 1868.

A. H. Grimshaw	Provisional Commander	Wilmington, Delaware.
W. H. Cleward	Ass't Adjutant General	Wilmington, Delaware.
C. B Boney	Ass't Q. M. General	Wilmington, Delaware.
William Greene	Aid-de-Camp	Wilmington, Delaware.
John Dunn	do	Wilmington, Delaware.
William Bowen	do	Wilmington, Delaware.
J. P. Wales	do	Wilmington, Delaware.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF MARYLAND, 1868.

A. W. Denison	Grand Commander	Baltimore, Maryland.
E. Y. Goldsborough	S. V. Grand Commander	Frederick, Maryland.
W. O. Bigelow	J. V. Grand Commander	Annapolis, Maryland.
Chas. H. Richardson	Ass't Adjutant General	Baltimore, Maryland.
S. E. B. Wolfe	Ass't Q. M. General	Baltimore, Maryland.
M. W. Offley	Aid-de-Camp	Baltimore, Maryland.
C. F. Howes	Council of Administration	Annapolis, Maryland.
H. Rizer	do	Cumberland, Maryland.
Isadore Oliver	do	Baltimore, Maryland.
E. F. M. Faehtz	do	Baltimore, Maryland.
H. F. Meyer	do	Baltimore, Maryland.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA, 1868.

GEORGE T. EGBERT	Provisional Commander	Richmond, Virginia.
C. DEYBER	Ass't Adjutant General	Richmond, Virginia.
H. P. CLINTON	Ass't Q. M. General	Richmond, Virginia.
H. S. MERRILL	Ass't Inspector General	Richmond, Virginia.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA, 1868.

J. W. SCHENCK, Jr	Provisional Commander	Wilmington, North Carolina.
J. C. MANN	Ass't Adjutant General	Wilmington, North Carolina.
S. H. MANNING	Ass't Q. M. General	Wilmington, North Carolina.
BENJAMIN DURFEE	Aid-de-Camp	Wilmington, North Carolina.
W. L. VANDERWATER	do	Wilmington, North Carolina.
H. H. WALTON	do	Wilmington, North Carolina.

OFFICER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF SOUTH CAROLINA, 1868.

E. W. EVERSON	Provisional Commander	Columbia, South Carolina.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF GEORGIA, 1868.

J. E. BRYANT	Provisional Commander	Augusta, Georgia.
J. W. BARNEY	Ass't Adjutant General	Atlanta, Georgia.

OFFICER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF FLORIDA, 1868.

CHARLES MUNDEE	Provisional Commander	Tallahassee, Florida.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ALABAMA, 1868.

C. CADLE, Jr	Provisional Commander	Selma, Alabama.
GEO. H. PATRICK	Ass't Adjutant General	Montgomery, Alabama.
H. C. ARTHUR	Ass't Q. M. General	Montgomery, Alabama.
GEO. A. HARMONT	Aid-de-Camp	Montgomery, Alabama.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF LOUISIANA, 1868.

H. C. WARMOUTH	Grand Commander	New Orleans, Louisiana.
F. E. DUMAS	S. V. Grand Commander	New Orleans, Louisiana.
L. A. SUAER	J. V. Grand Commander	New Orleans, Louisiana.
GEO. E. YARRINGTON	Ass't Adjutant General	New Orleans, Louisiana.
OTTO JOHNSON	Ass't Q. M. General	New Orleans, Louisiana.
P. B. S. PINCHBAEK	Council of Administration	New Orleans, Louisiana.
CYRUS HAMLIN	do	New Orleans, Louisiana.
N. BACHUS	do	New Orleans, Louisiana.
ED. TINCHANT	do	New Orleans, Louisiana.
OSWALD REID	do	New Orleans, Louisiana.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF TEXAS, 1868.

E. J. Davis.....Provisional Commander.....Austin, Texas.
A. J. Bennett.....Ass't Adjutant General.....Austin, Texas.
H. C. Hunt..... .....Ass't Inspector General.....Austin, Texas.
W. D. Price.....Ass't Q. M. General.....Austin, Texas.
T. McRae.....Chaplain.....Austin, Texas.
L. G. Brown.....Council of Administration...Austin, Texas.
A. H. Longley.....do.....Austin, Texas.
F. A. Vaughan.....do.....Austin, Texas.

OFFICER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ARKANSAS, 1868.

M. L. Stephenson.....Provisional Commander.....Fort Smith, Arkansas.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF MISSOURI, 1868.

Robert J. Rombauer..Grand Commander.....St. Louis, Missouri.
J. W. McCary.....S. V. Grand Commander.....Linn Creek, Missouri.
William A. Pile.....J. V. Grand Commander.....St. Louis, Missouri.
Charles V. Soden.....Ass't Adjutant General.....St. Louis, Missouri.
A. Albert.....Ass't Inspector General.....St. Louis, Missouri.
Philip Murphy.....Ass't Q. M. General.....St. Louis, Missouri.
Jos. Spiegelhalter...Ass't Surgeon General.....St. Louis, Missouri.
Francis Romer.....Chaplain..... .....St. Louis, Missouri.
John S. Cavender.....Council of Administration...St. Louis, Missouri.
John McFall.....do.....St. Louis, Missouri.
G. Finklenburg.....do.....St. Louis, Missouri.
E. L. King.....do.....Jefferson City, Missouri.
D. P. Dyer..... .....do.....Louisiana, Missouri.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF IOWA, 1868.

W. T. Shaw.....Grand Commander.....Anamosa, Iowa.
John Bruce.....S. V. Grand Commander.....Keokuk, Iowa.
Joseph Lyman.....J. V. Grand Commander.....Council Bluffs, Iowa.
A. H. Brooks.....Ass't Adjutant General.....Davenport, Iowa.
A. F. Andrews.....Ass't Q. M. General.....Davenport, Iowa.
E. P. Ten Breck.....Council of Administration...Clinton, Iowa.
C. V. Gardner.....do.....Marengo, Iowa.
William Homer.....do.....Burlington, Iowa.
A. M. Hedrick.....do.....Ottumwa, Iowa.
S. H. M. Byers.....do.....Oskaloosa, Iowa.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ILLINOIS, 1868.

John M. Palmer.....Grand Commander.....Springfield, Illinois.
Thomas O. Osborne...S. V. Grand Commander.....Chicago, Illinois.

A. Ingleman.....J. V. Grand Commander.....Belleview, Illinois.
S. D. Scholes.....Ass't Adjutant General.....Springfield, Illinois.
Daniel Grass.....Ass't Inspector General.....St. Francisville, Illinois.
P. W. Harts.....Ass't Q. M. General.....Springfield, Illinois.
John M. True.....Council of Administration...Chicago, Illinois.
Lewis Schaffner.....do.....Freeport, Illinois.
J. W. Shaffer.....do.....Quincy, Illinois.
John Tillson.....do.....Shawneetown, Illinois.
Frank Rhoades.....do..... Illinois.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF INDIANA, 1868.

R. S. Foster.....Grand Commander.....Indianapolis, Indiana.
Charles Craft.....S. V. Grand Commander.....Terra Haute, Indiana.
George Humphrey....J. V. Grand Commander.....Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Thomas W. Bennett...Ass't Inspector General.....Liberty, Indiana.
S. Merrill.....Ass't Q. M. General.....Indianapolis, Indiana.
O. M. Wilson.....Ass't Adjutant General.....Indianapolis, Indiana.
L. D. Waterman.....Ass't Surgeon General.....Indianapolis, Indiana.
L. H. Jamerson.....Chaplain.....Indianapolis, Indiana.
Nathan Kimball.....Council of Administration...Indianapolis, Indiana.
Walter Q. Graham.....do.....New Albany, Indiana.
George W. Lambert.....do.....Terra Haute, Indiana.
John R. Cravens.....do.....Madison, Indiana.
Thomas M. Browne.....do.....Winchester, Indiana.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF OHIO, 1868.

J. Warren Keifer....Grand Commander.....Springfield, Ohio.
Gustave Tafel.....S. V. Grand Commander.....Cincinnati, Ohio.
John S. Jones.....J. V. Grand Commander.....Delaware, Ohio.
William J. Winter....Ass't Adjutant General.....Springfield, Ohio.
G. W. Collier.....Ass't Inspector General.....Toledo, Ohio.
A. C. Duel.....Ass't Q. M. General.....Urbana, Ohio.
T. D. Webb.....Ass't Surgeon General.....Cincinnati, Ohio.
H. K. McConnell.....Chaplain.....Yellow Springs, Ohio.
Frederick Miller....Council of Administration...Marietta, Ohio.
James S. McCornmon.....do.....Chillicothe, Ohio
Ashley Brown.....do.....Dayton, Ohio.
T. C. Campbell.....do.....Cincinnati, Ohio.
Josiah Givens.....do.....Wooster, Ohio.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF TENNESSEE, 1868.

F. W. Sparling.....Provisional Commander.....Nashville, Tennessee.
William Gray.....Ass't Adjutant General.....Nashville, Tennessee.
A. E. Alden.....Ass't Inspector General.....Nashville, Tennessee.

A. S. Chadburne	Ass't Q. M. General	Nashville, Tennessee.
J. A. Fuson	Ass't Surgeon General	Nashville, Tennessee.
D. W. Gassie	Aid-de-Camp	Nashville, Tennessee.
Daniel Boynton	do	Nashville, Tennessee.
John S. Mullins	do	Tennessee.
J. Hampbrigdon	Chaplain	Tennessee.
William P. Innis	Council of Administration	Tennessee.
Michael Walsh	do	Tennessee.
B. J. Sheridan	do	Tennessee.
Marcus Grant	do	Tennessee.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF KENTUCKY, 1868.

H. K. Millward	Provisional Commander	Lexington, Kentucky.
G. Clay Goodloe	Ass't Adjutant General	Lexington, Kentucky.
William Bright	Ass't Q. M. General	Lexington, Kentucky.
J. E. Sayres	Council of Administration	Covington, Kentucky.
J. D. Eaton	Council of Administration	Covington, Kentucky.
W. W. Culbertson	do	Buena Vista Furnace, Ky.
J. F. Lawrence	do	Catlettsburg, Kentucky.
William Boden	do	Newport, Kentucky.
Charles A Gill	Aid-de-Camp	Louisville, Kentucky.
W. J. Alexander	do	Covington, Kentucky.
George A. Knight	do	Catlettsburg, Kentucky.
J. W. H. Searles	do	Covington, Kentucky.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF MINNESOTA, 1868.

H. G. Hicks	Grand Commander	Minneapolis, Minnesota.
William T. Collins	S. V. Grand Commander	St. Cloud, Minnesota.
A. B. Webber	J. V. Grand Commander	Owatonna, Minnesota.
O. L. Dudley	Assistant Adjutant General	Minneapolis, Minnesota.
J. C. Hamilton	Assistant Q. M. General	Owatonna, Minnesota.
J. B. McGaughey	Assistant Surgeon General	Winona, Minnesota.
F. A. Conwell	Chaplain	Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Frank E. Daggett	Council of Administration	Wabasha, Minnesota.
G. W. Sherman	do	Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Frank J. Mead	do	Shakopee, Minnesota.
J. A. McDougall	do	Wabasha, Minnesota.
William Lochran	do	St. Anthony, Minnesota.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF WISCONSIN, 1868.

Thomas S. Allen	Grand Commander	Madison, Wisconsin.
Edward Ferguson	S. V. Grand Commander	Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
N. O. Adams	J. V. Grand Commander	Sheboygan, Wisconsin.
James M. Bull	Assistant Adjutant General	Madison, Wisconsin.

CHARLES G. MAYERS	Assistant Q. M. General	Madison, Wisconsin.
A. J. McCOY	Ass't Inspector General	Beaver Dam, Wisconsin.
J. B. G. BAXTER	Assistant Surgeon General	Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin.
D. A. PECK	Chaplain	Waupaca, Wisconsin.
M. H. SESSIONS	Council of Administration	Waupaca, Wisconsin.
J. O. BARTLETT	do	Racine, Wisconsin.
W. J. HERSHAW	do	Friendship, Wisconsin.
H. B. HENSHAW	do	Oshkosh, Wisconsin.
J. A. WATROUS	do	Black River Falls, Wisconsin.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF MICHIGAN, 1868.

W. A. THROOP	Grand Commander	Detroit, Michigan.
O. B. CURTIS	S. V. Grand Commander	Sturgis, Michigan.
O. P. LARKIN	J. V. Grand Commander	Battle Creek, Michigan.
A. B. MORRIS	Ass't Inspector General	Ionid, Michigan.
W. J. HANDY	Assistant Adjutant General	Detroit, Michigan.
G. L. WALTZ	Assistant Q. M. General	Detroit, Michigan.
A. NASH	Assistant Surgeon General	Lapeer, Michigan.
W. H. BROCKWAY	Chaplain	Albion, Michigan.
DWIGHT MAY	Council of Administration	Kalamazoo, Michigan.
B. McCUTCHEN	do	Manistee, Michigan.
W. SICKLES	do	St. Johns, Michigan.
J. D. HOUSCOM	do	Romeo, Michigan.
G. P. SANDFORD	do	Lansing, Michigan.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF NEBRASKA, 1868.

S. A. STRICKLAND	Provisional Commander	Omaha, Nebraska.
JOHN C. COWAN	Assistant Adjutant General	Omaha, Nebraska.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF NEW MEXICO, 1868.

H. H. HEATH	Provisional Commander	Santa Fé, New Mexico.
WILLIAM BREEDEN	Assistant Adjutant General	Santa Fé, New Mexico.
S. B. WHEELOCK	Assistant Q. M. General	Santa Fé, New Mexico.
H. M. DAVIS	Aid-de-Camp	Santa Fé, New Mexico.
H. R. WHITING	Aid-de-Camp	Santa Fé, New Mexico.
E. A. WHEELER	Council of Administration	Santa Fé, New Mexico.
J. L. BARBEY	do	Santa Fé, New Mexico.
DAVID CATNAEH	do	Santa Fé, New Mexico.
THOMAS S. TUCKER	do	Santa Fé, New Mexico.
M. A. BREEDEN	do	Santa Fé, New Mexico.

OFFICERS OT THE DEPARTMENT OF COLORADO, 1868.

F. J. BANCROFT	Provisional Commander	Denver, Colorado.
LOUIS DUGALL	Ass't Adjutant General	Denver, Colorado.
A. K. TILTON	Ass't Q. M. General	Denver, Colorado.

J. H. McMURDEY.....Ass't Inspector General.....Georgetown, Colorado.
W. S. PEABODY.....Council of Administration...Denver, Colorado.
R. W. WOODBURY.....do.....Denver, Colorado.
JOHN L. DAILEY.....do.....Denver, Colorado.
J. C. ANDERSON.....do.....Denver, Colorado.
STEPHEN DECATURE.....do.....Georgetown, Colorado.
HIRAM LATHAM.....Aid-de-Camp.....Cheyenne City, Washington T.
THOMAS HELEN.....do.....Central City, Colorado.
JAMES GUNN.....do.....Georgetown, Colorado.
J. E. WHARTON.....do.....Boulder, Colorado.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF CALIFORNIA, 1868.

JAMES COEY.....Grand Commander.....San Francisco, California.
GEORGE S. EVANS.....S. V. Grand Commander....Sacramento, California.
JAMES S. CURTIS.....J. V. Grand Commander....Los Angeles, California.
FRANK MILLER.....Ass't Adjutant General.....Sacramento, California.
JOHN HANNA, Jr.....Ass't Q. M. General.....San Francisco, California.
S. F. ELLIOTT.....Assistant Surgeon General..San Francisco, California.
A. L. STONE.....Chaplain.....San Francisco, California.
O. C. MILLER.....Council of Administration...San Francisco, California.
ED. INGHAM.....do.....San Francisco, California.
JAMES N. OLNEY.....do.....Oakland, California.
WILLIAM G. MORRIS.....do.....Napa, California.
JOHN F. SHEEHAN.....do.....Sacramento, California.
Z. B. ADAMS.....Aid-de-Camp.....San Francisco, California.
G. W. BOWIE.....do.....Sacramento, California.
THOMAS E. KETCHAM.....do.....Stockton, California.
THEO. A. COULT.....do.....Marysville, California.
HENRY HANCOCK.....do.....Los Angeles, California.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF WEST VIRGINIA, 1868.

B. F. KELLY.....Grand Commander.....Wheeling, West Virginia.
GEORGE W. TAGGART...S. V. Grand Commander.....West Virginia.
R. W. BLUE.....J. V. Grand Commander....West Virginia.
B. B. DOVENER.....Ass't Adjutant General.....Wheeling, West Virginia.
F. A. WARTHEN.....Ass't Inspector General.....Raccoon, West Virginia.
J. L. MORRISON.....Ass't Q. M. General.....Parkersburg, West Virginia.
R. G. DOVENER.....Assistant Surgeon General..Wheeling, West Virginia.
THOMAS A. MONROE....Chaplain.....West Virginia.
J. M. RAY.....Aid-de-Camp.....West Virginia.
GEO. K. BALENTINE.....do.....West Virginia.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF MONTANA, 1868.

JAMES H. MILLS.....Provisional Commander.....Helena City, Montana.
W. F. SAUNDERS.....Ass't Adjutant General.....Helena City, Montana.

OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE POTOMAC, 1868.

James T. Smith	Provisional Commander	Washington, Dist. Columbia.
C. W. Taylor	Ass't Adjutant General	Washington, Dist. Columbia.
William B. Browne	Ass't Q. M. General	Washington, Dist. Columbia.
William H. Browne	Ass't Inspector General	Washington, Dist. Columbia.
Charles J. Fisher	Aid-de-Camp	Washington, Dist. Columbia.
C. C. Royce	do	Washington, Dist. Columbia.
E. D. Town	do	Washington, Dist. Columbia.

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